

## Rewind

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Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; Technoblade</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound &amp; Sapnap</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Dave   Technoblade</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Badboyhalo - Character</a> , <a href="#">Skeppy - Character</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Foolish (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
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# Rewind

by [A\\_Non\\_ymousWriter](#)

## Summary

"Let's start making it happen." As soon as those words fell out of Schlatt's mouth, a bright light nearly blinded everyone as well as the sound of a portal's unnatural hum.

When the light died down and everyone got their vision back, a portal, structured like a Nether Portal but built out of metal and stone, glowing silver, stood right between and before the stage and the audience. They were stunned as a figure came out of said portal, tall, decked out in full enchanted netherite. A man with a familiar mask but unfamiliar clothes stood.

"Where's Dream?" The man with the red hood, wearing Dream's mask immediately asked.

Before anyone could even react or answer, the portal behind him flared brightly and the man jumped away with an annoyed grunt as another man decked in netherite tumbled out of the silver glowing portal. Wild dark hair, dark blue eyes, burnt scars underneath his chin-

"Tubbo?" Tommy muttered in surprise, somehow recognizing him as his best friend.

"**Tommy!**" The older Tubbo screamed, but not at Tommy who stood beside Wilbur. But at the masked man with the red hood.

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Two broken men stay in the past in hopes of a better future.  
Sequel Out!

## Notes

i've been craving a time travel somewhat fix-it from this fandom for a while and while there are a couple which are great- the one with technoblade is \*chefs kiss\* cool af but it didn't scratch the itch that i wanted scratch.

so you know what?

i'll start scratching it myself.

if anything i'm going to just start a thing, and maybe, if i feel satisfied and others feel the same. i might continue scratching

also warning, i have never written for the dream smp before. nor am i an expert to everyone's character. and i'm talking about the characters that everyone plays for the storyline. i am not writing for real people, i am writing the characters here and a lot of stuff might be going on that a lot of others might not like. also i haven't watched every stream nor do i know every single thing that happened, i'm just throwing things at a wall and hoping it'll stick. i do know that some things will stick though, but not a lot because canon divergence is now a thing.

idk man i just want to write an interesting time travel fanfic. i just hope that i can write it well enough.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# The Election

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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JSchlatt won the election.

No one expected, no one except Schlatt and Quackity did since they banded together and pooled all of their votes in to overcome everyone else within the election.

Tommy could only feel numb as he and Wilbur now stood among the audience, watching Schlatt smile on the podium with a type of arrogance that Tommy would have loved to wipe off that stupid face of his. But he couldn't move from his spot as Schlatt started his speech, gaze half-lidded and twinkling with victory and smile oh so very wide and smug. Tommy took in a deep breath, trying to calm himself- no, he *was* calm. The dread in his stomach was a heavy sensation but he would deal with it in due time.

Wilbur was watching with stony eyes and an emotionless face, however Tommy could see the turmoil underneath the stone, the anxiety bubbling underneath his skin and the way his hands were clenched tightly into fists by his sides. Tommy bit his lip, but focused his attention back on Schlatt who was *still talking by Ender shut the fuck up man*.

Schlatt's eyes sharpened a bit and Tommy tensed within the crowd as he grinned, "Let's start making it happen." As soon as those words fell out of Schlatt's mouth, a bright light nearly blinded everyone as well as the sound of a portal's unnatural hum. It sounded just like a Nether Portal, but louder and more distorted.

When the light died down and everyone got their vision back, Tommy's eyes widened at the brand new sight before him. A portal, structured like a Nether Portal but built out of metal and stone, glowing silver, stood right between and before the stage and the audience. They were all stunned in silence as a figure came out of said portal, tall, decked out in full enchanted netherite.

A man with a familiar mask but unfamiliar clothes stood.

"Where's Dream?" The man with the red hood, wearing Dream's mask immediately asked.

Before anyone could even react or answer, the portal behind him flared brightly and the man jumped away with an annoyed grunt as another man *also* decked in netherite tumbled out of the silver glowing portal. Wild dark hair, dark blue eyes, burnt scars underneath his chin-

"Tubbo?" Tommy muttered in surprise, somehow recognizing the man as his best friend. Which was impossible because Tubbo was sitting right by Niki- but this man looked so much like Tubbo only older, scarred and properly built for combat.

**"Tommy!"** The older Tubbo screamed, but not at Tommy who stood beside Wilbur. But at the masked man with the red hood. "What the *fuck* was that?!" He spat, just as the portal's silver

glow dissipated, the sound of what seemed to be ethereal glass breaking, leaving only the shell of the portal behind.

'Tommy'- *the man in Dream's mask*, shrugged, "Probably definitely what it looked like pal, but damn bitch I didn't think you'd actually follow me." He said in a voice so nonchalant, Tommy had to double-take. What the fuck was going on?

"Excuse me but what the fuck is going on exactly?" Tommy hid a grimace as Schlatt asked the question that had just been in his head, the goat-horned man looking down at the two men with an incredulous look. In any other situation, Tommy probably would have snorted at it but Schlatt had indeed asked a very important question.

Older Tubbo? Glanced up at him, his face dropping from indignant fury to pale shock, "Oh fuck," Slipped past his lips as he finally seemed to register where the hell they were. "We're at the elections." He said, gaze dropping down to the rest of them who were looking back at him with the same amount of shock on their faces. His eyes were wide as he looked around, pain filtering in as he sees a lot of familiar faces and- he and Tommy's eyes meet and the young blond watches as the color practically drained from his face while a whirlwind of emotions invaded the older man's expression. Tommy held his breath, gazing into the man's eyes as he felt concern build up from the expressions alone. Just why was he looking at him like that?

"Looks like it yeah." The masked Tommy- why the fuck was he wearing Dream's mask? What the hell- drawled, expression hidden behind the porcelain on his face. "I didn't think it'd send us this far."

Schlatt frowned, "Uh helloo? Mind telling us on what the fuck is going on here? What just happened? Who are you two? I know as hell that *you* are not Dream so why are you wearing his mask?" He questioned, leaning over the podium towards them.

"Yeah man like, what the hell?" Quackity added in, actually putting his sunglasses on his head just so he could see them both better.

Older Tubbo tore his gaze away from Tommy, who felt like his heart could just jump out of his chest because of the lasting look of longing and pain on his face before his expression hardened as he turned to look at Schlatt and Quackity on the stage. He smiled, though it looked more of a grimace, "Uhh, well y'see... Hi Quackity, it's me! Tubbo! Or well, future Tubbo? I'm from the future!" He exclaimed though it seemed awkward as he glanced back from the stage to his younger self who was gaping at me. "Hello, past me- er, Tubbo? Fuck, this might get confusing- y'know what? Just call me Toby! Much easier that way yeah?"

"What." Schlatt deadpanned as whispers and murmurs erupted as soon as Tubb-Toby? finished talking, standing there awkwardly in his fully enchanted netherite armor.

"Look, it's complicated to explain but just believe me okay? I'm Tubbo from like, I think probably ten-ish years in the future bu- *hey!*" Toby shouted, head whipped up to the side towards Masked Tommy, who had seemingly tried to sneak away during the commotion. "Don't you dare sneak away Tommy! You're going stay right here, with me-"

"Like fuck I am! I'm not just going to *stay* here in front of *these* bitches, and *especially* with *you. Bitch.*" The man snarled at him, which was *wrong*, why the hell was he snarling at Tubb- Toby like that? He was his Tubbo wasn't he? His friend?

He couldn't help it, he had to speak up. "*Oi!*" He trudged through the crowds closer towards them, "Don't call him a bitch!"

Both men seemed taken back by his sudden appearance, Toby looking lost while Masked Tommy- it was hard to tell with that damned fucking mask on his face. "I'll call him whatever the hell I want." He finally replied, arms crossed tightly in front of his chest. "Stay out of this Tommy."

"What the fuck man? *You're* in this which means I should be too! I'm literally you- you're literally *me* but fucking older! Which by the way, what even the everloving *shit* man?! What's with the get-up? Full fucking netherite, enchanted *and* Dream's dumb fucking mask?! What the hell?!" Tommy shrieked, feeling angry at himself. At his *older* self, fuck was this weird but no less was he angry.

But suddenly, that anger turned into fear as he was met with a glowing netherite axe to the face- the sharp edge practically grazing the tip of his nose before a glowing diamond sword intercepted the weapon. Tommy was shoved back as alarmed screams and gasps sounded the air, Wilbur and Tubbo scrambling to his side while Toby stood before him, brandishing his enchanted sword at Masked Tommy.

"Dont. Call. It. *Dumb.*" Masked Tommy hissed at him, gripping the handle of his axe which was currently clashing against Toby's sword. He let himself be pushed back by Toby, if only to give them both room as Masked Tommy turned to the man with fury on his face. "What? It's not like I was actually going to fucking kill him, I'm not *stupid.*" He spat, slinging the axe over his shoulder, but not putting it away.

Toby kept his stance, sword aimed at Masked Tommy while Tommy panted behind him- quietly whispering, '*What the fuck*' over and over again as Wilbur and Tubbo kept to his side. "It sure looked like you would've!" Tubbo, Tommy's Tubbo, the young Toby, hysterically shrilled, hugging Tommy tightly.

"Tommy *what the fuck!?*" Fundy shouted from the sidelines, holding on to Niki who was staring at Masked Tommy with disbelief and fear as the rest of the audience either looked ready to run, or to fight.

Masked Tommy tilted his head, it reminisced so much like Dream's occasional head tilts it was *creepy*. "Yeah... No, Tu-*Toby's* actually right. This'll be too confusing, 'sides I refuse to share a name with *that bitch* over there." He motioned to the wide-eyed, pale and shaky Tommy behind Toby. "Call me- Tom's too fucking obvious and too weird. Theo. Call me Theo, easier that way."

"I have no idea what's going on here," Schlatt said aloud, a strange look on his face but he's eyeing both Toby and Mas-*Theo* with a complicated expression. "Time travel seems fucking insane but whether or not that's the actually the case here, I am now in charge of L'Manberg-

no, *Manberg*. We are changing that name, and now as the presid-" He says, building up to *something*.

Only, he's interrupted.

**"*Shut up Schlatt.*"**

By *both*, Toby and Theo.

Toby has a dead-eyed, near-murderous look on his face as he stared down the goat-horned man who falters at the look. Terrified. Theo's glare was clear even with the mask on, and honestly, just like how Dream sometimes did- the mask seemed more intimidating in that moment.

Wilbur's fingers seemed to tighten around Tommy's arm, "W-Wha- *excuse me?*" Schlatt spluttered, despite being terrified to his bones.

"We said, *shut up!* You're going to be a terrible president anyway! It hardly fucking matters now!" Toby, the strange older, angrier Tubbo, screams at him. "And it's *L'Manberg* no matter what the fuck you just said! You change it to Manberg and you will fucking *die* you hear me?! A war will be waged and you will die from an Ender-damned *heart-attack*- some president you are! You're just a daft old fucking man who *can never be a good president!*" The fingers around Tommy's arm loosened, tightened and loosened again, making the young blond give his adoptive brother a confused look that gets ignored as Wilbur stares directly at Toby.

Tubbo just gawps at his older self, who stood tall and strong before him, spitting treason through his lips with hardly an ounce of fear in him. Just a righteous fury and anger that honestly *scares* him. Tubbo was scared of himself, now. Of the man that he seemed to have grown into and he's hardly even known what exactly happened.

Schlatt looks disbelieving, how couldn't he? When a man who claims to be from the future suddenly shouts at you with anger laced in his voice on how you were going to be terrible and how you would die, anyone would be hesitant. But Toby is giving him an absolutely feral look, and Schlatt couldn't even see a shred of deception or lie in his eyes which were blinded with such rage- Schlatt really felt terrified for his life.

So he steps away from the podium, and in his head he's thinking through a lot of things. Mostly on how to stay alive when a man, decked absolutely in enchanted netherite armor was giving him a death glare all the while declaring his death to the whole world. And those were *high* enchantments. Even to someone like him, he could tell that that armor was fucking *overpowered as fuck*. Not to mention Toby's *sword* which definitely had high enchantments, all it was truly missing was a netherite coating.

Toby took a few deep breaths, trying to keep calm. So many buried feelings being dug up just by standing here, screaming at Schlatt- it was kind of cathartic actually but ultimately now he felt somewhat awkward as he stood before so many people who were gawking at him. Fuck, he hadn't really meant to go off like that but still the *memories* that were here were fucking painful and a lot of it was rooted towards him. What would've happened had Schlatt lost the



vote? Would things have been better? Would've he and Tommy still be- "Wait." His eyes widened as he looked around, "**Tommy?!**" Tommy squinted at him, he was right there with Wilbur and Tubbo- oh, he meant *Theo*.

Oh fuck, Theo was gone.

"Shit shit shit shit! No! Where's he gone now?!" Toby whirled around, trying to find even a clue as to where the masked man went but it seemed like he had used Toby's shoutfest to sneak away properly this time. "No, no no! I have to find him, I have to-" Just before he can go, he's stopped by Wilbur.

"Tubbo wait!" Wilbur exclaimed, catching his wrist and taking his attention, "Wait, I mean Toby- we still need answers! What the hell happened? You have- your chin, that portal, *Tommy*- Toby what's going on?" He questioned, desperate to know more about the future that by the looks of how Toby was acting, didn't seem to be so bright as he once had hoped.

Toby grimaced, shaking off Wilbur's hand from his wrist, "I'd love to answer your questions-later! But I have to find To-*Theo*, that bastard I have to get to him before he-" He's stopped once again. But this time, by both Tubbo *and* Tommy.

"Before he what?" Tommy questioned, gripping what scrap of cloth he could hold on to from underneath the armor. "Tu-*Toby*. Why the fuck am I wearing Dream's mask and why is he- why the fuck is future me such a bitch?" He asks quietly, which made Toby falter right then and there.

Tubbo just hammered it in, "I know it's like, important for you to find him. I do want to find him too but, I also want to know... just what is happening? Why do you both sound..." His younger self looked so lost, so confused. Toby realized just how smaller Tubbo was compared to him now. He realized that Tubbo, his younger self, was still *sixteen*. And so was *Tommy*.

Toby sighed, putting away his sword and giving them all a very tired look. "Okay, fine." He had to find Tommy. ~~His Tommy it ached thinking that fuck~~ but he couldn't just leave all of a sudden, not to mention Shlatt was up there, he'd interrupted his speech. Shlatt hadn't actually exiled Wilbur and Tommy, yet. Toby could stop that, he could stop a lot of things.

Tommy included. He could get help here, from his younger self, from Wilbur ~~he's alive he's not a ghost but was he sane?~~, and everyone else in L'Manberg.

"But first," He says as he thinks carefully, he looks at Wilbur and Tommy. "Contact Technoblade. He needs to get here as soon as possible."

Both brothers gave him and each other a look of surprise.

Technoblade? Why would Toby want him here?

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Tommy- no, it was Theo now wasn't it?

Theo sighed in relief as he leaned against the tree. He was out of that damned nation- it had been easier than he remembered, getting out of there. But then again, L'Manberg now was still in one piece. Wilbur hadn't blown it all to fucking smithereens yet and everyone hadn't rebuild ~~his brother was alive~~. A lot of buildings and structures were missing, key landmarks were gone but that just meant it was easier for him to escape unnoticed.

Tub-Toby had been so caught up at shouting at JSchlatt that he hadn't noticed him slipping away, how hilarious was that? Granted, Theo had been tempted to do the same at the goat-horned man but Dream had taught him better. And he wasn't going to just let the opportunity to get away slip by.

*Don't let your emotions get the better of you. Pick your timings and abscond when it's best.*

He sucked in a deep breath, it's a bit hard with a porcelain mask over your face but he's gotten used to it. "Well then, to get on with shit." He muttered, stretching a bit in place. "Mind comin' out here Dream? I gotta talk with you." He asked aloud, looking over at the dense trees that surrounded him. He snorted when silence greeted him instead of Dream's reply, "Come on man, I'm tired right now and- no wait hold on." He stripped himself from his netherite armor, he's done stripping armor off down pat as a fucking *art* he tells you, it's mostly on instinct by now. Taking off his armor quickly like this, and he hasn't done it in months. Why was he doing this exactly? Well, it would make Dream feel more safe, probably, but ultimately more curious and willing to speak as Theo leaned against the tree and taking out a steak from his inventory.

No weapon in hand and armor off.

Something old and small shivered in him, old, bad memories, it was whispering something that he ignored as he moved his mask aside slightly and bit into the steak. "'ell? Go' t'e a'hmo'h off. C'mon out, talking to thin air is never fun." He complained after swallowing the steak. Dream was here, he was. He was just being a bastard, not showing up just for the hell of it- Fucking prick. He means well, but Dream was a downright ass.

"I'd say otherwise, watching someone talk to thin air is kinda entertaining. Not gonna lie." Theo's tense shoulders immediately relaxed as Dream's voice came from his left. He glanced towards the side to see- yep. There was Dream, in his own set of enchanted netherite armor. The sight should make Theo tense, but Dream didn't have his axe out, no weapon in hand and that was enough for Theo. But he'd still be ready nonetheless if Dream decided attacking him would be a decision he was going to make. "George messaged me earlier on, saying some guy appeared in a weird portal with my mask on- now that was weird. Even weirder, another guy comes out too. And the weirdest thing he said was they guy with my mask? Was Tommy from the future." Dream said conversationally, like he wasn't curious as to what was going on.

Theo snorted and without an ounce of hesitance, took off the mask and his red hood down, showing Dream his face and catching the other man off guard. "He was right." Theo smiled at Dream, it's a tired and somewhat resigned smile. His eyes are a dull shade of blue, they never really did recover their full color after his exile, same went for his hair, not as bright as before. He still looked like Tommy, because he *was* Tommy. Only older, his face thinner,

duller, and a scar coming from his upper lip towards his forehead, narrowly missing his right eye. "Hey Dream, glad to see your green ass again."

He missed him. Despite everything, he fucking missed this man. His old friend. His old enemy. His old abuser. His old mentor. His old everything. Ender, Theo felt *old* now- he was at Dream's height! Dream was 23 right now. Theo was *older* than him right now by 3 years.

Endering fuck.

Dream was silent, staring at him through that mask but Tommy could practically see the cogs in his head spinning. "This can't be happening." He deadpans at him, Theo snickered at him. "No really, time travel? You, *Tommy*, wearing *my mask*? Just what even-"

"A lot's happened my friend." Theo interrupted him, mind getting back on track. "But for now, we should get to the Stronghold. Got a lot of shit to do." At the mention of the location, Dream instantly tensed and an axe appeared in his hand. Theo raised his hand submissively in surrender, feeling nothing but bitter fondness at the familiar act as he threw Dream his netherite armor, surprising the man in the green hoodie. "Here, take it. I'm keeping my weapons though, for the mobs. But really we need to go, I'll explain both on the way and at the Stronghold." He told him as he tied his own mask around his face again, covering his hair with his red hood.

He wasn't kidding when he said he had a lot to do. T-oby would be preoccupied by everyone else, he'd probably get Technoblade too.

They needed to get this show on the road, Theo had some shit to do and a friend to save.

## Chapter End Notes

yeah obviously theo and toby have problems  
what are these problems? well, i won't tell everything just yet but let's just say that the past ten years haven't been too kind to them both :)

i have no idea how i'm doing but the itch has been scratched

for now

EDIT: ive typed a bit more into it, fixed a few things

# Call In

## Chapter Notes

yeah i was definitely going to make a second chapter

also yeah i misspelled jschlatt as shlat, don't @ me, i was sleep deprived and forgot to spell his goddamn name okay

on with the story

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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A piglin hybrid surrounded by brewing potions pauses in his tasks as his communicator goes off, beeping out a specific tune that has him quickly reaching for it.

*Wilbur Soot messaged you: Tech you need to come to the SMP now pronto*

*Wilbur Soot messaged you: Please you really need to come something's happened*

*Wilbur Soot messaged you: I honestly don't know everything that's happened but Tech I can already tell it's bad*

*Wilbur Soot messaged you: We need you Techno please come*

*TommyInnit messaged you: big t come the fuck right here*

*TommyInnit messaged you: please*

*Technoblade messaged Wilbur Soot: I'm getting Phil*

*Technoblade messaged TommyInnit: We're coming*

The hybrid wastes no time, gathering the finished potions and storming up the stairs. "Phil! Pack up! Wilbur and Tommy need us!" He shouts, loud enough for it to reach upstairs and in no time he can hear the muffled flurry of footsteps and cursing.

"What?! What happened?!"

He rummages through his items, critically thinking to himself on what to bring. The voices in his head try to help.

*need leashes? TECHNOBRO! big brother mode. E. Bring potatoes! You need to bring books. Bucket! extra food sounds good. Cccccc. POOOOOG TECHNOSUPPORT! flowers?*

It's a half and half effort, some are trying to help, some aren't, and by now the usual ritual of a random letter just appears in his head. Nonetheless he takes it all in stride and starts looking for his bags.

"I don't know but we're going to find out!"

---

Dream felt confused.

Cautious, but confused.

Behind him is a man wearing one of his masks- and he *knows* it's one of his masks, not a pale imitation or an imitation period. That porcelain, that smile, the eyes, that was genuinely *one of his masks*- and behind that mask is a familiar yet unfamiliar face.

A face he's seen frequently before, thought frequently before. A face that was usually associated with annoyance and mostly annoyance, sometimes it'd shift into amusement and even anger but annoyance was what he usually felt whenever he saw that face or heard the name of that face.

TommyInnit.

Tommy.

A teenage brat that's caused so much trouble on his lands and kept going against him at nearly every possible turn. Someone who he sees as an annoyance at best and a potential threat at worst. He kept getting into trouble, causing it, instigating it- trouble was Tommy's middle name. Whenever Tommy was involved with something important, you'd best *know* that trouble was around the corner somehow in someway.

And yet here he was, right behind him- no longer a teenager but a grown adult. Following his lead towards a location that no one else should know about. Not even George, Sapnap or Bad knew about the Stronghold so how did Tommy know about it?

"You showed it to me." Tommy answered after he asked, voice steady, casual, as they walked within the dim moonlight. They were getting farther from the SMP lands, from L'Manberg. "Future you, *my* Dream- he brought me to the Stronghold. He showed me the path there, the secret portals you put up and the passages you've hidden. I even know about the Pillager Dark Mansion's whereabouts."

Dream stopped in place and turned to face the te- the *man*. Tommy was his height now, 6'4, maybe 6'3 without the boots. It's hard to tell right now, but if they were both maskless at the moment, they'd truly be seeing eye-to-eye at the same height level. Tommy was always a tall gangly teenager, but Dream didn't have to tilt his head down to meet him eye-to-eye. They were really the same height now. That was weird, uncomfortable really but it didn't matter. "... You know where the Mansion is?" He questioned quietly, giving him a piercing stare through the eyes of his mask.

Tommy hummed, nodding, "Yeah I do." He confirmed, tilting his head slightly as he stared back at Dream. Unflinchingly. Without arrogance or feigned casualness. His body language just completely relaxed- it was baffling, Tommy used to fidget at his gaze, covering it up with his boisterous voice and loud, flailing movements. Tommy used to be unnerved by him- not anymore. That's... pretty annoying actually. Disappointing almost. Somewhat relieving in strange, unknown ways."... Oh *right*, you're probably still looking for it now yeah?" Tommy questioned back, realizing on why Dream had asked *that* instead of literally anything else.

It's irking, that Tommy realized that. That Tommy *knew* that. That he knew Dream had been trying to find the damned mansion for a couple of months now- he almost had it, he had a few locations where he suspected it was but then *Tommy* shows up saying he knew there it was. Though it's implied that Dream, future Dream or whatever, found the mansion on his own in the future. That, at least, is good to hear.

"Do you want me to tell you where it is?" Tommy asks, and Dream has to look at him. *Really* look at him.

Because he's finally getting it.

This Tommy wasn't the Tommy he knew of.

Because the Tommy he knew of wouldn't be standing still, relaxed in presence, he wouldn't be quiet during the walk, he wouldn't be asking Dream with a tone that had no amount of arrogance, or childish smug- just genuine curiosity mixed with a quiet expectant near-submissive undertone. Tommy wouldn't be wearing a hoodie that was so much like his, even if it was red. He wouldn't be wearing one of his mask, or anything *near* like it. He wouldn't be willingly giving up his enchanted netherite armor to him -*which had the highest enchantments he's ever seen holy shit*- He wouldn't be following behind Dream, he wouldn't know about the Stronghold, his secret portals, his passages or even the Mansion.

This wasn't Tommy.

"Who are you?" Who was this man to him? To Dream? To whatever Dream the man apparently was close to.

Not-Tommy quietly looked at him, proving more on how he was not the Tommy Dream knew of, was used to. "I'm Theo." He finally answered, "Not Tommy, not the one that you know anyway. I'm Theo now."

Theo.

Dream didn't know what it was short for, but it's not enough.

He stepped closer to Tommy. To Theo. Watching how Theo's shoulders bobbed, seeming to tense up slightly before dropping back. "Who are you Theo?" Who was he? What happened to him? Where was the Tommy that Dream knew? The Tommy that screamed profanities at him. Stared him in the eyes with trembling hands clutching a bow in a duel that he lost. The teenager on his last life who bargained for his nation's freedom with the most precious items in his possession.

Where was he? Where was Tommy?

"I'm Tommy." Theo answered, taking his mask off. Dull blue eyes glinting in the moonlight, hair still covered by his hood but his scarred face stared right at Dream. He looked vulnerable. He looked content. "I'm Theo." He continued, a single but familiar old, slightly scratched and cracked disc appears in his hands and he offers it to Dream, his hand not even twitching. "I'm yours, Dream. Your tool, your weapon, your protege, your friend. What you

need from me, you'll get. I will be by your side and I will do anything to help you." He says with conviction, he doesn't have a smile on his face- the corner of his lips do twitch up a bit but he ultimately looks at Dream with a stoic look of burning loyalty. And underneath that, a bitter fondness mixed with several other emotions. A whirlwind fanning the burning in those unfamiliar blue eyes.

Ah.

He's only seen that look aimed at everyone else but him.

Now though...

Dread mixed with elation as he looked down to the disc in Theo's hand, outstretched and offered to him.

Theo was Dream's. His friend, his protege, his weapon, his tool.

*That's not right.*

*No, that's **perfect**.*

He reaches for the disc and Theo watches him, with trusting, loyal eyes and steady offering hand.

---

Toby sat down on the bed with a sigh, his armor was off and safely put in his enderchest along with a few other valuables he had. The sun was rising but Toby didn't care, it's been a long day and he really wanted to rest for a while. He was exhausted in all types of it- emotionally, physically, mentally, socially. A lot of -ally.

He flopped over to lay down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling with a grimace.

He's failed his main goal.

Theo was probably with *him* by now and who *knows* what was going to happen. Chaos most definitely, either way, Toby would have to prepare himself. Try to prepare everyone as well. But that was going to be hard, because despite everything everyone respected and feared *Dream*.

Just the thought of seeing that bastard again, alive and well- Toby's jaw clenched as he promised to himself. Things would be different now, he was here, he was already changing things. Dream would stay away from Tommy, tiny Tommy. Ender it *hurt* to see him, his old best friend as he should be. Boisterous, loud and so bright- he'd almost forgotten on how bright his eyes and hair was. How his face looked like.

Toby sucked in a deep breath, pressing his palms into his eyes hard. Hard enough to see stars in an effort to stave off whatever nostalgic, old tears would come. He's done his crying, he's done it months ago. He has things to do, he shouldn't cry now. His resolve to keep this Tommy away from Dream grows.

But what about Theo then?

He couldn't leave him with that man either. Not again. *Never again.*

He had to separate them for good, get Tom-get *Theo* some fucking therapy or just any kind of help.

Months of chasing after him, after the masked bastard was finally dead and gone, and here they were. In the past, a second chance in their grasps- they could change so much. Toby could prevent so much suffering. He could prevent disasters. He and Theo both, could prevent the end of the world. The end of this world, at the cost of their own.

It hits him then, that he can't go back now. To his world, to his future. The portal was a one-way trip, that was what Philza and Fundy had said a week ago when the portal was still unfinished.

They were- they were both *stuck* there. With- with the-

*Knock knock*

"Toby?"

He sat up immediately, sword in hand- but- it was just *knocking*. It was just *Wilbur*. Sane and alive Wilbur. Toby's breath of relief was quiet as he puts away his sword, "Come on in Wilbur." The door to his room, temporary for now, creaked open.

Toby was bunking in one of his younger self's guest room. It was small and bare but it was enough for Toby. The knowledge alone that outside was a not-blown-up L'Manberg with green grass and blue skies was enough for him. He hasn't slept in the Overworld, in an actual bed, above ground, in a very long time. And not safely at least.

Wilbur steps in, alive and now dressed in his casual wear instead of his L'Manberg uniform. "Hey." The olde- no, Toby was older than Wilbur now wasn't he? By two years at least. Ender, that was so strange to think about.

Toby gave him a weak smile, sitting on the edge of his bed, "Hey Gh-Wilbur." Wilbur was *alive*. He wasn't Ghostbur, he was alive, sane. Ghostbur was back in the future, hopefully keeping an eye on everyone else.

Wilbur gives him a smile, and Toby swallows down the complicated feelings that brings up. It's been almost a *decade* since he's ever seen Wilbur, Alivebur, smile like that. Without a hint of paranoia, of insanity and malice on his face. Swirling in his eyes, boiling underneath his smile. Wilbur gives him a smile free from any of that, full of reassurance and what seems to be gratitude.

"So..." Nonetheless, there's an awkward air between them both. Toby doesn't know how to interact with Alivebur, so used to Ghostbur who was only a pale, yet more innocent version of the Wilbur that sat next to him. And likewise, Wilbur doesn't know how to interact with



Toby, the older, more jaded Tubbo with scars underneath his chin and a strange hardened resolve in his eyes.

"So... what brings you to my company Wilbur?" Toby asks, offering to talk first.

Wilbur shrugged, "I just- wanted to check up on you. It's been a very busy night. I, well, I didn't have the chance to actually talk with you earlier on." He said, remembering hours ago when everyone was hounding Toby. Trying to gain information from the poor man, granted he wanted information as well but he could see how Toby was fairing with everyone already. And Toby had firmly put his foot down, diplomatically answering that he'd talk with all of them soon enough but some things needed to be done first.

Technoblade had to be contacted into coming to L'Manberg and Toby had to talk with both Schlatt and Quackity.

"Technoblade's on his way with Phil." Wilbur told him, showing his communicator and watched as Toby seemed to deflate with relief. He'd been so tense, he realized. Despite sitting here in Tubbo's guest room, on the bed, without his armor on.

Wilbur watched Toby grin, genuine and true. Toby really was Tubbo, but older and different wasn't he? "Oh thank goodness. I mean, I wasn't expecting Philza coming too but maybe having him come sooner than later would be for the best." He said mostly to himself. He should've thought of it sooner, with Philza around then things might be a bit more stable, not to mention the old man could look at the leftover blocks from the portal that Toby collected. He couldn't risk leaving the blocks there, someone would've definitely stolen them.

"If you say so Tu-oby." Wilbur coughed, trying to cover up his near-mistake. Toby just chuckled by his side. "... Toby, earlier on. When you were shouting at Schlatt-" He starts and winces when Toby's relaxed state turned rigid. But he continues because he *has* to know- "You said he was, he would've become a terrible president. That he'd die of a heart-attack and that there'd be a war... Can you- Please, tell me what happened. And what you were talking about with Schlatt and Quackity."

Toby stays silent and he sighs, closing his eyes.

---

*"So? What do you want to talk about Toby?" Schlatt questions, the three of them together alone in a single room. It wasn't too large, but the atmosphere was heavy as Toby stared down the goat-horned man. Quackity stood by Schlatt's side, unsure and wary. "You here to kill me kid?" He asks, feigning nonchalance. It was clear that Toby hated him, and his announcement of his death and apparent terrible presidency skills earlier hammered it all in.*

*"Toby, don't you even dare think about it." Quackity warned, but his stance is faltering because how can he really consider fighting against Toby? Against Tubbo? Tubbo who'd been so kind to him, one of his friends- and yet. The man before him called himself Toby, bore himself differently than Tubbo, and was from a future that Quackity didn't want to believe.*

*Surprisingly though, Toby scoffed. "Oh no. I didn't bring you and Quackity here to kill you Schlatt, if I wanted to kill you I would've already stabbed you. Others be damned." He told*

*him bluntly, with a cold look in his eyes. "You'll die on your own anyway."*

*This man wasn't Tubbo.*

*Not the one that both knew.*

*Tubbo was a child soldier, age 16 but still capable of smiling so wide and gushed over bees whenever he saw them or whenever it was mentioned. Somehow he still retained some baby fat on his cheeks, he was an optimistic boy that was mostly polite- just some time ago Quackity had been joking around with him, with Tubbo sitting in a box while he and Tommy chanted 'Tubbo in a box, Tubbox Tubbo! Tubbo in a box! What will he do?'.*

*Toby here, was a warrior. Ten years older, still smiling but it wasn't as bright as before. His face was thinner, his body was bigger, well built and he had scars on him. The most noticeable one being underneath his chin, covering his neck and disappearing underneath his shirt and armor. It looked a burnt scar. Just earlier, he faced down Theo with an enchanted diamond sword and screamed vitriol at Schlatt.*

*Toby wasn't Tubbo, not in the same sense anymore.*

*"And? What do you want then? You want me to step down from presidency huh big guy? That what you want?" Schlatt asked, thinking to himself. If he stepped down, then maybe he'd be able to stay alive. He would go somewhere else, to a place with a nice beach maybe. Get as far away from here, as far away from Toby, as possible. "I could do that, but you'd need to think on who to give the job then- Quackity could be president."*

*Quackity squawked beside him, "Wha- Me?! Are you kidding? You already agreed and you-" Schlatt had insisted being president before, when the votes were being polled and the ballots counted. Quackity had protested slightly but let him have it, he was fine with vice-president but now? Schlatt was just willingly giving away the job?*

*"No." Both of them had to blink in surprise at the interruption.*

*"No." Toby repeated, arms crossed and deadpanning. "Y'know what's going to happen now? You're going to stay president, you're going to keep the name of L'Manberg, you're going to fucking do your job properly." He declared firmly, eyes narrowed at them both.*

*Schlatt spluttered, "What- but you just said I would've made a terrible fucking president! Why the hell are you letting me keep the job?!" Did Toby really just want him to die that much?!*

*"Yeah man- as much as Schlatt's being a bitch right now, what he said makes sense and what you said doesn't make sense!" Quackity agreed, looking baffled as Toby glanced between them.*

*Toby huffed through his nose, scowling, "You were a terrible fucking president. But that's because you weren't doing your job properly, you were being a power-hungry idiot that was ruining our country. An alcoholic son of a bitch that didn't care about anything but the power you had as president- you pushed the work on Quackity and I and fuffed about on your own while flaunting your control. This time though, you're going to do this properly." He told him,*

*fists clenched as he continued. "Currently no one else is capable of being president, or vice-president and you won this election. Pooling your votes is iffy but you still won. I'm going to make sure you'll do your job and that this L'Manberg avoids the utter bullshit mine went through." He began to walk towards Schlatt, Quackity didn't even move from his spot or make a move to defend Schlatt as the air turned heavier with each step and each word.*

*"No wars against Pogtopia, no corruption, no public executions and certainly no. Fucking. Exiles." Toby hissed, practically looming over him as Schlatt pressed himself against the wall in a futile effort to stay away from him. Schlatt's sweat shined softly, reflecting the glow from Toby's armor. "You're lucky that Tommy and I interrupted you before you could exile Wilbur and Tommy- younger Tommy. That would've been the first step to your downfall, even without me here." He whispered, low and menacing.*

*"H-He was going to exile Wilbur and Tommy?"*

*Toby glanced over to Quackity, giving him a hard look, it made him flinch. "Yes. Revoking their citizenship and exiling them results to them creating a rebellion faction of Pogtopia. And from there- war." He finally stepped back, letting Schlatt slide down the wall. "Two years, they were exiled for two years and it just gets worse after that. I will not let that happen again." He promised, to himself, to Tommy and Wilbur, to Quackity and Schlatt, to everyone, to Theo.*

*Schlatt gulped down some very needed air, lungs straining in his chest besides his hammering heart, "A-A-And you think letting me stay in power will do any help?!" He said hysterically, now desperately wanting to give his seat away from the obviously insane man before him.*

*Toby snorted, "Kind of. Like I said, no one else would be able to fill the spot properly. Wilbur needs a break, he's established L'Manberg as a country with Tommy, he's only 24 for Ender's sake. And the war just finished months ago. He needs time. You on the other hand can get off your dumb fucking ass and be an actual man and president this once until I say otherwise. I'm going to make sure of it."*

*"And i-if things go to shit?" Quackity couldn't help but question.*

*Toby paused and his face darkened, he took out a glowing trident and-*

***Woosh-CLANG!***

*The trident embedded itself deep within the stone wall right beside Schlatt's head. The man wheezed in surprise and fear, fainting right then and there as the trident removed itself from the now cracked wall and returned to Toby's hand. Toby gave him a cold look and turned back to the now pale Quackity. "I'm not letting that happen... But if it does- well. Guess you'll be president then, and you will have to be responsible for everything."*

*Whether or not Schlatt would be alive should Quackity be president was unknown.*

*"So try not to fuck things up, and everyone'll be happy yeah?" Toby said with a faint pleasant look on his face, which didn't affect his intimidation in the slightest. Not with a glowing trident in hand. "Am I understood?"*

*Quackity squeaked, "Y-Yes sir!"*

*Schlatt just whimpered on the floor as Toby nodded and left the room.*

---

Honestly, Toby hadn't meant to keep Schlatt as president. But he truly couldn't think of anyone else to rise up for the job. Wilbur? Maybe he'd be a good president but he has his own problems, and Toby was admittedly afraid that he'd become just as power-hungry or just as insane as before. Toby didn't want to risk it. Niki? She had been a good president before, but she hadn't had a choice back then. He'd been down for the count and he didn't know if she wanted to be one now. He wasn't going to force anyone else to be President.

...

Toby could've been president. He probably should, he's been one before but...

No.

Just, no.

"Schlatt's going to keep presidency for now. I need more time to think on who can replace him, but I'll force him to do his job and be a good president." Toby told Wilbur carefully, watching him closely for his reaction.

To his unsurprise, Wilbur immediately looked angry, offended and- he looked hurt. Betrayed. Fuck. "What?! Why would you let him keep his seat?! You said-"

"I know what I said!" Toby snapped, "But I'm going to give him one chance. If he fucks up, he can fuck off the seat and it'll be free again. But for now, he can keep the damn seat and oversee the nation."

"I could easily do that, I could be President and run L'Manberg-" Wilbur tried to argue, wondering why Toby was letting *Schlatt* continue to be president when just hours ago he was screaming at the goat-horned asshole.

"*You* need to focus on other things! You have a son, you have a brother, you have a father and another brother coming soon. You faced a war months ago and you'll end up running yourself ragged if you took on Presidency- or *worse*." Toby stressed, he wants Wilbur to understand that this was for the best. For now at least. He wants him to understand with Toby telling him on his fears. On how he was scared that Wilbur would let the power to his head, would make decisions he would regret backed with the power of a nation.

Toby's been there, at the tender age of 20, fresh out of the fucking war with so many things happening at once that Toby made so many regrets.

"Worse? *Worse*? Tell me what's worse- tell me what *happens*. Toby I should be president, I could lead us to glory! L'Manberg would be the greatest country ever if I came to power. You said JSchlatt was a terrible president and that there was a war right? You said that this was *L'Manberg*, not Manberg so it means that we won whatever war happened. Schlatt died

and we won, so why can't I be president?" He assumed that he would've become president after the war, another war- horrible to think of but if it was for L'Manberg then it would've been worth it.

If it was for L'Manberg- "*Wilbur*:" Wilbur straightened and shivered at the look on Toby's face. It was- sad. Desperate. So packed full of emotions as Toby eyes shined with a building layer of tears. "Stop. Please just- *stop*. I can't. I can't- Don't brush aside the fact another war happened so casually, don't just remark that 'we won' without knowing what the ever loving *fuck* happened. Schlatt did die, but so did so many others. *I died*. Tommy *almost* died so many times. And you-" The memories swirled in his head as he stared down Wilbur with wet, conflicted eyes.

For a moment, Wilbur sits there not with a casual sweater, but with a trench coat. Then with a yellow sweater and he was entirely transparent. "Being president means more than just having power or leading a country to glory." He whispered, the seed was there in Wilbur's eyes all along. Even before the war, the seed was there. The exile watered that seed, made it grow and twisted it horribly at fast rate. "Being president means caring for your people, humbling yourself and remembering what your nation stood for and running it for the sake of everyone. That the power you hold isn't just for you, but for everyone. Listening to everyone and trying to work out the solution- It's dedicating your life to your people but also trying not to lose yourself in the process. There will always be consequences to whatever you do, but this time it'll be bigger because you have power behind your actions."

*"Hello Mr. President." Tubbo could only stare at the him with numb disbelief as screams and ash filled the air. The last of the explosions have long gone out, but the fire was still roaring and his people were still dying. L'Manberg was dying for a third time, and like everyone else. It seemed like this would be their last and final death as Tommy's face was stoic and completely devoid of emotions, even with blood dripped from his face. Blood that stained Tubbo's sword. "And goodbye." He was kicked into a crater, filled with fire and burning red plants that screamed but it all blended in with everyone else's scream as L'Manberg died.*

Toby took in a deep shaky breath, and gave Wilbur a searing, teary look through narrowed eyes. "Get out."

Wilbur was stunned, sitting still on the bed. "What?"

"Get *out* Wilbur."

...

"... *please*..."

Toby watched him go, a maelstrom of conflictions and emotions. When the door creaked close, Toby flopped back down on the bed. Taking deep, trembling breaths as tears began to finally fall down his face.

Ender, he felt so tired...

He threw an arm over his eyes. He should sleep...

Toby jolted back up from the bed, eyes wide and disbelieving as he stared at his arm. Right at his wrist.

No.

*No way.*

*That was impossible.*

Three hearts stared back at him from his wrist.

He had three lives again.

---

"Huh, I've got three lives again."

Dream paused from his chest rummaging, they were now in the Nether. Hidden in the entrance of one of Dream's passages. "What?"

Theo showed him his wrist, showing the three hearts stamped permanently into his flesh until he died and lost one of the hearts. "See? Three hearts. Lucky me." He said sardonically with an unseen smile, only twitching when Dream grabbed his wrist, rubbing at his skin. It did nothing. His hands flexed, curling up before quickly uncurling. Don't. It was just Dream, he was fine.

"What even the *fuck* dude." Dream says, probably frowning underneath his mask. "That's just not fair." He complained, finally letting go after it was clear that it was indeed legit. Theo had all three of his lives back, no longer hanging on one life anymore.

Theo snickered at his complaint, but wordlessly got out a certain item from his inventory, tossing it at Dream. "I won't be needing this then."

Dream deftly caught the time, staring down at the golden item with emerald encrusted eyes. "Is this...?" He trails off, clutching the item tightly as he hungrily studied it closely.

"Ye-p." Theo popped, "A genuine Totem of Undying. That's my last one. We'll have to get more later." He says, flicking the switch to one of the passages, watching the entrance open.

He glanced back at Dream, motioning to the passage way. "C'mon. You can study the thing more at the Stronghold." This was the last stop before they reached the location.

Dream shook his head, putting the totem away in his inventory and nodded. Striding forward and leading the way once more, Theo followed after him. Like always. The entrance locked shut behind him and it didn't take long for them to reach the final portal. Theo took in a deep breath as Dream activated the portal, stepping into the glowing purple portal with Dream and in no time...

*Fffwoooooommmmm*

They were there.

"Ah, home sweet home." Theo murmured as familiar stone bricks and iron bars greeted him.

Dreams snorted besides him, "Home? Really?"

Theo shrugged at him, "Really. I'm gonna have to make my room again, can I build it where it was or do you have anywhere you want me to build it?" He asked Dream, always ask Dream before he did something. Unless there was no time to ask, then he'd have to do it first then explain later for his reasoning. If it pleased Dream then he went unpunished, even rewarded sometimes. But if not- he should've done better.

Dream gives him a look, it's unnoticeable to those who haven't know him for years but Theo's been by his side for years. "Where was your room?"

"By the library, across from your room." Theo answered, watching him think before nodding. He smiles, that was easier than he thought.

But then again he was here before the war so of course it was easier.

"Build it later, for now... tell me everything." Dream says, tossing the totem back at him.

He almost fumbles in surprise. Almost. Dream's trained him to be better than that so he catches it in surprise instead. "You're not keeping it?" He asked, confused as to why Dream gave him the mystical item back.

"I'll get my own at a later date, when I find the mansion." Dream answers, arms crossed, "So keep it." There was an unspoken 'for now' but Theo didn't care. There was a small feeling of warmth in his chest, warring with the usual emotional conflict. Still he nods and puts it back in his inventory.

"Alright. I'll tell you everything I can."

Here's to hoping everything works out.

---

## Chapter End Notes

i'm glad that people are liking this, i certainly do  
hope you do enjoy the story

i'll explain more on the mechanics maybe next chapter, i'm tuckered out. but yeah,  
everyone has three lives and it's indicated by the hearts on their wrists. idk, it just  
seemed cool for me.

here's to hoping that i'm keeping shit together here

# Crimson Dream

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

They move to the library instead of staying where they were.

It was more comfortable there, Dream had yet to create a lounging area within the Stronghold. Theo notes on what was missing, what wasn't there when he'd first been in the Stronghold. But essentially, the library is probably one of the only rooms where Dream didn't change much over the years it seems.

Numerous amounts of bookshelves, one section dedicated to enchanting with the enchantment table surrounded by bookshelves. Ghostly letters separating from certain books and sucked into the table. There's a gigantic map on one wall, colored string pinned to the map, leading from one point to another. It's not a finished map, Theo knows the map will grow bigger because this was not the map he was used to.

Dream pulls up a chair from a nearby table, sitting down. Theo just stand before him, a table in between them. His arms are folded behind his back, his mask is gone but his hood is up.

Theo never wears his mask within the Stronghold. It felt more comfortable this way, and Dream could always see his face. Would always be able to tell whether or not Theo was lying to him or was hiding something from him. But it was more comfortable this way, he almost always had his mask on whenever he went outside so he'd get the freedom of having it off back within the safety of the Stronghold.

"Ask me something and I'll answer it. To the best of my abilities." Theo tells him, watching him silently as the younger version of his mentor sat before him.

It was really strange for Theo, to see Dream like this. His hoodie was a bit different, it's style changing over the years. His mask was essentially the same as always, the man had tons of masks. It had honestly baffled him but it made sense. His mask wasn't indestructible. And hey, Dream gave him some of his masks too because Theo was his protege. His student, his friend.

His weapon, his tool.

Theo had to wear something of Dream's to show everyone just how close they were.

Not to mention no one else could tell what he was thinking or feeling when he had the mask on. Well, Dream sometimes did, but he was Dream.

"The portal." Dream starts, "George told me you came out of a portal made out of iron, netherite and stone. And that it glowed silver. Tell me about the portal, who made it, why and why you jumped out of the portal."



Philza and Fundy had made the portal.

A joint project between them in an effort to change everything that's happened, both were geniuses when it came to runic inscriptions and adept in enchantments. Creating the portal however was no easy feat, they had risked their lives for the one-way trip portal that was, for the moment, useless. And currently in Toby's hands apparently.

Figures he'd keep the blocks to himself. Damn.

Theo would just have to try and take them, they weren't that important but Dream would probably want them. He already looked interested in how the portal worked. If Dream wanted him to get the blocks then Theo would get those blocks.

As for why...

---

*"Tommy."*

*He shifted his weight, trudging on despite how tired he was. Despite how cold he was. Thankfully though, it wasn't storming and the snowfall was gentle and if it were any other situation. It'd be pleasant.*

*"Tommy, listen to me."*

*He was and is listening. He always listens to him. There was rarely a time he didn't listen, he knew this. Dream knew this. He was listening, and he was going to continue walking through this snow. He could walk and listen, Dream had taught him how to multitask efficiently. He would walk and listen, this was what he was doing. Walk and listen. Continue on.*

*"Tommy, stop."*

*His legs are trembling, not just from the cold now. But to listen to his words and stop. He doesn't. He can't. He could make it. They could make it. Dream they could make it. They were so close, the snow was lovely today, it wouldn't hinder them to continue. They could still make it.*

*"Please."*

*He stops. The weight on his back shifted, the arms over his shoulders pushed at him weakly. He kept a tight grip on the thighs on his sides, not budging.*

*"Put me down."*

*He shuffles towards a nearby tree for shade and flimsy shelter as he sets Dream down against the trunk. He looked horrible. He had to say, red was not Dream's color. It didn't suit him. Green did. But the only green left on Dream were the small spots unstained on his hoodie and the single green eye he had left. And even then, that eye wasn't the right shade of green.*

*"I'm done Tommy."*

*He can't be. Dream was his friend. Dream was his owner. Dream couldn't die and leave him all alone.*

*"I'm sorry Tommy."*

*He's said that a lot these past few months, and every time it's a punch to the gut to hear. His body warred with itself, searingly hot against the biting cold. The back of his neck ached as Dream slowly closed his eye. Ichor escaping his eye sockets, black and red on what should've been green.*

*"Good luck."*

*Dream's gone.*

*The Crimson was spreading into the tundra, finally gaining resistance to the cold. Soon the Overworld would be completely doomed.*

*Tommy was alone with a pain in his neck and the static scrambling his head.*

*What now?*

---

Theo sat up, heart hammering in his chest and sweat on his brow. For a moment he's so confused on where he was-

Where were his chests? His armor stand, his desk, bookcases- The room was bare aside from his enderchest, a couple of torches and the bed he was sleeping in. The walls weren't even stone bricks but smooth stone and some dirt. Which was fucking *inefficient* for protection against the Crimson. Where the hell was he?

He's half-way getting out of his bed and scrambling for his netherite armor before he remembers that Dream had his netherite armor, he remembers where he was, what he was doing there and what had happened.

He was in his room, his unfinished room that he'd just mined out across from Dream's room within the Stronghold.

He was ten years in the past.

The Crimson wasn't a problem yet. The Overworld was fine. Everything was fine.

*Dream was alive.*

The crick in his neck disappeared, the pain receding as he sat on the bed. Leaning on his knees and taking deep, calming breaths.

"Stupid fucking nightmares..." He muttered to himself, grimacing as he wiped away the sweat on his forehead. He shook his head and finally got off from the bed.

Even though he *knew* Dream was alive, that he was fine, he needed to check on him.

He wouldn't truly be calm until he could check on his friend, see for himself that Dream was alive and well.

Stumbling out of his room, he found Dream in the library before the map, winding strings together and pinning it to the wall.

Green.

Dream was green, he was wearing green and had no signs of any type of red on him. No vines, no flowers, just green.

"Nice to see you finally awake." Dream comments casually as he turned to look at him and Theo almost stumbles in place at the doorway at the sight of Dream's face.

He didn't have his mask on.

"Your eyes are green." He blurts out stupidly, unable to help himself as he stares at Dream's face. His eyes were green, light green. Dream had a few small scars on his face, and freckles- Theo knew this. He's seen Dream's face before, of course he has. They were friends, Dream was his mentor. He's given Theo the honor of seeing his face before, even before Theo joined him.

His eyes were a light green, the color of healthy leaves underneath the sun. They weren't green like poison.

That was his *friend*.

Dream was his friend.

There he was, alive and well and green.

Dream cocks a brow at him, looking amused and a bit uncomfortable. Theo almost laughs at that, it bubbles in his throat but he doesn't. "Yeah? You obviously know this, *my friend*." He said somewhat sarcastically, but there's a mischievous light in his eyes that has Theo feeling more relieved than ever. No glint of possessiveness, no shard of hunger. No flecks of red, no roots covering one of his eyes where a disgusting but hauntingly beautiful red flower would bloom.

"Haven't seen both your eyes in like almost a year." Theo tells him and regrets.

Because the light is gone as Dream grimaces. "Ah right, the flower thing. Gross." And terrifying. "Thankfully we won't have to deal with that just yet. From what you've told me, this Crimson thing along with the Egg won't happen for another couple of years."

Hopefully.

"I'd still like to check underneath the Badlands just to make sure." Theo wasn't sure on where and how exactly the Egg came from but he knew that Bad had first found it within his Badlands.

Dream tilted his head, "Badlands?"

Theo blinked and it clicked, "Ah, BBH made a new faction before the war of Manberg and Pogtopia. Don't worry, he's our ally. Right up until he got himself under the Egg's thrall of course." He'd been one of the original who'd been caught by the Egg, but he's heard that he'd once been free at some point from it before. Probably because of Skeppy but once Skeppy was caught, Bad wasn't far behind.

Dream nodded, looking thoughtful. "Do you think Bad will still form the faction now? With Toby back in L'Manberg, I don't think he's going to let a war break out from what you've told me." Theo'd told him all he could last night, every question he answered to his ability before Dream sent him off to go mine out his room and sleep. Saying he needed to rest, which was kind of him.

Theo frowned at the mention of his old ex-friend. "I don't know. We'll just have to see. Toby's going to be fucking annoying to deal with though." He sighed, rubbing his face as he went over to sit down by the table. Dream watched him, his eyes were still green and thoughtful.

"Is he going to kill me?"

Theo immediately tensed, fists clenching. "I won't let him." He promised.

He promised, he's *promised*. To himself, to Dream. He would protect this Dream, help him, save him.

Dream was everything to Theo, even if some part of him screamed he wasn't. That part of him is small though, he's made his peace. He's made his decision, even with or without the bullshit static in the back of his mind, it pulsed and he knew already. He's decided.

He would be by Dream's side no matter what.

He promised after all.

Dream smiled, it's a kind and the tiniest bit cruel thing. The shade of his eyes shifts ever so slightly, unnoticeable to everyone else but him. No longer leaves underneath the sun, but grass in the shade. It's not poison, but it's a change. He scratched the back of his neck, feeling the itch at the sight of the change.

His mentor. His friend. His owner.

"Thanks Theo."

---

Tubbo finds his older self nursing a cup of coffee in his kitchen. Staring out the window with wide, dazed eyes and a haunting look that makes Tubbo shiver.

It's noon, he's just woken up from sleeping so late and he thinks Wilbur and Tommy are still asleep. He hasn't heard them both yet, and he had thought his older self- *Toby* had been asleep as well.

Guess he was wrong.

"Um..." Toby snaps out of his dazed gazing to look at him sharply, Tubbo flinches at the sharp piercing look. *Like an arrow*, he can't help but think anxiously, trying to push away the awful memory of the duel that happened months ago. Toby's gaze softens and Tubbo tries not to sigh in relief. "G-Good morning." He greets with a sheepish smile, shuffling into the kitchen. *His* kitchen. C'mon Tubbo, this was just another you. An older, kind of scarier you.

He gets a smile back, "Good morning mini-me." Tubbo cracks a grin at that, finding it nice.

Okay so Toby wasn't all that scary, not now at least. Last night he'd been terrifying frankly, but right now he was amicable and pleasant.

"Want some coffee? There should still be some in the kettle ." Toby offers, motioning to the still steaming kettle.

Tubbo beams and nods, "Don't mind if I do!" The coffee tastes nice but it'd be much better with some honey. And to his delight, his older self had already taken the jar of honey out and had left plenty for him. He was glad that some things stayed the same, even if it was kind of little compared to a lot of other things but still.

Toby was Tubbo, but older and different. He was still Tubbo though.

"Did you sleep alright?" Tubbo asks as they sit down together, right by the window. He sips from his hot cup of coffee with a content sigh.

His relaxed, content emotions are disrupted though as he sees Toby grimace. "Oh..." That was a no then.

Toby noticed and coughed, "No, no I slept- well frankly I slept better than I have in months! And it's been so long since I last slept in a bed in the Overworld. So it was great!" He reassured him, smiling.

Tubbo immediately notes though, "What do you mean?" He asks, watching Toby freeze as he continues. "Since you last slept in a bed in the Overworld." He repeated, a rock sinking into his stomach.

Toby's smile is frozen, and it melts. Turning into a frown, he looks down to the table and there's this heavy air that spreads from his person. Tubbo regrets asking now, and before he could even take back his question-

"When is Technoblade coming?"

Caught off guard from the question, Tubbo takes a bit of time to answer. "Well, Tommy told me that Techno was coming either tomorrow or the day after at earliest. He and Philza are coming as fast as they can but they're coming. At the latest, he'll arrive probably by the end of the week." Tommy had told him that they were both probably going to cash in the favors they had with a few people to get to L'Manberg as soon as possible but even then it'd take time.

Toby's face scrunched before he sighed, "Good enough. Wish they could arrive today- I would like to just explain once but I'll explain it as many times if I have to... Can you get Wilbur and- and Tommy here? I think it's time I tell you some things about the future." He says, a rueful look on his face. Filled with pain.

Tubbo doesn't hesitate, he stands from his chair.

---

The Crimson. Blood Vines. The Egg.

No one really knew where the hell it all came from. All they knew what it wanted.

Complete control over the Overworld.

To grow in it's entirety. To hatch within a world of it's own and to feed on the prey it caught underneath its thrall.

Bad had found The Egg, miles underneath his lands and was immediately enthralled by it. Though, the Egg was weak, small, still growing in itself and didn't have complete control. Yet.

Over time, it grew with the help of Bad and the others that it snatched in its control.

You could almost mistake the red vines that grew from as nether wart blocks and crimson nylum, red flora from the nether, but they weren't. They were different, so much more vibrant in color and ultimately so much more dangerous. It grew at a steady rate, but hidden thanks to the efforts of Bad and his followers.

In the beginning it was easy enough to snap them out of its control, Skeppy had done so towards Bad but in the end fell under its thrall as well. Bad ended up back in its control after trying to help Skeppy but failed. And after that, the growth rate sky-rocketed, suddenly the vines were digging into the earth. Turning the grass red, the trees dark and scarlet. Mobs weren't unaffected as roots appeared on their skin, in their flesh.

People too.

Garnet roots, scarlet flowers, cherry-colored berries that smelled of iron that grew from the skin and blood of a person. A significant sign that the person was lost to the Egg, who began to consume some of them. The ones who died on their last life or the ones who were caught by the infected and taken for consumption.

The Overworld was being invaded by the The Crimson.

Most biomes were easy for it to invade, but some were capable of staving it off. The deserts, the tundra, extreme biomes were capable of stalling its invasion but the flora would eventually take it along with the infected mobs and people.

Not even the ocean was safe, the coral reefs turned ruby and the aquatic life were infected as well. The waters tinged dark red.

The world turned red in its wake.

The surviving people who were uninfected started moving into the Nether permanently, trying to terraform the hellish wasteland into a safe haven. An almost impossible task, but they were persistent and were striving for survival. They managed, however the Crimson was greedy and relentless.

Not even the Nether was safe. Not for long.

---

"We didn't know what to do," Toby explained to the horrified trio sitting before him, "It was spreading everywhere and it was only a matter of time before it overtook the Nether too. We couldn't get rid of it, not permanently at least. Obsidian could safely contain it for a while but it would turn into crying obsidian and then break apart after a set amount of time. Tundras and cold environments were one the safest place we could go to in the Overworld but it was gaining resistance to the cold. Soul fire could also burn it good but it was so risky to use it, not to mention the Crimson spread faster than the fires not to mention the infected would do anything to protect it, which means they could put the fire out one way or another."

Toby leaned back against his chair, tiredly palming his face as he continued. "Fundy was the one who suggested time travel. He'd been thinking of a way to get back to the past, to try and stop it from spreading. To stop Bad from finding it. To destroy the Egg before it cracked, before it *hatched*. So he and Philza spent the past year and a half trying to find a way back into the past. It was crazy, so crazy that *maybe*. Maybe it'd work." He laughs, somewhat hysterically. "And *it did*. Fucking Ender, I wish I could tell them it worked. They were fleeing the lab because one of the infected finally broke through our defenses."

"By Ender..." Wilbur whispered, pale-faced and terrified. He wasn't the only one, both Tommy and Tubbo were shaking. And Toby noted, with a pained squeeze in his chest that underneath the table, they were holding hands in comfort.

He forgot, they used to do that before didn't they?

Toby tried to remember the last time he held hands with Theo. With Tommy. *His* Tommy.

The only time he could remember was...

*"Tommy!" Tubbo screamed, clasping his hand on Tommy's, holding on for dear life as the masked man dangled over the cliff. Below, a sea of red and a cacophony of snarls and moans. He hadn't meant to nearly knock him off! They were just fighting too close to the cliff! Tubbo wheezed, trying to pull him up, the both of them scrambling to get away from the edge of the cliff.*

Could that even count?

They had somewhat of a truce after that, they couldn't fight with the Crimson nearby. They've already lost too many people to its thrall.

"What about Tommy?" Toby snapped out of his thoughts to look at Tubbo, who was pale and shaking but confused and a bit desperate. "W-Where does he fit in all this? He came out of the portal first and- and he was-" He couldn't continue, looking oh so lost. Unknowing to the horrible answers that paired for the questions he asked.

"I-" "Why was he wearing Dream's mask? He-" Wilbur interrupted him, a look of realization on his face, "He asked for Dream, as soon as he came out of that portal. And he almost hurt Tommy, his *own* younger self! With an *enchanted netherite axe!*" Toby felt a somewhat bitter taste in his mouth, had Wilbur really realized that *just now*? Toby needed to work on that, he'd have to get Wilbur to focus on his family. He had to make sure, Wilbur was sane. For his own's sake. For everyone's sake. For *Tommy's* sake.

Tommy himself was quiet, and it pained him to see him so quiet. Tommy shouldn't be quiet, he was bright. So bright, and loud and-

"Toby, what happened to me?" Tommy asks oh so quietly with a look of fearful hesitance and like wet paper, Toby crumbles.

"Dream happened. He brainwashed you, him, Tommy. My Tommy. He broke and manipulated him to his side and I can't get him back." Toby answers hoarsely, heart stuck in his throat at the last admittance. "It's been five years since I saw him, you. My Tommy, bright and loud. He's so quiet now, so obedient to Dream." Even after he died.

Dream had died and Tommy, *Theo* didn't come back to him. If anything he stayed farther away, breaking the rest of Toby's heart and hope.

"He and Dream found out about the time travel plan, we had a shaky truce because it was their only hope too. They gave us supplies, materials, but they stayed mostly away. But Dream knew we'd try to change other things too, he and Tommy- Theo. They knew we would've tried to make sure Tommy wouldn't end up with him. So when the infected broke into our base, Theo snuck in and activated the prototype portal while the others were evacuating." Toby whispered, fists clenched and head bowed. "Of course I followed him, I had to. He was- He was my best friend, and I had to stop him. Stop Dream and do a whole lot of other things too."

He had so much to do with only a vague sense on how to do it.

"I've failed my first goal, Theo's probably with Dream now. Again. I... I don't know if I can get him back, ever again."

Because if Theo hadn't come back after Dream died in the future, how could he come back now with a younger but alive Dream?

A hiccup escaped his throat as finally, he thought to himself.

"I've lost my Tommy."

---



## Chapter End Notes

yeah i upped the egg to a goddamn twelve for this story.  
there's also a few other things but we'll get to that in time.

ah, the lovely sight of angst. what a wonderful sight it is!  
don't worry, things will get better. well, worse but then get better.  
a lot is happening :)

hope you lot enjoy, let me know what you think! i thrive on comments and you have no  
idea how happy i am to see them.

if you see any mistakes, let me know. also i'm skimming the dream smp wiki here and  
i'm also winging a lot of things so if you see something lorewise that's wrong or  
changed, well that's just me either remembering it wrong or changing it for the story.

either way, we continue on!

# Reassurance

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

<Sapnap> We're talking about the same Tommy here right.  
<Sapnap> The screaming kid that used to fight you for those stupid discs of his and just yesterday, called you a shithead in an offhand chat.  
<Dream> Yeah it's definitely weird but it is him.  
<Dream> He's my friend now apparently.  
<GeorgeNotFound> Apparently?  
<Dream> Apparently  
<Dream> I gave him one of my masks and he gave me one of the discs he had, that's how close we are.  
<Sapnap> the hell he did???? and he just wears your mask around?  
<Dream> Yep  
<GeorgeNotFound> That's impossible  
<GeorgeNotFound> Where are you two by the way?  
<Dream> In one of my bases  
<Sapnap> Which one?  
<George> We checked the nearest ones and you weren't there  
<Dream> It's a new base somewhere else  
<Sapnap> You made another one? Where the hell is it this time?  
<Dream> That's a secret  
<GeorgeNotFound> A secret from us but not him? :(  
<Dream> Hey he found out in the future, I was going to tell you guys soon but here we are.  
<Sapnap> So are you going to tell us now or what?  
<Dream> Fiine  
<Dream> It's somewhere in the tundra, I'll show it to you guys later  
<Sapnap> wtf why the tundra???  
<Dream> Why not the tundra?  
<GeorgeNotFound> Are you just going to make bases in every biome now  
<Dream> Maybe  
<Dream> Anyway, you guys want to meet him?  
<Sapnap> You mean future Tommy??  
<Dream> He's going by Theo now remember.  
<GeorgeNotFound> Yeah he did say that  
<GeorgeNotFound> Is he going to tell us the future? Toby hasn't said pretty much anything yet, he's talked to Schlatt and Quackity for a moment and now they're pretty terrified of him  
<Sapnap> wait really???  
<GeorgeNotFound> Yeah, didn't you see them last night? toby left the white house and then both Schlatt and Quackity left looking pale af  
<Dream> Wow that's hilarious  
<Dream> Where is he now by the way?  
<Sapnap> He's at Tubbo's house with Wilbur and Tommy

<Dream> Hmm  
<GeorgeNotFound> What's the 'hmm' for? What's on your mind Dream?  
<Dream> a lot of things  
<Dream> Theo and I are heading back towards the smp, meet us there?  
<Sapnap> Definitely, i gotta meet this new tommy theo man  
<GeorgeNotFound> Same!  
<Dream> Gotta warn you guys, the future's not sounding pretty.  
<Sapnap> That does nothing against our curiosity here Dreamy-poo  
<Dream> Shut up Sappy  
<Sapnap> Dreamy-poo  
<GeorgeNotFound> Children, I'm friends with children  
<Dream> Shut up Gogy  
<Sapnap> Yeah gogy shut up  
<GeorgeNotFound> I hate you guys so much

---

There's a broken man crying in Tubbo's kitchen.

It sounds weird, even in his head it sounds weird.

It's weirder and heartbreaking to see in reality because that broken man *is Tubbo*. Toby. Older Tubbo who clearly's been through so much.

"*I've lost my Tommy.*" This man in his mid-twenties says with a hiccuping voice, tone hoarse and *sad*. Eyes welled up with tears, and lower lip wobbling in the same way his Tubbo's lip would wobble whenever he was upset. Because this was still Tubbo. Toby.

Tommy has never before hated himself as much as he did now. He's never wanted to punch himself in the face as much as he did now- his future self of course. But still himself.

But maybe it shouldn't be himself he should want to punch and hate, Dream was the root of the problem. He always is, he's torn Toby and Theo apart and Toby is crying in Tubbo's kitchen. The confident, jaded adult that came from the time traveling portal is gone. Leaving a tired, sad man in his place.

And yet, even with that knowledge. He can't help but put a little blame on himself, on Theo, because who in their right mind would leave their best friend like this? Ten years was a long time, but he'd always thought he and Tubbo would stick together, best of friends. Forever.

Him and Tubbo against the world.

But proof that they could be torn apart was sitting right in front of him, crying in his seat.

He and Tubbo share a look and Tommy's the first one to let go. Tubbo instantly leaves his seat to get to his older self's side, and it doesn't take long for Tommy to join him.

"Hey, hey! Surely, you can get him back. He's- He's still Tommy in there right?" Tubbo reassured, hugging Toby while trying to be optimistic and hopeful. Something that Toby was struggling to be. "We can help you get him back!"

Tommy somewhat awkwardly patted Toby, "Hey, future me's being a bitch boy but he has to snap out of shit once we get him away from Dream right? I always knew the green bastard was a fucking insane guy, let's get rid of him!" Honestly, he kind of thought Theo was beyond help but Tubbo was thinking otherwise. And Toby needed some hope.

"Toby, we're here to help you." Wilbur added in, looking at him with a smile of reassurance. He'd been strange earlier on, giving Toby weird, frustrated but thoughtful looks- those were gone now as he seemed to look at Toby in a new, helpful light. Tommy grinned, Wilbur seemed more like himself now, just a bit. "Theo is still my little brother, Techno's too, we're going to snap him out of it and make sure Dream never gets to him or Tommy ever again."

Toby looked better, still a bit doubtful and sad, but that was okay. They'd keep their words and help him.

But what Wilbur said made Tommy thoughtful and he couldn't help but ask Toby, "Hey, what happened to Theo's Wilbur and Techno? Surely they would've and should've done something for him. Or did that green asshole do something to them?" Tommy watches as Toby freezes, the pain returning to his eyes. A rock made of dread sunk to the bottom of his stomach at that, immediately think the worst. Did Dream really do something? Were his brothers in danger?

The hesitance is everything to Tommy as he glanced at his Tubbo and Wilbur with panicked looks, wondering what the fuck was even wrong with the future. A crazy, monstrous red egg, plague, virus thing, Dream brainwashing his future self, future Tubbo being a wreck.

Just where did everything go wrong?

"I..." Toby started, looking extremely hesitant before he shook his head. "I'll tell you when Techno and Phil are here." He said instead, looking down at his hands.

"Wha- why not now?! You can tell us now, c'mon Big T." Tommy tried even though there was dread in his stomach, he had to know. Wouldn't it be better so they could all avoid it? "It's- It's Wilbur and Techno, we have to know. You said Phil and Fundy were fine-ish, they made the portal. What happened with Wilbur and Tech?" What happened to his brothers?

Wilbur chimed in, "I would like to know what happened to me Toby. Please?" He asked, wanting to know. It's been on his mind ever since they last talked within the guest room where Toby slept. He wanted to know what happened to him. What happened to L'Manberg. He has his suspicions, it would've been overrun by the Crimson right? They would have to prevent that, but what happened to him? He would've tried to help Theo, tried to get him back, he and Techno.

Toby had asked for Technoblade, was relieved to hear that he and Philza were on their way.

Phil was at least alive by the sounds of it, Fundy as well- which was good. His adopted father and son were alive, but what of him and his brother?

Toby wouldn't budge though, "When Techno and Phil are here, I'll tell you." He said firmly, putting his foot down. "It's- it's best to tell you then." He gently broke out of Tubbo's hug,

patting his younger self's head. "I need to go check on Schlatt, make sure he hasn't run away. I'd be very cross if he did." He mentioned as he stood up from the table.

Tommy scowled at the mention while Wilbur frowned, "Why would you be cross if he ran away? Schlatt's a dick, he shouldn't be president. You said so last night! He'd make a terrible president."

"You did scream at him." Tubbo reminded Toby who sighed, shaking his head.

"I know I know, but still. He won, he gets to be president, but don't worry. I'll make sure he'll keep in line. If not- we'll pick someone else then." Toby told them both, ruffling their heads much to their protest. "I promise, I have a good idea on what I'm doing. *Trust me.*" He quietly said, giving the trio a small, pleading look.

Despite the fact Tommy wanted to protest, he bit his tongue and swallowed down his words at the look.

Even from ten years from now he couldn't exactly say no to Tubbo when he used that look.

Well, apparently he could telling by Theo but Theo was a bitch and didn't count...

Tommy didn't want it to count.

---

Sapnap wasn't too sure on what to think about the whole, 'two guys coming from the future' ordeal.

He hadn't been present during the election but George was quick to fill him in on the matter.

He had thought it was a prank in revenge for missing the election, but George insisted that it was real. Bad and a few other backed him up, claiming that there was an older version of Tubbo now who went by Toby. Skeppy even sent him a quick photo of Toby, it was a bit blurry and Toby was looking at something else but Sapnap could see it was clearly an older Tubbo. His face more defined, his hair bit scragglier, burnt scars underneath his chin and covering his neck and decked in full enchanted netherite.

This was too much for a joke and he doubted that *everyone* would be on board with it *just because* Sapnap wasn't at the elections.

Schlatt had won, Sapnap was surprised but frankly didn't care about the elections in the first place so it didn't really effect him.

"You got a look at him Gogy, what'd he look like?" Sapnap asked as he and George waited within the forest near the SMP lands. They had sent Dreams the coordinates to where they were, it was close enough to the SMP and far enough from L'Manberg that they didn't have to worry anyone seeing the four of them just yet.

George sighed from his seat underneath the tree, "I wasn't that close to see him, but when he got out of the portal he definitely looked like Dream with that mask of his. I even thought it *was* Dream doing something dramatic or something and wearing red instead of green, but

then he spoke, asking where Dream was and we all instantly knew it *wasn't* him. It was weird." He informed his friend, thinking back to the interruption of the election.

The fact that Theo was an older Tommy really didn't seem to connect, not with how they both knew Tommy. Tommy would've hated wearing Dream's mask, he would rather destroy the thing instead of wear it on his face.

"George! Sapnap!" The two of them looked over to see Dream jogging towards them, Theo jogging behind him, sticking close.

Sapnap blinked at the two masked individuals, going as far as to rub his eyes as they came closer. "Well I'll be damned." He whistled, glancing between Dream and Theo. "It's like there's two Dreams now, that's fucking weird." He commented, looking over Theo.

He wore a hoodie similar to Dream's, only in red and slightly different in style. His pants were dark brown to Dream's black, and he wore bandages on his hands instead of fingerless gloves. However his mask was pretty much identical to Dream's. He and George could see that, he even kept his hood up like Dream's, only small tufts of hair escaping the confines.

"George, Sapnap." Theo greeted amicably, his voice steady, calm and not as loud as Tommy's usually was. His voice had dropped a bit growing up but it was still recognizable at least, however the way he spoke...

George's eyes narrowed underneath his goggles, "This can't be Tommy." He said, looking at Theo up and down, "He's so..."

"Not like Tommy." Sapnap chimed in to help, agreeing with George.

Dream laughed with his hands on his hips, "I know right? It is kind of weird, but like- it *is* him. Show'em Theo." Dream said, commanded really, and without hesitation. Theo reached up to move his mask to the side, letting his hood fall to show off his hair as well.

Both Sapnap and George stared at him, at his duller blue eyes and hair. At the scar from his lip his forehead, at the frown that was on his face which looked only just a bit annoyed.

"Fucking Ender." Sapnap swears, standing up just so he could step closer to the man. Annoyingly, he was taller than him, at the same height as Dream. "It really is you isn't it Tommy?" He wouldn't have believed it if it weren't staring at him in the face.

Theo gave him a more annoyed look, looking closer to the Tommy he knew of. "Of course it's fucking me bitch boy- but I go by Theo now. Do use the name." He drawled, unimpressed. But Sapnap could tell he was hiding how uncomfortable he was with how close they were, Sapnap snorted, taking a step back.

Now *that*, that was Tommy-like.

"Ender To-uh, Theo, what happened?" George asked, now standing as well. He motioned to the scar on his face, "Any more to the right and you'd probably lose your eye." He said with a grimace. The scar looked probably a year or two old?

Theo paused and glanced at Dream, "Can I cover my face now?" He asked instead, Dream hummed and Theo took to that as approval. Moving his mask back over his face but letting his hood stay down for now. "Tubbo gave me the scar. My Tubbo, Toby now I guess."

The three other men were caught off guard from the revelation, "What?" Sapnap said, staring at him for a while new reason now. Incredulous and disbelieving. "Tubbo. Toby-Tubbo, whatever, gave you that scar. As in he was the one who did it." He watched as Theo nod, his mind whirling.

He's seen how close the two of the teens were, he didn't think they'd ever hurt each other on purpose. "Was it an accident?" Sapnap asked, because that had to be it. Even with the seemingly rocky relationship between Toby and Theo, it could've been an accident.

"No." Theo answered, paused then tilted his head. "Not really. He was trying to kill me, he didn't know who I was until he cut off my mask and saw my face." He shrugged, as if the fact his former? Best friend trying to kill him and instead left a lasting scar on him wasn't that big of a deal. "You could say it was an accident since he didn't know who I was before hand but, he still aimed for my head."

"By Ender, isn't he like, your best friend?" George questioned faintly trying to wrap his head around the image of Tubbo trying to kill Tommy. It just- didn't compute for him.

Theo looked at him, George shifted a bit because of the mask- it was weird to face Dream's mask on someone else's face. "He was. He's not anymore, I don't think he is. Dream's my best friend now, he has been for a couple of years." He says, nodding to Dream who stayed quiet. But Sapnap got the feeling that Dream seemed pleased by that.

*What the fuck.* Sapnap couldn't help but think to himself, aloud though he asks, "What the fuck even happens in the future? Why are you even here?"

"Do you really wanna know?" Dream questioned, head tilting at Sapnap and George.

The two of them shared a hesitant look before nodding, "Lay it on us." Sapnap said, looking back to Theo.

Theo tilted his head at him, so much like Dream- fuck this was creepy in a way. Just what happened to Theo?

The question settled on his tongue and he wondered if he should ask that.

The question is mostly forgotten when Theo starts talking about The Crimson. How it affected the Overworld, affected the lands, the mobs, the people.

"You die to the Egg," Theo tells George, who paled at the revelation. "Twice. You had already died beforehand because of Techno, but your last two lives were to the Egg. It ate you after Sapnap was infected and brought you to the Egg. Dream took your final life, Sapnap, he got infected because of you."

Sapnap drops on his ass, unable to stay standing up at that. He got infected, he brought George to his death, to be fed to some *Egg* thing that ate people and then he died permanently by *Dream*.

"You didn't tell me that." Dream said tightly, gripping the blades of grass from where he sat.

Theo shifted in place, "I'm sorry Dream, but- you didn't ask. You asked how you died, but you didn't ask how you got infected." He said quietly, apologetically with his head bowed. Submissively. Sapnap took in a deep breath, trying to gather himself once more.

"How do we know it's true? For all we know, you could be lying to us- trying to start shit from the past!" Sapnap exclaimed, hoping that that was it. Theo was just being an asshole, lying about a plague apocalypse that tore everything in the Overworld and took their lives.

"*Never*." Theo snarls, all three of them flinch at the primal and desperate sound. "I wouldn't lie about this- not this, not to *Dream*." He said heatedly, gripping the sleeves of his hoodie tightly in what seemed to be a death grip. "You're Dream's friends, his best friends. He was fucking *devastated* after you both died, he tried not to show it but he was."

George bit his lip and he thought back to Theo's words, "Dream died because he got infected? Did you kill him?"

It was Theo's turn to flinch and he hung his head. Dream was the one who answered.

"He didn't." Dream took in a deep breath, "I died in the snow, the infection got to me along with some heavy wounds from a supply run. I was immune to the mind manipulation of the Egg, Crimson thing, because of my blood, the whole '*admin descendant*' thing." He paused, staying silent for a while before continuing on, his voice a bit strained. "The infected can't use healing pots, not as effectively as we can. So he couldn't help me. He watched me die."

"I burnt his body." Theo continued in a whisper. "Couldn't let the Crimson spread more into the tundra. So I burnt him and left."

George looked horrified, Sapnap was as well. The four of them sat in silence. Uncomfortable, heavy silence.

They stayed like that for a while.

---

"Can I ask how you and Dream became friends?"

Theo looked over to him, to George.

They were now in one of Dream's hidden bases, deep within the SMP lands. They decided to move there after the heavy silence. It wouldn't bode well for them to be seen by the others, not yet at least.

Sapnap and George agreed to help Dream and Theo with their plans, they couldn't let the Crimson spread after all. Not after Theo told them the future. Even if it was so early in the timeline, there was a chance that the Crimson was there, hidden underground underneath the



land. Waiting for someone to discover it. If that was the case then they needed to find it first and destroy it.

Dream and Sapnap were in another room, getting a few items which left George with Theo.

"He kept me company, after I was exiled from L'Manberg." Theo told him, "Toby exiled me after I burnt down your house. Which was an accident by the way, I'm very sorry about it." He apologized, meaning it as well. He's come to regret a lot of things over the years. Burning one of Dream's closest friends' house was one of them.

George's face furrowed but he nodded back, "It technically hasn't happened yet to me, don't apologize... So you were exiled by Toby?"

Theo hummed, "Yeah. I'll admit I was a fucking ass back then, I hurt so many people. I was being selfish with what I wanted, with the discs." Theo said, he's repeated those words a lot since he's been with Dream. "They don't really matter anymore, I still like them, but they don't matter. Dream helped me realize that. He helped me a lot over the years, he gave me items, kept me humble and made me his protoge. I've learned a lot from him." Theo said with a hidden smile.

"Huh..." George glanced to where Dream and Sapnap were before back at him. "You... really consider him your friend." He said with a strange look on his face, Theo nodded.

"He is. He was my only friend when I was exiled. He was the only one who consistently visited me all the time, he saved my life, saved me in the end."

*Peering over the edge of his tower, he sees one man at the bottom. His communicator goes off. He's startled off the edge and screams, but water saves him. Dream saves him from the fall. "Tommy are you okay?!" Dream screams, getting rid of the water and checking over him, he sounds so panicked.*

"I made so many shitty mistakes but he forgave me time and time again."

*It's cold in the snow and Dream towers over him. "Techno told me where you were Tommy. He doesn't care about you." He says quietly with a gentle smile and green eyes colored like poison, "No one does. Except for me... Now will you stop running and just come with me, Tommy?" It's cold, he's shivering and crying, he nods. He's done with running. He just wants to be warm and not alone.*

"He's taught me everything he could."

*"Again." Tommy's so tired, he's low on health but Dream splashes him with a potion and his health is no longer low. "Come on Tommy, you can do more can't you? You don't want to disappoint me now do you?" He doesn't, he lifts up his axe and charges forward.*

"I owe him my life. He has my loyalty."

*"How are you feeling Tommy?" Dream asks, setting aside the bloody blue needle. His neck hurts, and there's static in his head. He tells him this and Dream smiles. It's crooked,*

*strained, his eyes are two shades strangely. "Good."*

*"He's my friend."*

*"I'm so sorry Tommy." Tommy stares at the broken man, red vines creeping up his neck and black ichor dripping from his grassy green eyes. No poison. "I'm so sorry." It hurts to breathe as the static in his head grows louder the more he apologizes. "Kill me-" He **can't**.*

George is staring at him, Theo notes.

"Hey Gogy! Get in here!" Sapnap calls from the other room and George doesn't hesitate to move.

Theo stays where he is, Dream hasn't called for him.

---

*"Do you think... when I die- would you be free Tommy?" Dream asks him, one specific night. One of his eye's been covered. Roots digging into his skull, but his other eye is fine and grassy green. No poison. No ichor. His friend looks at him, tiredly, there's leaves growing out of his shoulder. "There's a chance that maybe, after I die... You'd be free. You could go back to Tubbo."*

*"Stop talking nonsense, you won't die." Tommy immediately replies, sounding strained as he popped the blaze powder into the brewing stand. Dream stays silent and he sighs, "It is a small chance, but even then- I wouldn't know how to be free." His life is centered around Dream. If Dream is gone, is dead, what could he do? The static pulses like a heartbeat in his ears.*

*"Tubbo could show you, he's your best friend."*

*"He's not. You are. End of fucking story Dream, now shut up and sit still. I need those leaves."*

*It's silent in the potions room before Dream finally speaks again as Tommy is carefully cutting a few leaves off his shoulders. "If Funy and Phil get that portal working... Are you going to help me? The past me?"*

*"Of course I would. We'll help him together."*

*"Tommy..."*

*"We'll help him. Save him, save you and everything will be fine."*

*"... Alright... Hey Tommy?"*

*Tommy looks at him, and he almost freezes as he sees the ichor in his eye, poison swirling in the pupil. "Yes Dream?"*

*"You won't betray me right?"*

*Tommy doesn't hesitate. "Never Dream, I'll never betray you."*

*He'd never betray his friend.*

*Never.*

*He'll help him, save him, and everything would be fine.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

i'll admit, the start of the chapter seems a bit weak but i wanted update again  
happy holidays everyone, hope you have a good december!  
jfc its almost the end of 2020.

anyway, i'm absolutely baffled by the amount of support i'm getting- thanks guys! i'm  
glad you're enjoying it!

toby's doing alright! he could be better, but he has tubbo, wilbur and tommy around.  
soon enough, even techno and phil :) next chapter, we'll get more into toby's side of  
things.

theo's... yeah theo's doing complicated right now. but the dream team is there for him!  
just as he's there for them! mostly for dream, but yeah essentially.

i hope you continue to enjoy, see you next chapter! do comment, i enjoy those  
immensely

# The Father and The Blade

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! laaame. it's been a while. TECHNOBRO TECHNOBRO TECHNOBRO!! R. there's something wrong. are we there yet? are we there yet? when are we getting there? AAAAAAAAAAH I'M BORED! blood god blood god blood god. it'll be nice to see tommy and wilbur again. smile smile smile! e. technoboat and dadza. technoboat and dadza.*

"You doing okay Techno?" Technoblade's eyes snapped over to his adoptive father, the piglin hybrid taking in a deep breath. "We're almost there buddy, hang on."

"I know, I'm doing fine Phil." He replied, shaking his head and trying to clear his thoughts.

Sometimes it was so hard to try and focus with a chorus of voices in your head, but Techno can manage. He's grown up with it, gotten used to it, most of the time anyway.

Soon, they'd get to the SMP, to L'Manberg and reunite with his brothers who needed him there.

Tommy had even said *please* to him, so *something* must be going on over there.

*dolphin! booooring. something's off. EEEEE. dadza and technoboat. Hmmm. technosupport! WHERE'S THE DOLPHIN?? the ocean sucks!! what's wrong? TECHNOBLADE AND PHILZA OFF TO SEE THE FAM. are they okay? there's a problem. YA SUCK G.*

Technoblade huffed through his nose, rubbing his aching head. Long journeys always did make the voices more frantic and annoying and he'd have to double his efforts in trying to ignore them. It wasn't fun, but he managed. At least he had Phil by his side to help.

*techno there's something going on and it's wrong.*

---

Seeing L'Manberg as it was right now felt bizarre to Toby, looking up at the tall walls that surrounded their nation.

The man-made lake was gone and Toby was walking vaguely familiar grounds, buildings were missing, structures were yet to be built, less paths leading to areas that didn't exist yet and may or may not ever exist. L'Manberg felt comparatively smaller and unfamiliar to him as he stood in its first era.

"What was L'Manberg like," Wilbur asks from his side, the man's been following him ever since he left his younger self's house. Tubbo and Tommy were somewhere around, they had wanted to follow him too but he nudged them to have some free time to themselves. To hang

out and be the teens that they were, something he and Theo couldn't have done in the past but Tubbo and Tommy could do now. Toby would make sure of that.

Ender, they were just teenagers, 16 of age. Experienced a war, however brief it was, they had died- *Tommy was on his last life* while Tubbo still had one extra left.

Toby would protect them, would protect Wilbur and everyone else. He had his three lives again, he could and would spare two of his lives for them all. He was already used to the precarious life of a single last life after all.

The burn scars underneath his chin ached slightly at the thought, it used to disturb him before but now it's a small comfort.

"Toby?" Toby blinked and hummed, shaking his head.

"Sorry Wilbur, what was that again?" He needed to stop spacing out. He wasn't alone here, Wilbur was with him.

They were at the outskirts of L'Manberg. Right by the walls. Toby had wanted to see them up close, it had been years since he'd seen these walls.

Wilbur repeats his question, eager and curious. "What was L'Manberg like Toby? In the future, before the..." He trailed off uncomfortably. Before the Crimson, Toby knew. That was what he wanted to say.

"It was beautiful." He answers, wistful and smiling. "But very different to now. There's a lot of things that've changed. Like the walls." He reached out, placing a palm on the cool stone, "Schlatt took them down, and even after the war, we decided to keep them down." The only other time they had walls was when Dream... his fists clenched and he tried to shove the memory away.

*He looked away as Dream escorted Tommy away from L'Manberg. He couldn't bear to see the betrayal in Tommy's bright blue eyes.*

Never again.

Wilbur however, seemed appalled. "Schlatt *took down the walls*?" He gasped, angry and offended. "Ooh, *that man I-*"

"*Enough.*" Toby snapped at him, grabbing Wilbur's wrist before he thought of leaving. Of going back to Schlatt just to harm him. "Wilbur, it's *fine*. Wilbur look at me." He insisted, trying to ground Wilbur to the spot and focus on Toby. "I know you hate Schlatt for what he's done, but *it's fine*. You don't have to go to him, frankly I'd rather avoid visiting him again right after I threatened him and left." Toby smiles at Wilbur's amused snort.

Before he and Wilbur came to the walls, they'd both visited Schlatt at the White House.

It was, *amusing* to say the least.

---

*"Schlatt."*

*The horned man jumped from where he stood at his chest, whirling around to see Toby and Wilbur right behind me. "By Ender's fuck!" He swore, pressing a hand against his rapidly beating chest, "You're really trying to give me a fucking heart-attack aren't you?!" He accused, wide-eyed and breathing heavily from his surprise.*

*Toby gave him a look of amusement as he heard Wilbur snicker behind him, "Oh no. No no no, I mean, I wouldn't care if you had one but I wouldn't voluntarily give you a heart-attack Schlatt." He waved off, "But I'd advise not drinking anything alcoholic if you really want to avoid a heart-attack. Your alcoholism plays a big part to that." Schlatt gaped at him before cursing quietly underneath his breath.*

*"Always told you that you were drinking too much, but you never did listen~" Wilbur sang smugly with his arms crossed, a shit-eating grin on his face. Toby couldn't tell if he was over the fact Toby was letting Schlatt continue being President or not, he probably wasn't but was hiding it well.*

*Schlatt groaned, "Shut up Soot." He grumbled, taking a drink from his chest. Toby was pleased to see that it was at least just a normal bottle of water. The newly-decreed President went over to sit on a nearby sofa-chair, uncorking the bottle of water while giving them a dead-eyed stare. "So, what brings you two into my humble abode? Without knocking." He added derisively, giving them both a scowl.*

*"I just wanted to check on you." Toby said amicably, arms relaxed at his side but he could see the wary glances Schlatt gave him and his hands. Very much remembering last night when a trident was thrown by his hands that almost hit him. "Make sure you were actually here and not planning anything, like say; running away from your responsibilities."*

*"And I wanted to follow him around!" Wilbur chimed in happily, for a moment he sounded just like Ghostbur and Toby didn't know how to feel about that, so he just maintained his attention to Schlatt who quietly sweated underneath his intense gaze.*

*Schlatt cleared his throat, adjusting his tie. "Me? Run away? Hah! No, I wouldn't do that." A lie but Toby is very impressed at how composed Schlatt seemed to be at the moment, even if it was obvious he was nervous. "What would you even do if I did that?"*

*Toby gives him a smile filled with teeth, "Well I'd give you a couple of hours of a head start before I hunt you down and drag you back to L'Manberg kicking and screaming." He told him pleasantly. "I like to think that I'm a great hunter, learned from the best. So I'll be able to find you no matter how far you run." Despite how cheery he is, both Schlatt and Wilbur could sense and hear the clear threat that came from Toby.*

*Schlatt's already pale, Toby nails him down by adding, "And if I can't find you, then maybe Theo can." They glance at him in shock at the mention of him. "Dream... bastard as he is, taught Theo all he could. So he's a great hunter as well- but unlike me. I don't think Theo would drag you back to L'Manberg oh no. He'll probably just kill you. Remember what I said last night Schlatt? Pertaining to what happened in my timeline, what you did, what you were*

*thinking of doing?" It's painful to bring that up but the look of damning realization on Schlatt's face makes it almost worthwhile.*

*Almost.*

*"Yeah, he probably doesn't find you too pleasant Schlatt. Just a fair warning." And it is a fair warning.*

*Toby didn't know how Theo felt about Schlatt, sure he had left last night while Toby'd been busy but that was because the opportunity came for him to sneak away. But if he hadn't, there was a fair chance that Theo would have gone for Schlatt's head.*

*It was completely possible that Theo would have killed Schlatt.*

*But there was also a chance that he wouldn't, Dream might say otherwise and Theo would listen.*

*Schlatt didn't know that, and Toby didn't know if Dream would say otherwise, so Toby kept that to himself.*

*Wilbur looked conflicted, he also probably wanted to know what Toby was talking about but thankfully for now. He stayed silent, watching Schlatt down the water from the glass bottle, probably wishing it was alcohol before corking the empty container.*

*"Right... Thank you so much, for the warning." Schlatt says slowly, strained and covering the fear he now felt for his life. He really was now stuck in L'Manberg as President now wasn't he? Fuck.*

*Toby smiled back at him, still with teeth. "You're very welcome Schlatt."*

*Schlatt had wanted to be president, he'd get to be president. A fucking proper one. Toby was going to make sure of it.*

*Toby was going to either make him into a good fucking president one way or another until he found someone else or thought of something else, or Schlatt was going to die.*

*There might be options in between but they were unknown for now.*

*Toby was going to kick this man into the threshold of responsibility whether he wanted to or not.*

---

*"Trust me Wilbur." Toby tells him, pleads with him. "I can handle Schlatt. Just leave him to me and focus on other things."*

*Wilbur looks unsure, hesitant to even consider it and Toby hopes. With all his being, that he'll let go. He knows that Wilbur cared for L'Manberg, that he wanted to protect it but that kind of thinking would twist Wilbur, *had* twisted Wilbur.*

Toby's afraid that Wilbur would end up as Ghostbur again, but this time through different but ultimately worse means. He doesn't want to lose Wilbur, this alive and mostly sane Wilbur. He doesn't want Tubbo and Tommy to lose him either. He doesn't want Philza to end up killing him this time.

By Ender, he was going to make sure they'd stay together and *live. Heal.* Be a family again.

He would tell Wilbur what happened, but only if Philza and Technoblade were around. They would be able to ground him along with Tommy. Fundy could help as well, but until then. He wouldn't tell Wilbur on how he died, how L'Manberg's second death was by his hand.

He doesn't know if he could tell *anyone* how Theo caused L'Manberg's final death.

Sure, the Crimson had been taking over the nation but Theo still destroyed L'Manberg in the end. A third and final fiery, explosive death.

"Toby, you're uh- you're holding my wrist a little too tightly there pal." Wilbur said with a pained tone to his voice and Toby abruptly lets go of his wrist.

"Shit, sorry Wilbur-" He apologized frantically, he hadn't meant to hold on so tightly! "I'm sorry, I really am. I- fuck."

Wilbur winced, rubbing his now sore wrist and gave him a strained but reassuring smile. "It's fine Toby. It's really fine." It had just been starting to hurt was all, he hadn't realized just how strong Toby had been. It was unexpected, he knew Tubbo was kind of strong, he had fought well and hard in the war but still. That was one hell of a grip that Toby had.

For a moment, there's an awkward silence between them. Wilbur and Toby looking at anything else but each other, Toby at the wall while Wilbur observed the blue sky.

"Toby."

Toby glanced at him, "Yes Wilbur?"

"Do you... want the walls down?" Wilbur questioned quietly, still not looking at him but at the sky.

"I..." He had wanted Dream's walls down years back, when Dream threatened to box them all in. Threatened to kill them should they take a step outside. Did he want L'Manberg's original walls to be down? "At first I didn't want the walls to be down." He said carefully, looking up towards the sky now with him, leaning against the wall. "It did protect us from Dream and the rest of the SMP and all, but it also separated us. Kept us separate from the outside world. Don't get me wrong, the original walls around L'Manberg *are* important but... I got used to them being gone. L'Manberg didn't build the walls up again after Schlatt died." They were too busy rebuilding everything else to even consider rebuilding the walls again.

Toby looked over to him, "Do you want the walls to stay up Wilbur?"

"Would it even matter?" Wilbur answered his question with another, finally looking away from the sky but he still didn't look at Toby, instead looking at the grass below.



"Maybe..." Toby closed his eyes, quietly thinking before he opened them with a resolute look. "Wilbur. If I let you be president, or even *vice-president*. Either way, a position of power, would you choose between this country or your family?" Finally, Wilbur looked at him. With wide, shocked eyes. "Between L'Manberg or your family, Wilbur. Between L'Manberg or Phil, Tommy, Techno, *Fundy*- which would you choose?"

Wilbur's mouth opened, but nothing came out. His face scrunching as his mind whirled within his skull. His country or his family? Which *would* he choose?

"Don't answer for now." The curly-haired man looked at him with confusion, "I'll ask again at a later time. Think on it Wilbur. Being President, or even vice-president, is not easy. You'll have to make choices sometimes. When Phil and Techno come, when I tell you more about the future, you can give me your answer then."

Wilbur closes his mouth, lips thinning as he considered what Toby said and nodded. "Okay, okay I'll- I'll definitely have my answer for that then." He said with a confidence he doesn't truly feel.

Toby doesn't know if he wants Technoblade and Philza to come sooner or later now.

He hopes for the best, but he's already planning for the worst.

---

The rest of the day, Toby and Wilbur wander L'Manberg. Toby gets to meet everyone there, he gives Niki a hug when he stops by her bakery. Telling her he's missed her. He doesn't see her as much anymore, she was busy with the other survivors in his time while he kept close to Philza and Fundy and trying to chase Theo down. He chats with Karl Jacobs, one of the infected who was killed by one of the survivors just months ago.

He sees Purpled from afar, talking with Bad and Skeppy and it takes a lot in Toby to not flinch or instinctively draw his sword out at the sight of the three of them together. Purpled died to the Egg, Skeppy and Bad were infected before dying to the Egg, but here things weren't so. They weren't infected, they were just living their life as normally as they could be. Just talking to each other, he waves back when Bad spots him and waves at him, he doesn't smile though and walks away.

He pushes Wilbur to spend time with Fundy, he does tell Fundy about the fact he made the portal and the fox-hybrid is so intrigued. He tells him that he could check it out with Philza later, he walks away from the two to let them bond. They need it, Wilbur's been so busy with the election and L'Manberg, he needs to spend time with his adopted son. It was one of the things Fundy had wanted before, he'd told him. Ghostbur as well. So he leaves and tries not to think of Wilbur's answer too much.

Toby's confused when he can't find Ranboo until he remembers that the enderman-hybrid wouldn't come into the SMP lands for a couple of years. Still out there, somewhere. Only Niki would know where he was. He makes a note to himself to ask her about him later on, Ranboo would be someone important to them in the future. And he's missed him as well.

He stops by Quackity and tells him what he told Schlatt, Quackity is definitely terrified of him now. But they talk, Toby asks him if he still wanted to be vice-president and Quackity answers with no. He takes note of that. On another day, he'll tell Quackity on how he served as Toby's vice-president, how he was good at it- not the best, but he meant well for the nation. For Toby. Even if some of his ideas were iffy.

He goes back to wandering L'Manberg. He's not only doing that though, he's making notes for a regular patrol route and schedule. As much as he wanted to go out and find Theo, he couldn't leave L'Manberg under Schlatt's presidency without supervising him. And he didn't want to leave Tubbo, Wilbur and Tommy behind.

He's noted that he hasn't seen George and Sapnap anywhere, he's even asked a few others and he knows. They were both with Dream. At this time, they hadn't defected from Dream's side, they were still the Dream Team. Best of friends until Dream revealed his plans and true colors and drove them away with his bullshit. Dream still considered them his friends though, Toby had heard the emotional scream Dream had made during a specific raid when he found Sapnap, covered in red vines and growing flowers out of his head. Sapnap had been clutching George's goggles and that alone was proof that George had fallen to the Egg as well.

He'd pitied the man then.

He doesn't pity him now.

During his wandering while trying to think of a patrol route, he finds them.

Tubbo and Tommy together in a small flower field, a couple of bees dancing in the air. The two of them sitting down, looking so happy and chatting so peacefully. Toby stayed within the shade of the trees, out of sight. He watched them for longer than he would've like to admit, trying imagine himself in Tubbo's place and Theo in Tommy's.

That could be them, that *should* be them.

Ender, he misses his Tommy. *So much*.

He tries to imagine, to bask in that imagination for a moment before shaking his head and quietly leaving the two alone.

By Ender he *wants* that so much...

But there was much to do.

He doesn't want to admit that the possibility for that was impossible, because Theo was with Dream and Toby was in L'Manberg. Again.

His mood plummets and he keeps to himself for the rest of the day.

---

"Theo!"

The man doesn't seem to hear him, head bowed to indicate that he was staring down at the lava, near-inscrutable with Dream's mask on. He sat at the edge of the teal-covered netherrack, legs dangling without a care- he didn't even have netherite on. He seemed at peace there, so close to the edge, one wrong movement, wrong action and he'd descend into the bubbling liquid of molten magma.

Cautiously, George went by his side. Standing right behind him, ready should anything happen to him. "Theo?"

"Hi George." Theo greets back, but he keeps his head aimed to look at the lava below. "Does Dream need anything?"

George frowned but shook his head, "Not really- I, uh, he was just wondering where you went. I think we have enough soul soil and sand, we can leave the Nether now." Please get away from the edge, George doesn't say. Disturbed by how quiet Theo was while watching the sea of lava below.

Theo nodded, finally looking away, standing up from the edge to look at George. "Sounds good. Shall we leave then? Oh yeah here George." He took something from out of his inventory, it was a few pieces of ancient debris. "I managed a few lucky trades from a couple of piglins, you can have these. I've got something else for Dream and Sapnap as well."

"Uh- thanks?" George accepted the two items, feeling bewildered as Theo started to walk away. George followed after him.

George didn't know what to truly think about Theo. Future Tommy who was so unlike his younger self- sure there'd be some moments where snide comments and curses came, reminiscent to Tommy's usual way of speaking. But that was mostly it. He stayed quiet most of the time, speaking only when spoken to or speaking when he thought it was necessary. No other noises. He stayed close to Dream too whenever he could.

Sapnap joked on how Theo was better than Tommy like this but George knew that his friend too, felt unsure and somewhat uncomfortable from Theo's presence. His very existence. Things just felt... *off* with Theo. Especially hours ago when Theo went on a slight tangent on Dream and how he considered Dream his friend and such.

Dream's been a bit weird as well, it felt like he was taking advantage of Theo- George wasn't really surprised with that. Dream was just like that sometimes but this felt *different*. Dream and Theo were just...

"Heeyy, Theo! George! Welcome back!" Sapnap called with a grin, though he was surprised when Theo offered him a pair of enchanted boots, they were made of iron but the enchantments were good. "Woah, what's this?"

"Traded with a few piglins a while back, you can have these. You complained about your boots durability yeah?" Theo said, giving Sapnap the boots.

"Really? What about you? You're not wearing any armor." Sapnap pointed out, accepting the boots.

Theo shrugged, "I'm used to being in the nether without armor, and if I do really need it. Dream has my armor set. Oh yeah, here Dream." Dream tilted his head curiously as Theo offered a splash potion of fire resistance and a netherite ingot. "I managed to get some soul-fire torches from the trade too, which is great for us."

"Thanks Theo, you're such a good friend." Dream said, a bit smugly, Theo said nothing else but George suspected he'd perked at the praise.

Sapnap wrapped an arm around Theo's shoulders, "Yeah dude, these boots are great! Thanks!" He exclaimed as Theo tensed before relaxing.

"S nothin'." He mumbled, shoving his hands into the pockets of his hoodie and George had to smile, despite how strange Theo was. He didn't seem all that bad.

Maybe George was overthinking a few things... Still though, something still felt off here.

"C'mon, let's get back to the Overworld and plan out on what to do!" Dream exclaimed and they all agreed.

They had some things to do, an evil Egg to destroy.

---

The sun sets when Toby reunites with Tommy, Wilbur and Tubbo back in Tubbo's house.

The three of them greet him enthusiastically, he's taken back but can't help but smile. Especially at Tommy and Wilbur as the two brothers seem so happy. Letting them have a nice peaceful day to bond with the ones they care about was a good call as Wilbur tells the three of them on how Fundy was doing and how interested Fundy was on the blocks that Toby had from the time-travelling portal.

Of course Wilbur told Fundy everything, he was his son and he had the right to know. Especially since he created the portal with his grandfather, naturally Fundy was both horrified and intrigued and wanted to know more. Toby wasn't surprised and only sighed and smiled, nodding in agreement. Fundy would join them whenever Techno and Phil arrived.

They spend dinner pleasantly with each other, Toby being pulled into talking about bees with Tubbo- he still loved bees. He doubts he will ever not love them, but after the Crimson took over, the bees that he loved just turned into another infected enemy that Toby had to avoid. Sure they had managed to save a few hives and bees but the danger was still there, terraforming the Nether into something like the Overworld as well as a safe place wasn't easy and there wasn't a place yet to let the bees leave their hive blocks.

As sad as it was, it led to the interesting topic of the whole 'terraforming the Nether'.

And Toby spent an hour explaining how the survivors had been carefully, carving their own place in the Nether. Creating an ecosystem in the Nether through back-breaking work. Normally the Nether was so hot that the moment you placed any water it would evaporate but they managed to get past that by changing the temperature through a near impossible amount of ice. Ice would melt of course but with enough packed and hard ice, they managed to create

a few spots in the Nether where water could exist without evaporating and from there, the terraforming truly flourished.

It wasn't easy but it *worked*. And they had a safe-haven home in the Nether, away from the Crimson.

He promised to tell more tomorrow, hopefully when Techno and Phil came by. They were disappointed but headed to bed without much of a fuss.

Toby found himself sleeping peacefully for the second night in a row. One of the rarest things to happen to him over the years.

And in the morning, he gets great news.

"Techno and Phil are almost here! They should be here around noon!" Tommy exclaimed excitedly at breakfast, Wilbur grinning with him.

Toby beams, "Fantastic!" With this, thing should be easier.

Right?

---

"Here we are." Phil says, looking up at the walls with a somewhat anxious look.

*Finally! we're here!! sleepy fam sleepy fam sleepy fam!!! TECHNOBRO AND DADZA ARE HERE BOIS WHERE ARE YOU?! egg. we are finally here! I wonder what's going on. blood for the blood god. Can't wait to see everyone! been a while since we saw toms tubs and wils. what's going?*

"Here we are." Technoblade repeated, sighing to himself, "Chat can you please pipe down a bit?" He asks to thin air- well, not exactly. The voices blared a bit before quietening down. Listening for the moment. "Thank you."

Phil gives him a look, "They listened? Must be important." He murmured, knowing that the voices, or 'Chat' as they had dubbed Techno's voices as from their constant chatter, don't usually listen to Techno's plea for silence or some reprieve. Unless something important was happening, or if it seemed that Techno really needed it. Chat would go on and on otherwise.

*very important.*

Technoblade grimaced but nodded, both to Phil and at the stray Chat voice who piped up. That one voice somehow took his attention more than the others lately, saying ominous things over the journey that Techno didn't really like. He didn't like it when the voices were ominous, he even almost preferred their mockery over it but he had to say, the ominous warnings were at least helpful for him to be prepared.

Still, this seemed more ominous than normal, which wasn't helpful at all.

"C'mon then, let's go find your brothers." Phil murmured and together, they entered L'Manberg.

Of course, it didn't take long to find them. Actually it was Tubbo that found them, spotting them from the distance and shouting to gain their attention.

FAMILY REUNION!!!!!! AAAH IT'S THEM! wilby tommy and tubbo! hiii you guyssss. They're looking well.

"Techno! Phil!" Wilbur exclaimed the moment they reunited, looking happy to see them both.

"My boys!" Phil exclaimed back, taking Wilbur in for a hug, doing the same for Tommy who pretended that he wasn't enjoying the hug. He even gave Tubbo a hug, making the boy beam at Phil.

"Hey Blade." Tommy greeted Techno, grinning widely as Techno and Wilbur did a one-armed hug.

The piglin hybrid snorted, "Tommy, Wilbur." He greeted back, smiling at them both.

"Now, what's wrong? Why did you call us here?" Phil asked seriously. As much as he wanted to catch up with his middle and youngest child, they had come for a reason.

*trouble. Something's happened. something big. WHAT HAPPENED???*

Chat whispered in Techno's head as he watched the three of them exchange worrying, hesitant looks before glancing back at them. "C'mon, let's get to Tubbo's house. We'll explain there." Tommy said with a surprising amount of seriousness in his voice. Which really didn't help the voices who shoved it into Techno's face, Tommy usually wasn't this serious. Not genuinely so, but it was clear that whatever was happening, it was indeed something big. Something important.

It didn't take long for them to get to Tubbo's house, along the way they were greeted by a few familiar faces but not once did they stop to sight-see or anything. They could do that later, and maybe Techno would have some time to sow in some anarchist chaos. He's ignoring the fact that there's a government, small as it is, in place within L'Manberg for now. His brothers needed him for whatever reason.

He finds out that reason after he and Phil enter Tubbo's house, sitting in Tubbo's living room with Fundy.

An older looking, scarred Tubbo.

"Tubbo?" Phil questioned slowly and quietly, glancing between the man who looked like Tubbo and Tubbo himself. Tubbo smiled back at him, it was more than a bit strained, sheepish really.

"Dad, this is Toby." Wilbur introduced, motioning to 'Toby', "He's um, he's Tubbo. From the future, about ten years into the future. A bad future."

Tommy chimed in, "*Very* very bad future- he's gonna tell us what happened! He wouldn't tell us everything until you two came here." He said, looking frustrated. "There's also another me,

future me called Theo but uh, *eeehhh* we'll get to him in a bit! Right now, Toby here needed you both here."

"Future... Tubbo... Toby?" Phil repeated, sounding and looking incredulous and doubtful. Techno couldn't blame him, the sheer thought of someone coming ten years from the future was mind-boggling and was more fit for a fairy tale rather than reality.

*time travel! FUTURE TUBBO! he grew up hot!! that shouldn't be possible. HE'S AN IMPOSTER KILL HIM!! he's not! he feels wrong but not really. What the hell is happening?*

"And this is entirely true." Technoblade deadpans, eyeing them all as before looking at Toby who smiles at him. He's taken back by the smile, it was filled with relief and painful nostalgia. There was something else there but he couldn't decipher it. He seems a bit distracted by something.

"It is!" Fundy declared, jumping up from the couch, "We watched him and Theo come out of the portal and it wasn't a Nether portal! It was completely different, it was made of iron, netherite, some runes and it came out of nowhere- which by the way the portal was made by future me and Phil! Family project!" The fox hybrid exclaimed, grinning widely.

Of course Fundy and Phil managed to find a way to time travel, they were both geniuses in their crafts but *really*?

*KILL HIM! HE'S AN IMPOSTER KILL HIM!!! how about no? he does feel different and kinda wrong but not that bad!! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!! he shouldn't be here. FUTURE ARC? time travel shouldn't be possible. how interesting! KILL HIM. Tubbo grows up so cool! AAAAAAAAAAAAH. i wonder how he got that scar? something's not right here. it's him. Wait, where's future Tommy? I like Toby! stab him. blood god blood god. toby and theo how quaint. Something is off. great work phil and fundy you broke the laws of time! WHERE'S FUTURE TOMMY I WANNA SEE HIM! stab stab stab! don't stab! shut up toby's about to talk!! listen. wrong wrong wrong. toby's a new favorite. SHUT UP AND LISTEN.*

Chat had grown so loud at the revelation that Toby was future Tubbo that Techno was trying to push them all down, he almost didn't pay attention when Toby stood up.

"It's really nice to see you both again." Toby said with a relieved smile, "Look, I know things are really weird right now but you have to trust me and- dear Ender I forgot how loud Chat can be with you around Techno, can you please keep it down so we can continue to think and do things?" He asked, wincing as he rubbed his forehead.

...

"Heh?"

*he can hear us.*

:)

a lot of things happening here  
a LOT of things happening

also to anyone out there, yes i would love to see drawings of theo and toby. any fanart would be greatly appreciated!! just be sure to link it in the comments and i'll be forever happy. yeah i just really wanna see theo and toby drawn by other people.

toby can hear chat! aka the voices in techno's head! surprise! there's a reason for that, you'll learn about soon enough also yes, yes i enjoy toby bullying schlatt. it's a good switch around, will schlatt clean his act up or is he going to die? find out in the future! and theo- he likes staring at lava. it's calming to him. he won't jump, he's long gotten over the urge to jump. but hey, he's bonding with george and the dream team :))

hope you enjoyed, till next chapter!

also i've been updating this story for 4 days straight and i have no idea how to feel about that.

idk when this streak will end but holy crap, it's been consistent hasn't it?  
wow i'm so surprised at myself.



# Warrior of Blood

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Toby nodded, "Yes, I can hear you lot. A lot better than I used to actually." He said, mostly to himself as he frowned. Was it because he was around Techno again? No, he remembers on how loud they'd been with Techno around, even in the Nether. They weren't in the Nether or around other piglins, so why could he hear them louder than usual now?

"*You can hear them?*" Techno demanded just before Chat exploded with noise. Simultaneously, they both winced and almost doubled over at how loud Chat started to scream, the discord of multiple ethereal and near-nonsensical voices overlapping each other in an effort to be heard all at once.

*HE CAN HEAR US?! HOLY SHIT!!! oh my ender. TOBY HII!!! oh shit he can hear us?!!!  
AAHHHH SUPER WEIRD!! KILL HIM HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HEAR US! MORE  
BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! wait does that mean there's another warrior now?  
ENDERING FUCK WHAT THE HELL HOT FUTURE TUBBO!? super duper weird but yay!  
someone else can hear us. DUN DUN DUUNNNN. TOBY TOBY TOBY HII. how the fuck?  
HOW???! ender ender we have a new warrior! impossible. he can actually hear us?? TOBY  
CAN YOU HEAR US? a new warrior that's unprecedented. FUTURE TUBBO CAN HEAR  
US!? how in the fuck can he hear us. Does he have the mark? we haven't had TWO warriors  
in a long time!! he's human but he can hear us. HE'S HUMAN HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO  
HEAR US!! KILL HIM. stab the new warrior! OI TOBS WHAT THE HELL WHAT DID YOU  
DO?*

"*Aaugh! Chat please! It's too loud!!*" Toby pleaded, clutching his head as the voices drowned out his own thoughts. This was almost as bad as their chants during fights and life-threatening situations. Almost, but it was still too loud and unlike Techno, he wasn't that used to the voices being so loud outside of battles. Techno had taught him on how he could focus during a fight with them in the back of his head, chanting and screaming in his ears.

He could barely hear the others, panicked at the sight of both Techno and Toby clutching their heads to something they could not hear. The fact that Toby could apparently hear Techno's voices, could hear *Chat*- they didn't think it was possible until now. But here they were now, both hybrid and man clutching their heads in a futile effort to silence the cacophony of noise that only they could hear.

Techno gritted his teeth, "*Chat that's enough! Tone it down!*" He ordered, he understood their shock but screaming all at once would do no one any good! "*We won't get any answers if you keep screaming at us like this!*" He was right, they *knew* he was right and so the voices gradually quietened down to a more manageable degree of noise but were certainly not silent.

*we have to know. Shut up! If we kill him we won't know how he can hear us. stab! sorry hot future tubbo. HE'S FUCKING HUMAN HOW THE ENDER CAN HE HEAR US?! that's what we're trying to find out! we've never had a human warrior hear us before! OH POG TUBBO CAN HEAR US! how? SHUT UP WE HAVE TO KNOW. new warrior tell us what happened. The future seems so interesting! shush everyone, let him speak.*

Techno and Toby took a few deep breaths, shaking their heads lightly.

"Are- are you two okay?" Philza asked with obvious concern, placing a comforting and worried hand on Techno. Wilbur was on Techno's other side with Fundy while Tommy and Tubbo flanked Toby in turn, they were all apprehensive as to what happened.

Toby groaned, rubbing his forehead, "For now yeah, Chat's gone back down to a manageable level of noise. They're not screaming as loud anymore." He said with a sigh of relief.

"You can- you can *hear* Chat?" Tommy asked him, both he and Tubbo looking wide-eyed and shocked. Almost awed.

"How? *I* can't hear Chat!" Tubbo exclaimed, wondering how his future self could hear what Tommy's adoptive older brother could hear. Of course, he wasn't the only one.

"How indeed." Techno rumbled, eyes narrowed at Toby. "The only way you could *possibly* hear them is through-" It clicked and Techno straightened, a face of realization mixed with apprehension. "Oh Tubbo, *you didn't.*"

*he did! he did. HE HAD TO IF HE CAN HEAR US. it's the only explanation. But he's human! he must have done it enough to satisfy **him**.*

Toby blinked and smiled, it was strained and sad. "I'm afraid I did Techno, I had to." He replied, shifting uncomfortably in place as Techno shook off Phil's hand so he could move closer to Toby, grasping his shoulders.

"You *had* to? What happened? You can't- you're *human*, you don't *have* to go through those trials if you're human. They don't let humans participate in the trials!" Techno exclaimed, his usual calm and monotoned self was gone, in place for apprehension and worried concern. Everyone else was confused but Toby could only feel resigned, losing his strained smile for an empty smile.

*apparently in the future they do. HOLY FUCK HOW UTTER POG TOBY! he IS a new warrior.*

"They do under special circumstances." Toby told him quietly, "There was no other choice. I had to, for everyone else. We needed the alliance and help of the piglin factions. *All* of them. But you know they won't accept anything other than hard-earned respect Technoblade." He gently shook off Techno's hands off his shoulders.

*HE FOUGHT THEM AL!? okay wow. **BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD. BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING!** new warrior for our god! HE'S A WARRIOR THROUGH AND THROUGH! oh toby you poor man. but why did he need to gain every factions alliance?*

*Blood, so much blood. The heat of the Nether didn't help his shaking, sweaty body, covered in wounds and blood. There's roaring coming from all around him, chants in a language he's only just begun to learn. But he understood them all the same. "Blood for the Blood God! Bleed for the Blood King!" There at the side, a familiar piglin hybrid stares at him with pride mixed with conflicted regret. He's won. For the final time, he's won. He did it.*

He unbuttoned his shirt a bit, spreading it open just enough for Techno to see the brand on his chest, right over his heart, dark and red. A tribal marking of a pig skull with big tusks. A burnt brand on his burnt mark. The same mark that Technoblade had given him during the Festival- he's long forgiven him for it though. Technoblade has long earned his forgiveness.

Techno and Phil stared at the mark in horror as Chat went wild once more.

***HE HAS IT! THE MARKING! HE'S REALLY DONE IT. OH BY ENDER IT'S TRUE. HOLY FUCKING SHIT TOBY! TUBBO TUBBO TUBBO TUBBO!!! CHAMPION POG!! BLOOD! WARRIOR TOBY HAS COME! HE'S FUCKING DONE IT BY THE ENDER! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING! AHAHAHAHAH!!! he's bled for the blood god and proved himself worthy. HE IS WORTHY! HE PROVED HIMSELF TO OUR GOD AND HE'S BEEN BLESSED BY OUR VOICES! FUCK YEAH TOBY YOU DID IT!!***

*"Breathe Tubbo." He is breathing, he's breathing so much his lungs are starting to hurt. "Through your nose pal, come on. Open your mouth and bite down." He does, he bites down on the leather while staring at the red hot iron branding rod that was aimed at his exposed chest. He holds on to Techno's hand for dear life as it comes closer, breathing heavily through his nose. "Hang on Tubbo." The rod comes closer, and closer, and- it burns. He screams through the leather as his chest burns worst than the fireworks. Something hisses in the back of his head but he can't focus because of the burning pain.*

"What the fuck? Techno, don't you have that marking too?" Tommy questioned, glancing between his adoptive brother and Toby.

***BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING!***

Toby clutched his shirt before buttoning it once more, "Chat *please*. We're not even in *combat right now*-" Toby hissed, the voices swirling in his and Techno's heads. A building bloodlust in his veins that he hated.

"*I do have that marking.*" Techno growled, posture rigid and tense. Complicated emotions swirling in his eyes as he stared down the future version of Tubbo. "Chat, shut up please. We- We need to fucking *know* Toby, why did you go through the trials? *How?* Why did you need the alliance from *all* the piglin factions?! That's shouldn't be possible!"

Wilbur seemed to have connected it first, "Does it have to do with the fact everyone had to move to the Nether and had to terraform it?" He questioned aloud, while he only had a terrible and vague clue on what the 'trials' were thanks to Techno's reactions and Toby's newfound connection to the voices, it just came to him that people had decided to move to the Nether *permanently*. And tried to terraform it, so what did it exactly mean for the

residents in the Nether? The piglins who rarely welcomed outsiders to their settlements and cities, how would they have reacted to the sudden influx of overworlders coming to their world?

"What?" Phil shot him a confused look, moving to the Nether? Terraforming the hellscape?

"I think we all need to sit down." Fundy declared, seeing how worked up everyone was- they all needed to sit down and take a reprieve. He'd even go get or make some drinks for everyone.

They agreed to move to the kitchen and sit down.

Toby had a lot to explain after all.

---

*"Oh Ender, I- why did they choose me!? I'm- I don't know if I can do this!" Tubbo cried out, nervously pacing throughout the room. He's just finished the meeting with the piglin elders, with him were Ranboo and Techno. He'd just been chosen to undergo a trial, a vicious sounding trial that even Techno had been shocked to hear about when it was brought out. Tubbo had no self-confidence to winning, how could he? He was on his last life and he would be up against the best of each tribe! "Is there any chance they could've chose wrong or maybe, someone else can-"*

*Techno grabs his shoulders and Tubbo flinches at the contact, the hybrid looks slightly apologetic but he stops Tubbo in his place, interrupting his question. "No Tubbo. There's no one else, as much as I want it to be someone else too but the old bag has chosen." He told him firmly, letting go as Tubbo shook in place.*

*"B-But I- this is-" Ranboo gave him a look of reassurance, "Tubbo if anyone can get through the trials it's you, besides. You have time, Technoblade promised to train you. You can do this!" He exclaimed, trying to give him some hope even though he too, was worried for him.*

*Tubbo sniffed, glancing over to Technoblade who solemnly nodded. "I'll train you, it's not going to be easy. But you have to win. Keep that in mind, don't think about the what-ifs. Just focus on winning, because it's either you win or you die Tubbo." Win or die. That's what he had to do, win or die.*

*He couldn't die, not yet. He still had to get Tommy back, beat Dream and protect his people.*

*Shakily, he took in a deep breath and nodded. A new resolve in his eyes. "Win or die."*

---

Phil had been expecting something important when he and Techno arrived to L'Manberg. He was expecting trouble big enough that Wilbur and Tommy had no choice but to call for them both, and here it was.

It was nothing that he was expecting.

A future version of Tubbo sat across him, a man. Twenty-six years old, a decade older than Tubbo. So much can happen in a decade, that itself was a *fucking understatement*.

A plague. A virus. A monstrous Egg that takes over the Overworld.

Biomes becoming uninhabitable, mobs and people infected, resources becoming scarce and an attempt of salvation in the form of terraforming in the Nether. And even then, it wouldn't be enough as The Crimson was starting to appear there as well.

"I told you guys on how we created an artificial ecosystem within the Nether last night." Toby said, glancing at Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo, "That was a hopeful surface look as to what really happened. I wasn't lying when I said there was back-breaking hard work, but that wasn't the only thing. We did manage to create the ecosystem, our own lands within the Nether where we could try and recuperate, salvage what we had from the Overworld. Uninfected crops, flora, fauna... People. However it was the Nether, and the Nether isn't our home. The Nether is dangerous and was already home to others."

"The Piglins." Fundy said softly, "They were there when you guys all escaped into the Nether. So many people- I'm going to guess that not everyone were able to wear gold or even had gold."

"Even if they all had gold on them, the fact that there were so many Overworlders in the Nether- they'd feel threatened." Phil breathed, imagining faceless people trying to escape one hell into another, only to be faced by the residents of that hell who saw too many people within their lands.

Toby nodded, looking down at his steaming cup of honey tea. "They did, they thought we were invading the Nether so they attacked and the people who died to them- some of them respawned in the Overworld. They've managed to come back one way or another, some of them at least... And we couldn't sleep in beds in the Nether, we were trying to create as many respawn anchors for everyone and charge them but..." The way he trailed off, and the haunted look in his eyes. Phil wanted to give him a hug, something that Tubbo beat him to him. Hugging his older self, sitting by his side. Toby smiled faintly at him and patted his head but the haunted look didn't leave his eyes. "We couldn't work on creating a haven for us if we were constantly attacked. So we asked Techno and other piglin hybrids for help."

Techno himself sipped his own cup of tea, silent throughout the explanation. But Phil knew just how horrified he felt, his grip was a bit too tight on his cup, his ears pinned down to his skull and his eyes belayed a bit of his emotions.

"There was a temporary truce, it wasn't easy because of the language barrier even with the help of Techno and the others. Eventually though, they understood why were in the Nether... but they didn't want to form a peaceful alliance. Nor would they help us. We were desperate for help, we offered what resources we could give them, offered to help *them* but majority refused."

"Why?!" Tommy asked, unable to get why the piglins would refuse them. Refuse Toby. They were people in need of desperate help! There was a crazy, red egg thing that was threatening the Overworld!

Techno sighed, looking over to his youngest brother, "Because majority of the piglin factions are warriors, Tommy. Fighters. Sure there are healers, sages, others but the ultimate fact is piglins have a bloodlust that not a lot of mobs can match when it comes to it, and to them, respect is earned through blood. And a lot of piglins don't like overworlders Tommy, the Nether is a harsh place. And unless you come from the Nether, you won't be shown much kindness or mercy by them. Not without paying a price. And even then, it's hard... Let me guess, some hotheaded piglin leader suggested the trials?" He glanced over to Toby who grimaced, shrugged but nodded.

"What are the trials?" Tubbo questioned, but he was already dreading the answer. Despite it though, he wanted to know. *Needed* to know, because his older self knew and went through it. Been branded by it, literally. Tubbo was afraid of the future already, but he had to know.

"The trials are... exactly as named, trials. Warrior trials. Trials where you could prove your strength, your power, prestige- you would have to prove yourself in the art combat and bloodshed." Techno explained, rubbing his face as he reluctantly got into the specifics of what the trials were. "There are many types of trials, it somewhat differs from faction to faction. But in the end of those trials, you get a mark which proves you went through the trials."

"A *branding mark*?" Wilbur questioned incredulously, glancing between Techno and Toby who flinched at the mention of it.

"... It differs for each trial." Techno says, staring into his cup of tea, stirring the liquid. "For example, piglin hybrids go through a trial if they want to leave the Nether, to live in the Overworld, every piglin hybrid in the Overworld has a mark from that trial." He motions to a certain golden piercing on his ear, a fire stamped to the circular piercing. "I can't take this off. If I do, it means I forfeit my right and want to live in the Overworld. Any piglin who sees this piercing knows that I left the Nether, left the faction I was born into, I made that choice. I chose to be with the Overworlders. The Nether is not my home, not anymore." He paused then snorted. Guess it would be again in the future though huh?

"So that's why you never took it off." Tommy mumbled and Techno nodded back.

"But what about the trial for the branding mark then? A-And the voices? What trial needs that?" Fundy asked, fidgeting in his seat.

"*The Trial of Blood*." Both Toby and Techno answered in a chorus, they along with Phil wore grimaces on their faces. Phil knew about the trial, but not all of it.

"But why? Why *that* trial specifically?" Phil asked Toby, "There could've been other trials. Surely, there could've been-"

Toby interrupted him, tired and quiet, "It was the only trial that would've included every tribe and earned their respect simultaneously and immediately." He took in a deep breath, "The Warped Priest was the one who suggested it," Techno paled at the mention of him, the cup cracking slightly in his grip. "And every tribe agreed to it. Someone had to go through that trial and *win*, for the sake of peace."

"And *you* did?!" Philza couldn't see it, couldn't see Tubbo going through such a violent trial. He may not know much about it, but he could piece together the pieces. "Why *you*- no offence Toby but-"

"Don't say 'no offence but', Phil." Philza froze at the chilled interruption. His own son interrupted him, giving him a cold look. "He won Phil, don't say no offence to his face when he made it through that trial. Just don't. Despite what you think, he still did it, he still won, you can't do anything but give him the respect he *deserves* for winning." Techno pinched the bridge of his nose, seeing the lost and hurt look his adopted father gave him. "Look Phil, I understand why you're upset, hell I want to know why he went through it too but he did. And before you ask, *no*, I already did that trial remember? I can't take it again. Especially if the Warped Priest is involved and he chose Tubbo. Toby. Did he choose you?"

The silent nod was all he had in reply and Techno sighs heavily through his nose. Grunting like the half-piglin he was.

Tubbo hesitantly chimed in, asking. "Erm, who... Who's the Warped Priest?"

"He's the oldest and most respected Piglin in the Nether." Toby answers him, "He lives in one of the Warped forests, he and his faction worship the Blood God and are the ones to instigate and look over the Trial of Blood. They also give you the mark should you win." He says, hand over his heart. Over the branding, scarred mark on his chest. "After the trial, I won the respect and alliance to every faction. They even started helping us with the ecosystem, helping us with the building, defending us from nether mobs, trading us in not only gold- we didn't even have to wear gold anymore. There was peace in the Nether."

"But why *you*?" Tommy asked with a frown, "I'm not insinuating any disrespect Big T, fuck off but really- why did this Priest guy choose *you*?"

Toby bit his lip, seeing the same question on everyone else's face. "Because I was the only one that could. Because I was the President even if L'Manberg was gone, the one in charge of everyone and I had to for the sake of my people."

Wilbur slapped the table with both hands as he stood up, "You were *what*?!"

---

"Ender, the enchantments you have on your items are *crazy*. Just look at this chestplate!" Sapnap exclaimed, looking over the chestplate that was originally Theo's. It still was, actually, but Dream was keeping it for him and currently he was letting Sapnap look over it.

They were back in Dream's base, having the great plan of trying to mine and try to find the damned Egg and destroy it. However it wouldn't be easy, and Theo wanted all of them to be ready. Which meant the best of armor and enchantments as well because for as much as the Egg might be at it's weakest right now if it even existed at the moment, it could still have tricks up its sleeves and try to infect or control any of them.

He wasn't going to let them get infected, especially Dream.

"Soul-Fire Aspect"? Is that even a thing?" George questioned, looking over the netherite axe that Theo mostly used. It was easily the most overpowered axe he's ever seen.

Theo hummed from the crafting table, "Yeah, it's not a normal enchantment you can get with the enchanting table or even by anything else. There's a very specific way to get it." He said, creating a few Soul Torches. "It's very effective against the Crimson, it should be able to destroy the Egg as well."

Dream glanced over to him, communicator in hand. "Hey Theo, Technoblade and Philza are in L'Manberg. Looks like they met up with Wilbur, Tommy, Tubbo and Toby." He called out him, causing the blond to freeze. "Theo?" He sat up from his couch, Sapnap and George halting their awe'd observations to see Theo shake his head and pick up the Soul-Torches he dropped on the thankfully stone ground.

"Hey, are you alright?" George asked worriedly, walking over to him.

Theo shook his head, putting the torches into his inventory. "I'm fine. I just- didn't expect them to be here that fast." He said, somewhat bitterly. "That'll be annoying, having them here already. Technoblade especially." Toby would tell them, tell Technoblade and then the damned hybrid would try and go against Dream. Maybe even try to kill him. Hah, he could try but Theo wouldn't let him. Him, Toby, anyone- they could try to hurt or kill Dream but Theo wouldn't let any of them do so. "However I will tell you that Technoblade is also immune to the Crimson's mind control. It's because of Chat, the voices that speak to him. Apparently you can't control a person who already has something in their heads." He says casually and catches the way Dream pauses for a moment. He's not the only one.

"We'll have hurry. I'd rather we go find the Egg, destroy it *before* Toby finally decides to deal with it."

Sapnap frowned, "You guys won't team up for the sake of the world?"

"No." The immediate response was jarring, "Maybe if it was just the two of us. But with you lot around, he'll just get in our way." Get in his way. In Dream's way. He'd try to prevent everything that Theo was trying to do, which was stay by Dream's side. He'll just hurt Dream, maybe even try to kill him. Technoblade would help now that he was here.

"Besides, Toby is trying to keep L'Manberg in tact rather going immediately after the Egg. He's focused on changing other things. I don't think the sake of the world is a priority to him right now." Theo added in.

George shared a look with Sapnap, glancing over at Dream who stared at Theo with a tilted head. He was thoughtful, George knew, they'd been friends for so long so of course he knew. But there was something else there mixed with the thoughtfulness.

"What if the Egg's not there Theo?" Dream suddenly asks, "Not there yet, or even if it's there and then it's destroyed. What are you going to do?" He asks, something akin to anticipation surrounding him.



Theo looks back at him, expression hidden behind the same mask Dream was wearing. "I'll stay with you of course." He answers with complete confidence. Complete obedience. "I'll help you with whatever you need me for. If the Egg's not there yet, I'll wait until it's there and immediately deal with it. And if we do deal with it- afterwards I'll just stay with you. If you'll have me of course, I can always go somewhere else and do something else I guess." He says, losing confidence at the end. If Dream told him to stay away, he would do it. He'd prefer not to though. What was he on his own? He couldn't stand the thought of being alone. And being away from Dream.

Dream tilted his head, humming, "Alright." He stood up, stretching, "Let's go find one monster Egg. I'm going to get some items from the storage." He left the room soon afterwards.

Theo smiled underneath his mask, it's unconfirmed but he doesn't think Dream will tell him to go somewhere else. At least that's what he's hoping for.

"Can I have my axe back George? I might need it." He asks, turning back to George who'd stayed silent since Dream asked him.

George snapped out of his thoughts, hiding the frown he had with a strained grin, "Oh yeah, sure. Here you go Theo."

Theo puts his axe back in his inventory, turning back to the crafting table. "Give me the soul sands and soil, we'll need a lot of soul torches if we're going to get all three of you Soul-Fire Aspect enchantments on your weapons." He misses the way Sapnap and George have a silent conversation with their eyes alone.

---

Toby sighs tiredly, leaning against the balcony railing. Head hung down as the sky above him turned orange, gradually turning purple as the sun set over the horizon.

That was... a harrowing conversation.

He told them.

How Toby became president at the age of 20, just out of teenagehood, so young and inexperienced but he took the job nonetheless because the war was *over* and Tommy hadn't wanted to be President, he didn't think he could handle it and he had unfinished business. So Wilbur chose Tubbo and they thought they could do it. Together. They thought they could do it as President and Vice-President. He told them about L'Manberg's second death, at the hands of Wilbur. His Wilbur, who'd been plagued by paranoia, turned insane and violent- he hid it well, or maybe they didn't want to believe that the Wilbur they knew had changed so much. It was hard to remember right now. He told them about Technoblade's betrayal, the withers- he left out the speech, he can't bear to tell Tommy about Technoblade's speech.

He told them about Wilbur's death, at the hands of Philza.

It was chaotic, the reactions.

No one wanted to believe it, though Technoblade was probably more willing to believe the withers. He had made quite the face at the tale of Wilbur and Tommy asking his help in their rebellion and with Techno's anarchist ways, he really didn't like Toby's sudden seat of power.

But Wilbur, oh Wilbur was crushed and in denial.

*"I wouldn't do that!"* He protested, screaming, *"I- L'Manberg is my **home**, my country! I love it! I wouldn't just, blow it all to hell!"*

*"But you did, for me. Two years exiled from the country you built and love, that was enough for you to decide that if you couldn't have it. Then maybe no one would should."* Was Toby's cold reply.

It was unfair. Probably. But to hear the denial after living through what happened- he couldn't let it stand.

*"Your country or your family Wilbur?"* He reminded him, causing Wilbur to stop. *"I asked you yesterday. Your country or your family."*

His Wilbur chose L'Manberg. In a sick, twisted way, he had chosen L'Manberg over family.

*"Is- Is that why you didn't want me to be President?"* Wilbur asked, trembling and hurt.

Maybe, Toby thinks but he doesn't say it aloud. Watching Wilbur flee from the chaotic kitchen. Fundy chases after him, Philza as well after a while. He was still reeling from the fact he would be the one to take his son's last life. Tommy and Tubbo are besides themselves, but ultimately, they follow after. And it was only him and Technoblade left in the kitchen. Toby doesn't stay, he leaves. For the balcony, for a breath of fresh air and for some time alone.

*"You don't understand Tubbo, it could've been worse with Wilbur!"* Quackity had told him before, when JSchlatt was in power, when he was seventeen and they were both really seeing how bad of a president Schlatt was for them.

Maybe it would've been worse.

Maybe that's why he was scared to let Wilbur be President.

He hasn't told them the rest of what happened, about Ghostbur. About the rebuilding, about everything else- should he though? He was already hesitant to tell them about Tommy's exile, he's hesitant to say *why* Dream could brainwash Tommy in the first place. He hasn't told Phil and Techno about Theo, what happened. Fuck. This was more complicated than he thought it'd be. He should've known.

Toby failed his first goal of getting Theo, and he might just be failing the rest of his goals as well.

*toby looks so sad. NO DON'T BE SAD TOBY. a lot of shit happens in the future oh wow. WILBUR BLOWS UP L'MANBERG??? and he dies. ENDER WHAT THE FUCK IS WITH*

*THE FUTURE. what happens with tommy though? Tommy is still out there. e. g. g. TECHNOSUPPORT! techno go help hot future tubbo.*

Toby jolted at the sudden influx of noise, Chat was there? But that meant-

"Stop calling him hot future Tubbo, the man said his name is Toby now." He whirled around to see Techno behind him. "Hey."

Toby awkwardly coughed, "Uh, hey, Techno."

*the two warriors need to speak, everybody shush.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

you can tell i'm bullshitting the lore quite a lot for the sake of this story like, trials, soul-fire aspect, the branding marks- look, it pops into my head and i can't get it out until i write it down. i just hope that you guys like it, in any case, theo's not the only one who's been through shit! toby has been through quite a lot of shit!

techno is toby's mentor while dream is theo's mentor- how nice!  
we'll have some bonding time with techno and toby in the next chapter!

# Mentor and Student

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*the two warriors need to speak, everybody shush.*

"So..." Techno says, walking up so he could lean against the balcony besides Toby. "The future's a mess." He says with the perfect deliverance of an emotionally incompetent man who has no idea what else to say.

Toby can't help but laugh slightly at that. "Yeah." He says, laughter quickly dying as a rueful smile grew on his lips. "Yeah, it's a fucking mess." He agreed, smiling at him before looking at the setting sun.

"... I'm surprised you even called me here when I tried to blow up your country with withers." Techno admitted, looking at the now former President.

Tubbo as President, it did seem to make sense but Techno was very much reminded on how *young* Tubbo was *and is*. Tubbo had given Toby such a wide-eyed, lost look, he looked so much younger compared to Toby who was leaning against the railing with a rueful smile on his face.

Toby's smile turned softer, not as rueful, "I've long forgave you for all the things you've done Techno." He tells him, not a lick of lying or deception in his voice. Just a stated fact, a truth that Techno didn't understand.

"For all the things I've done?" Techno repeats quietly and he almost doesn't ask. But curiosity is overwhelming and he's willing to be the cat that was killed. "What else did I do, Toby?"

Toby doesn't speak for a moment, "You... Well, before you created the two Withers, you shot me and took my second life." He says and Techno closes his eyes, feeling guilt bubble. "It was during a Festival that Schlatt planned, well- he said he wanted a Festival and actually had me plan and host it. I did everything, tried my best at it, he knew I was a spy though. And when I went to say my speech, he trapped me in a box and had you kill me." He rubs his neck, feeling the scarred skin that stopped underneath his chin and covered most of his upper chest.

"I was on your side, and I killed you."

"You didn't have a choice, Schlatt and Quackity put pressure on you. And there were too many people around that could overpower you, you never did well under pressure. Chat certainly didn't help, the voices were influenced by the pressure and the bloodlust. You told me that." Toby tilted his head and looked at him with eyes filled with understanding. "I didn't really understand truly back then, but I do now." And he does. It's clear he does.

He's been through what Techno's been through, he hears what Techno hears. He's tasted the blood, felt the lust and heard the chanting that went unheard by all but him. By all but *them*.

Someone finally understood Techno's plight with the voices and Techno hates it, because this was Toby. This was *Tubbo*, the bee-loving kid that was his youngest brother's best friend. Before he wouldn't have *ever* thought that the child, as much as a gremlin as he could be with Tommy, would be able to understand Techno on this level.

"How old..." Techno asks as it dawns on him and Toby gives him a look.

"Seventeen."

Ages could be forgotten in the moment. It could be forgotten in an important situation because of the flurry of action, it's not something you really think of when you were too busy thinking of something else. Like survival. Like blood.

A lot of teenagers of their world would lose *only* their third lives around that age, because they were reckless or because of something else.

Phil had lost both his lives at a young age, but he lived on his last life and *survived*.

Techno had only lost one of his lives- his human genetics being the only reason why he could even have the standard three lives anyway.

And Toby had lost two lives by the time most teenagers lost their third life.

But normal teenagers didn't go through wars. Normal teenagers weren't soldiers who suffered through two wars nor took Presidency fresh out of their teenage years and right at the start of their young adulthood. Toby wasn't a normal teenager, nor were Theo, Tubbo and Tommy. They'd grown through fire and violence, Toby and Theo more so than their younger counterparts and Toby could only hope it would stay that way. That Tommy and Tubbo wouldn't have to go through another war, wouldn't have to experience what he and Theo experienced. Wouldn't have to be torn apart. But Techno didn't know about Theo, not yet.

All he could think of, was that how he, Tommy's older brother. Took his younger brother's best friend's second life away underneath *peer pressure*.

"Don't." Toby interrupts his thinking, still understanding but *stern*. "You already said your apologies- your future self, *my* Techno. He's done all he could to repent, I've forgiven him, *you* already. Don't look so guilty *now*, when you haven't even done anything. Tubbo here, still has one life to spare. And besides," He rolls his sleeve up to show Techno the three hearts on his wrist. "I'm not worried about living on my last life anymore."

Techno stared at his wrist, "*How?*" You couldn't regain a life once you lost it. That was frankly, *impossible*. But then again, so was time travel.

Toby shrugged, looking down to his wrist. "I don't know. It feels weird to see all three hearts again. I think the portal had something to with it but- I'm really not sure."

*three hearts again. HAH HE IS AN IMPOSTER! stop saying that he isn't you literally saw the mark on him so shut up. It's because he's Toby now. makes sense. maybe? that's so unfair! Hot future Tubbo is different from adorable present Tubbo. he was given a chance and now he gets to change everything. How exciting!*

Both of them had to wince at the sudden reappearance from Chat, they'd been surprisingly silent for the past few minutes while they talked but now they were back again.

"Excuse me?" Toby questioned, startled by their words. One, because one voice was insistent to call him 'Hot Future Tubbo' which is kind of flattering but also very weird? And two, most of them were proposing theories as to why Toby had all three of his lives again.

*Toby shouldn't be here but he is! time travel shouldn't be possible. NO SHIT IT'S NOT! E! you can't have two versions of the same people.*

"You can't- Chat, settle down. I can barely hear any of the good theories coming together. Give us a second to piece it out." Techno complained, trying to think and puzzle together what they were proposing to him in a way that could make sense to him and Toby. "So essentially, you're telling us that because Toby is Toby, as in he's different from Tubbo, he can get three lives again. He's his own person and isn't Tubbo in the same sense anymore?" He threads together as Toby caught on.

The time-traveler rubbed his chin in thought, "I did come from the future and I've changed enough that I can, stay in this time and have three hearts again?" His eyes furrow as he thought more about it. "I *suppose* that makes sense? In a weird, sort of not really way- Tubbo won't grow up to become me, that's something I would make sure of if I had any say on it."

"I think it's best we don't question it now," Techno said dryly, rubbing his forehead, "Let's just say the portal gave you two lives again and you're your own person... Still doesn't change anything." He sighed, looking away from Toby towards the sky. It was dark now, the stars were coming out along with the rising moon. Night was upon them, the hostile mobs would come and spawn from the darkness.

Toby sighed as well, "No. It doesn't... For me anyway." He nudged Technoblade, "Like I said. You've already apologized to me. You've made it up to me- who do you think taught me and supported me through the trials?" He asked and watched the realization really click to the hybrid piglin. "*You* did. You were there for me, you became my mentor. I survived *because of you*. You were on the main people that kept me going, and even better, you *understood* what I was going through."

"Because I went through what you did." Techno mumbled, a bit caught off-guard. He never really thought himself as a teacher before, a mentor. Sure he taught Tommy and Wilbur a few things in fighting but- becoming a mentor to someone who had faced the same trials as he had? That was... another thing entirely.

*TECHNOTEACHER! no no technoMENTOR! aww how cute! They're bonding! this is nice. it does make sense for a warrior to teach another warrior, even if he is human. technommentor technommentor techNOMENTOR!!!!*

Techno snorted, "Now look what you did kid." He said, trying not to smile. Technomenter. He's trying not to be attached to that word already. Which was strange and a bit uncomfortable, *he* wasn't the one who taught Toby. Not yet. He hadn't even done anything yet, he shouldn't feel fond over it and Toby.

"I mean, they're not *wrong*." Toby laughed, grinning at him and Chat, "Also I'm actually older than you now, don't call me kid." He said with amusement and Techno remembered that Toby was *twenty-six*.

Techno was only two years younger than him. "By only a couple of years." He argued, "Right now, to me. You're still the little shit who loves bees and is Tommy's best friend."

At the that, Toby lost his smile, his relaxed and amused posture falters and he shrinks into himself. "Ah," Toby mumbles, looking away to the ground below. "You're half right... I still love bees but..." At this point, he doesn't know if he can even call himself Tommy's best friend. Or rather Theo's. They... haven't been best friends for years, Toby's been trying to change that, still trying but...

Techno frowned, "Toby?" His brows furrow as he watches him and he can't help but think back. "Toby you and Tommy said that Tommy was here, future Tommy. Where is he? You... never explained or even mentioned him." Techno realized and he straightens, "Toby, what happened to him? Where's Tommy?"

Toby grips the railing before defeatedly letting go of it, and turns to Technoblade.

The man from the future speaks and the bloodlust within him skyrockets.

*oh no. KILL HIM!! Tommy wouldn't! dream? DREAM WHAT THE HELL!! welp, dream is dead. blood for the blood god? BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! MAKE HIM PAY!! something seems very off, what happened?*

---

"Jeez man, how do you two bear with wearing masks all the time?" Sapnap asked, glancing between Dream and Theo who looked back at him with their identical mask. He barely stopped himself from shivering from how in sync that had been. Theo was too much like Dream- he could deal with one version of his best friend thank you very much but another?

Well, Theo wasn't *exactly* like him obviously but he copied Dream's movements well enough that the only difference in that moment were the color and styles of their clothing. "I mean, I get Dream? He's been wearing that mask ever since we met and he's never really taken it off but Theo dude. When'd you even start wearing the mask? When do you *not* wear the mask?"

They were still in Dream's base, but at the moment they were just taking a small break. Night was approaching, and they were deciding whether or not to go out or just sleep in.

Theo scratching the side of his head, "Um, well my Dream gave me one of his masks about... four and half years ago? It was a gift, to celebrate me coming back to the SMP- we didn't want anyone knowing it was me so he gave me his mask. Also it's like, a symbol of our

friendship and how I'm his protoge." He admitted carefully from his place on the carpeted floor. Crossbow in his lap. He'd just been fiddling with it a bit, tuning it to his liking.

George snorted from where he was sprawled on one side of the couch, Dream on the other side. "Wow Dream, what a shitty gift. You could've at least made him a new, different mask." He joked to his best friend who snorted back at him.

"Hey, I like it!" Theo defended, shifting uncomfortably and putting away his crossbow. "He didn't have to give me one of his masks, and I could've changed it or ask for something different I guess but I just- it- it never came to me." He said quietly, anxiously rubbing his fingers one by one. He actually never thought of changing or asking for a different mask. It was Dream's mask after all, he was still just grateful to have it. Another thing that his best friend gave him, something permanent, something that Dream would continue giving him even after it broke a few times.

"You heard him, he likes it." Dream repeated lazily, though he was pleased to hear it nonetheless. Something just seemed... ~~wrong~~ right about it. *Theo was his right? No. He shouldn't be wearing something of Dream's.*

Sapnap frowned, sitting up from where he'd been laying on the carpeted floor just a couple of blocks away from Theo, "But don't you want something different? Something of your own dude? You could be wearing literally anything else on your face- you've been wearing Dream's mask for like, almost five years! That's a bit much." He pointed out, causing both Dream and Theo to frown. Not that they could see it, they could feel it though.

"But..." Theo hesitated, the urge to defend Dream's decision and mask on his tongue, static in his head swirling. "I-I wouldn't e-even know what mask to wear. And I'm already used to this kind of mask-" He said instead much to his surprise, he glances over to Dream. "A-Also... I don't- I don't know... how to make one. Dream's gave me every mask I had, and I never asked how to make one, he uh- it's one of the things he never taught me." He admitted, picking at a stray thread of his jeans.

George and Sapnap made dramatic gasps, "Dream!" George exclaimed with a scandalized tone, "You didn't teach *your own future student*, how to make a *mask*?!" He moved from his part of the couch to flop on Dream who squawked and tried to push him off, but George was stubbornly bearing down on him. "You're the worst teacher ever!"

"No! H-He's really not-" Theo tried to defend only to have Sapnap quickly crawl up to him and wrap an arm around his shoulder. "Shame on you Dream! Don't worry Theo, *we'll* teach you how to make your very own mask." Sapnap cooed, using his free hand to pat the side of Theo's covered face. Theo made confused noises and could only look over to Dream for help.

Dream himself was busy trying to wrestle George off of him, "George *what the fuck*- get off me!" George stuck his tongue out even as he struggled to stay on Dream, only letting go when Dream managed to hit his gut causing him to let go and fall off the couch with a painful groan. "Ender! Hey, both of you can shut the fuck up! Theo likes my mask and you guys don't even know how to make masks!" He declared, arms crossed and irritated.



Theo fidgeted in Sapnap's hold, deciding to keep silent as Sapnap laughed at Dream and the pained George now on the floor. "Then *teach us oh great teacher!* Theo keep saying you're a great teacher, mentor thing right? Then teach us! Show us how to make a mask and we'll teach Theo how to make one for himself!" He replied, grinning widely at his best friend.

"And why the hell would I do that?" Dream questioned, tapping his bicep and staring at Sapnap and Theo. His stare made Theo want to apologize, apologize on Sapnap's rudeness and for not defending the mask. His mask. Sapnap was being ridiculous and Theo shouldn't be thinking thoughts about *changing Dream's mask no-*

George stood up, over the pain Dream gave him and grinned at Dream. "Because we asked that's why. Also Theo should totally get his own mask, heck- Sapnap and I should have masks too, probably won't wear them all the time but still. Or are you just being a baby and not wanting to teach us because you can't actually teach for shit?" He taunted, going as far as to even snatch Dream's mask from him.

Theo gaped at George as he did so, wondering what the *hell* did he think he was doing? Fearfully, he watched Dream, focusing on his eyes.

Dream gave George a glare with his green eyes, leaf green eyes. "Oh that's it- you want masks? You wanna know *how* to make them? Fine- but I'm gonna make sure you three are gonna make *perfect fucking masks!* Also give me my mask back George, you're being a bitch!" He swore trying to snatch the porcelain mask from ~~the annoyance~~ his best friend. He was ~~getting in the way~~ such an asshole sometimes! Why did he care for him again? Oh right because ~~they were useful for now but he shouldn't be so attached~~ they were best friends and he loved them.

George and Sapnap beamed while Theo gaped from behind his mask, which suddenly disappeared as Sapnap took it from him. "Y'hear that Theo?" Sapnap questioned as George ran away from Dream, cackling as he tried to keep the mask away from the leaf-green eyed man. "You're getting your own mask!"

Theo stared at him, dull-blue eyes wide with disbelief and hesitation. "I-I am?" He glanced at Sapnap, then at George, then at Dream. His fingers itched to grab the mask back from Sapnap, to glue it tight to his face. And yet...

"Yep! C'mon, Dream should have some quartz and clay in one of his chests here!"

He follows after Sapnap, glancing back to see Dream tackling George, laughing as he demanded his mask back.

Huh.

His brain filled with static, his neck ached but he thought to himself, Dream had said he was going to teach him how to make a mask of his own. He was going to teach him, Sapnap and George. He wasn't... going against Dream by making his own mask. Dream was going to teach him and- he was *letting him* get his own mask. Make his own design. That was... his friend, being nice. The static died down and the ache went away as he helped Sapnap

rummage through the chests, looking for clay or quartz or just whatever was needed to make masks.

They should be getting ready to find slash fight a demonic, mind-controlling egg right now but- but maybe they could make the break a little longer.

His face is still bare and Sapnap still has his- Dream's mask. It's uncomfortable but, he thinks he can bear with George and Sapnap seeing his face more often. They were... nice.

---

"C'mon Wilbur, this is just ridiculous!" Tommy exclaimed, pressing himself against the cobblestone box that Wilbur trapped himself in. "Get out of there bro, you can't stay in there!"

*"Watch me! And ridiculous? No Tommy, it isn't! Apparently I become some, insane motherfucker who blew up everything we did in the future! I just- You saw him! You heard him! I went insane! Just leave me alone!"* Wilbur shouted through the stone, muffled from the blocks that separated him from the others. Every time they tried to mine him out, he just quickly placed more blocks. Thankfully though, it didn't seem like he had obsidian on him.

Philza had his eyes closed as he laid his forehead against the cobble, "Son *please*. Trying to box yourself in and keep us out isn't going to do you any good. Come out so we can talk properly?" He pleaded, glancing over to check on Fundy and Tubbo.

Wilbur had ran out of the house and into the nearby forest, where hostile mobs could easily spawn. They had placed torches but it wouldn't be enough, so Fundy and Tubbo decided to team up for a bit and protect them should any mobs come by. So far, only a stray spider had come which Fundy was easily able to take out with an iron sword.

*"No! I-I'm, I'm going to stay in this box. And think to myself. I just..."* Whatever else he said must've been whispered, mumbled or kept to himself as they couldn't hear the tail end of it. Wilbur was worryingly silent in the box.

Fundy's ears pinned down with worry, and he looked back and forth between the box and the woods. "Fundy, go." He blinked at Tubbo who held his sword tightly. "I can handle the mobs, you go and try to get to Wilbur." He said, giving him a smile. "Go on then, I'll be fine! If I need help, I'll scream. Really loudly."

Fundy smiled back, laughing slightly. "Thanks Tubs." He put away his sword and ran towards the box, joining his uncle and grandfather. "Wilbur? Dad?" He called out, knocking hard on the box to let him know he was there. "Come on, I- the future sucks ass yeah but there was a reason for that!" He exclaimed, trying to get his father, adopted but his father nonetheless, to respond.

*"A reason Fundy?! Oh no kidding- that reason was me! I blew up L'Manberg, I-I went insane and blew up L'Manberg and asked Phil- my dad, **your grandfather** to kill me!"* Fundy winced at the reply, he wasn't the only one. He didn't like the way how lost and heartbroken Phil looked.

"After *two years* of exile Wil!" Tommy pointed out, stubbornly keeping his ground and trying his best to help Wilbur. His brother. "We were both exiled by Schlatt in Toby's- Toby's future. Past. Whatever! But you're not insane now! You would never blow up L'Manberg, we wouldn't let you! So come out and stop being an idiot!"

The three of them looked over at Tubbo's yelp, seeing him trying to get close to a skeleton- there was even a zombie there. Tommy went to help him but Tubbo managed to kill the skeleton and was now on the zombie, "I'm fine! Get Wilbur out of the box! It's just a zombie!"

Phil watched him, thinking over it before nodding at Tubbo. He could handle a zombie, if he really needed help, he'd let them know. He turned back to Wilbur, still in that box of his and sighed, "Wilbur, come on. We're not leaving you out here in a cobblestone box." He tried, but he was struggling on what to say, on what he could possibly say to help his poor son. "Wilbur, it hasn't happened yet. And it'll never happen, you're safe in L'Manberg and you have us! You're not exiled here, you're fine!"

"Yeah dad! You're fine! You're not exiled, you won't blow up L'Manberg." Fundy quickly agreed, though he couldn't help the hesitant 'Right?' in his head. Thankfully just in his head and not out loud, but the fact he still thought it was...

*"But what if I will? And Schlatt's still president! I- you didn't see Toby, you didn't hear what he said to me. He sounded so hesitant and scared! What if I end up like Toby's insane Wilbur and hurt everyone?"*

"The fact you're asking that is already making you very different!" Phil pointed out, "Wilbur, whatever happens. We're here for you, whether to support you or to stop you. Please, come out of the box. Talking outside at night isn't really a good idea."

Tommy bit his lip, "Wilby. Come out of the damn box won't you? Look, if you're so worried about you going insane then remember the fact that Toby's here to change shit- that we're *also* here for you like Dad said. You're not going to go fucking cocoo in the head on our watch. L'Manberg's gonna be fine, and so are you." It's a moment, before a block is destroyed, Wilbur peering out of the darkness of the black towards Tommy.

"You called me Wilby." Was all Wilbur mumbled before he was pulled out of the box by Philza.

Tommy and Fundy helped him, though Tommy was scowling. "Out of *everything* I just said, *that's* what you're focusing on?!" He shrieked, aghast by Wilbur's apparent focus.

Wilbur chewed on his lower lip, "You stopped calling me Wilby after you turned twelve Toms, 'course I'm gonna focus on that." He weakly retorted, yelping when he was pulled into a group hug by his family. Hesitantly, he wrapped his arms around them- tried to, he only managed to be able to hug Philza and Fundy with his arms with Tommy smushing himself between them, grabbing at Philza's coat and Wilbur's sweater. "... You promise? About what you all said?"

Fundy, the cheeky teen, gave him a winning smile. "Of course!"

Phil kissed his forehead, "Wouldn't dream of saying otherwise."

"Duh, I fucking said it didn't I?" Tommy scoffed, though he was hiding his relieved smile from him.

Wilbur sighed, basking in his family's affection.

"... Thank you..."

It's a lovely moment, until the sound of a zombie grunting and an unholy shriek breaks it.

"Um guys?! A little help here!" Tubbo squeaks out as he was facing not only a zombie villager, but an angry Enderman. "I accidentally looked the enderman when I was trying to hit the villager!"

Tommy was of course the first to let go and scramble over to help his best friend with a sword in hand, "Hold on bud I'm coming!!"

With all five of them, it wasn't hard to defeat both the zombie villager and the enderman. Tubbo was a bit bruised but ultimately he was fine.

"I think it's time we go back." Phil told the boys, eyeing the woods warily.

No one disagreed and so, with Wilbur once again with them, they headed back towards Tubbo's house.

They chatted quietly on the way, reassuring Wilbur that he was fine and that he *would* be fine. They were there for him, they wouldn't let him do anything bad. The future could be changed after all, wasn't that why Toby was there in the first place? To change the future.

To change his future.

Wilbur would have to talk to him again, one on one. He would give him his answer and hope for the best. He also wanted to know a bit more, even if he wouldn't like what he'd hear. He had to hear it.

Unfortunately that talk would just have to wait as the moment they arrived back, they hear Toby screaming and Techno growling.

"Toby let go-"

"I am not going to let go until you calm down!!!"

"I **am** calm!"

"Calm my bloody ass you are-"

They find the two men on the floor, Toby trying to hold Techno down in a triangle chokehold- both his legs around Techno's neck and one arm while making sure said arm was tightly held down. Techno was trying to pry his legs open with his free hand, wheezing and growling, straining to actually get Toby off of him.

The three men gaped while Philza shouted, "What in *Ender's fuck* are you **both doing?!"**

Toby flashed him a clenched, strained smile, not losing concentration whatsoever in restraining Techno. "Hi! Every-one! Welcome back!" He gritted out, grunting when Techno started jabbing his side in an effort to get him to let go.

"Dad get this man off me- he's not going to let me murder Dream!" Techno growled, wheezing a bit- though privately, he was impressed with Toby's form and strength. He was doing an annoyingly impressive job keeping him down like this. He must have taught Toby how to do this and trained him well, wow he never knew he was such a good mentor. Now if only *his teachings weren't being used **against him!***

"Excuse me?!"

"Tubbo your future self is downright badass and terrifying." Fundy whispers to Tubbo who continued to gape at the two men on the floor, Wilbur and Tommy nodded in awed agreement.

---

Theo deadpanned, stone-faced as George laughed proudly behind him, Sapnap snickered in front of him while Dream imitated a whistling tea kettle to the side, "I thought were were supposed to be making masks." He said aloud, a pair of white triangles on his head, crudely shaped and carved to look like cat ears. A quartz-made cat-eared hairband created by George, who decided it was a good idea to plop them on Theo's head.

"We are! But we didn't say anything of making anything else!" George exclaimed slyly, grinning as he came to the still snickering Sapnap. "Besides, it looks great on you Theo!"

Theo squinted at him, "I highly fucking doubt it." He said, reaching up to take the frankly uncomfortable to wear and kind of heavy headband off.

"No no no, keep it on-" Dream wheezed and Theo froze, sighed and let his hand down. "HHhhhaaaahaha!!!" Dream collapsed once more, his lungs dangerously expelling more air- Theo is almost concerned if it weren't for the fact seeing Dream laugh like this was a bizarre and amazing thing for him to see.

He hasn't seen Dream, his Dream, laugh like this in a long, long time.

Even if he was the one Dream was laughing at, at least he was causing his friend some genuine joy in his life.

So Theo doesn't mind keeping the stupid, bulky and ugly headband on. Even if it sat too heavy on his head, and the size wasn't really fitting his head comfortably, and his hair was covered in quartz-dust, and so much more. He keeps it on because it makes Dream laugh, and him laughing is nice.

Despite his gripes about it, the moment itself is nice even at his expense. The Dream Team were having fun, and you know what? So was he.

There was bits and dusts of quartz all over, some lumps of clay here and there. Carving tools on the low table they surrounded and worked on with some broken, unfinished masks and

other items strewn about.

Theo finds he's not good at carving or molding. He can make and swing an axe or sword and kill all types of mobs, but carving quartz or molding clay isn't his forte. The masks he tries to make crack, even the pre-made porcelain that Dream made and gave him. He ends up fucking up and a few times at the start he mopes and expects a punishment. Instead, he gets reassurance, laughter- good laughter, not mocking laughter-, and another chance with no punishments.

Or maybe this was a punishment, him having to wear George's ugly, bulky monstrosity on his head.

Either way, he's having way more fun than he's had in a month.

He's having way more fun he's had ever since Dream died and left him alone.

Surrounded by the Dream Team, being included into their shenanigans- it's awkward and he has no idea what to do but it apparently doesn't really matter. Dream seems so free with George and Sapnap here. So different. His eyes are leaf-green, a constant shade that doesn't change. Theo's still kinda shocked that Dream hasn't put his mask back on but he says nothing, in case he does and he can't see Dream's eyes anymore.

Leaf-green.

Healthy leaves underneath the sun.

His friend.

"Here, give- give it back to me. I'm not finished with it yet." George laughs, motioning Theo to hand it back. Theo hesitates, he almost looks at Dream but he... doesn't and just, takes it off. Handing it back to George. Only *then* does he look at Dream. He's recuperating from his wheezing and didn't seem to care.

Theo feels better at that and goes back trying to carefully carve what he wanted on the mostly smooth stone, only- "*Auck! Son of a **bitch!***" He curses, accidentally cutting himself on the sharp edge of the quartz. It slices his palm, it's not wide or deep but it *stings* and was unexpected.

"Oh dude, you okay?" Sapnap asks, leaning over to look at the the cut.

Theo hisses, flexing his hand, "Yeah, yeah. It's just a stupid cut." He's surprised though, to see visible concern on Dream's face. He shouldn't be, it's still before the war- a war that'll probably never happen thanks to Toby. But Dream is a lot more... different right now than he's used to.

George leans over as well to look, "Damn, should've been more careful. Here, let's go wash that and bandage it." He said, nudging Theo to stand up and go towards the bathroom.

"I-I can do it myself! Stop pushing me!" Theo protested, but didn't really fight George's pushing. Just, resignedly letting himself be moved.

Dream stands up, stretching. "I guess we should stop, it's like getting late and you guys suck at carving anyway." He says making Sapnap splutter.

As Theo is being carted away, he hears Sapraps offended voice muffle as he and George left the room. "*Excuse* you! My carvings are *awesome* thanks-"

"Hear, there's bandages in the cupboard. Left side." George says, motioning towards the bathroom.

Theo awkwardly shuffles in, dousing his bleeding hand with water to clean it and get rid of the blood before reaching for the bandages in the cupboard. All the while, George watches him from the doorway. It's very awkward and Theo's having trouble keeping his face stoic- he's regretting letting Sapnap keep the mask he usually wore right now.

"Theo." George suddenly says, looking almost apprehensive about something.

"Yeah?"

"I... Nevermind, it's nothing. I'm going to go back to Dream and Sapnap, you can take a shower first if you want, looks like you need it." George says, waving it off and leaving from the doorway, closing the door behind him. Theo gives him a look of confusion before shrugging and finishing up his hand. When he's done, he looks into the bathroom mirror. Looks at his face, his dull eyes, his scar, his dull hair. Was it just him or was his eyes a color shade brighter? He couldn't tell. His hair too, seemed sparkl- no wait, that was just the quartz dust on it. He shook his head, patting it down to try and get rid of all of the dust. His clothes too.

Ender, he was covered entirely in dust.

No wonder George offered him to shower first.

He strips off his clothes, putting them away in his inventory- his ender chest had more clothes thankfully so he didn't have to ask to borrow any. After that, he showers. Dream only had basic shampoo and soaps in the shower but that's enough for him, it has been for the past years. He couldn't even shower when he was exiled, his first shower after Dream took him in was the greatest one he's had in a long while, even if he was dead tired from Dream's first training session.

He doesn't take long to shower though, he tries not to. Better not waste time or water, and he was sufficiently clean.

As he dries using one of the spare towels, he glances at himself at the mirror. Better. Cleaner. As he moves away, he pauses, seeing the hint of blue, slightly shimmering on his back right by his neck.

*"Stay still Tommy." The needle glints, covered in blue-*

He looks away from the mirror and changes into his clothes.

He was done showering, he should get back to Dream. Mustn't keep away from him too long.

Theo finds Dream with Sapnap and George of course, cleaning up the mess they had all made. "Um," He speaks up, causing all three of them to look at him. He coughs, "Shower's free-"

*"I call dibs!"* Sapnap screeches, already running off towards the bathroom.

Dream runs after him, *"Oh no you don't Sapnap!"*

George merely laughs, shaking his head before continuing the clean up. Theo helps him and soon enough, Sapnap comes back with a scowling pout on his face while rubbing his face. "He bitch-slapped me Gogy!" He sobbed to George, lamenting his woes. "The bitch, bitch-slapped me!" Theo can't help the snicker escapes his throat, smiling innocently when Sapnap glares at him.

His best friend rolled his eyes and patted Sapnap's shoulder, "There there you big baby, you can have next shower- now come on and help us clean up." Sapnap only bemoans once before helping them.

By the time Dream came back, refreshed, showered and now sporting his mask again. The room was clean and Sapnap disappeared in a flash to bathe. "Ah damn, I should've gotten my mask back from him." Theo said after he left, frowning.

"Hey Theo," Theo immediately gives Dream his attention, "I noticed the design that you were trying to carve into, you sure that's what you want? It's literally just my face, but frowning." He says and Theo winces.

The blond fidgets in place a bit as he explains, "I- I like it, it's simple. Should've been easier to carve but like, yeah, simple... I still like the mask you gave me though."

Dream shrugged and later as George finally goes to shower after Sapnap, he makes beds for everyone- going as far as to dye them as well. Theo accepts his red bed with a smile, it's hidden though as he was now wearing a mask over his face again too. He's more used to it, and as nice as it was showing his face to George and Sapnap, he's more used to just letting Dream see his face when they were alone.

He sleeps that night contently, feeling so much more at ease then he's had in the last few months since Dream died.

And in the morning, as the first ones up by habit alone. He finds a new porcelain mask placed on wooden block besides his bed, on it, a frowning face stares back at him and he feels *ecstatic*. He wears it immediately.



ngl, i'm getting very attached to theo being with the dream team.  
also toby wrestling techno is pog. it's just flat out great in my opinion.

soon, the two groups will clash and meet- soon. but for now, have some fluff mixed with angst, it's the least that i can do.

also also you can tell me losing my steam at the end of the chapter there, but hey, it was already a bit chapter in the first place. like wow, 6.4k? that's more than i usually do!

at any rate, we now have frowny-masked theo! like in a lot of protoge versions, however as much as he likes the frowny face, he'll still probably wear dream's smiley face mask just as often. but he feels so damn happy from the frowny face mask he now has.

EDIT: i accidentally posted the wrong chapter. it has been fixed! sorry for anyone who saw that!

# To Attempt

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"Tommy why didn't you tell me you were on your last life?!" Philza, his beloved adopted father, questioned loudly with a look of harried panic on his face that made Tommy feel the tiniest bit guilty. Okay a *lot* guilty. He wasn't having the best time sitting besides his fox-hybrid nephew who was actually the same age as him. Look, their family was complicated as it was, Wilbur found a child, declared he was a father and they all ran with it. He had been briefly following Phil's footsteps of adopting children. They never complained, Fundy was their family through and through.

"Tommy, Tubbo, Wilbur, Fundy- you should've *told* me about this!"

Fundy nervously shuffled in place, looking guilty and a bit ashamed, "It just, never came up?" He tried with a weak smile, flinching at the narrowed look he got from his grandfather. Wilbur wasn't doing any better, looking even more guilty and ashamed.

The four of them were on the couch, Philza standing before them, Toby and Techno sitting in separate sofa chairs. Techno looked agitated from where he sat but Phil had used his 'dad voice' to make him stay. Toby was eyeing Techno warily, ready to jump him again if he needed to but he was also watching Phil lecture and rant to his family plus his younger self.

Phil pinched the bridge of his nose, feeling oh so tired as he looked over everyone. His boys minus Techno, looked so guilty. Toby was just wary on what Techno would do. Fuck, this was a mess.

"So can I go murder Dream now?" Techno questioned irritably, tapping his fingers impatiently on the chair. He had a masked motherfucker to meet and had full intentions of having Dream's face be introduced *thoroughly* to his sword. With *vigorous* amount of *violent enthusiasm*.

"No!" Toby and Phil exclaimed together.

Techno abruptly stood up leading Toby to stand with him, ready to wrestle him to the floor and restrain him again if he had to. "And why not?! He took *both* of Tommy's lives *and* brainwashed Toby's Tommy! Theo is *out there* with that *maniac* and you're not letting me give him what he deserves!?" Half of the voices in his and Toby's head were demanding blood, demanding Dream's death but a surprising amount were against it.

*we need to know what happened.*

"What *happened* Chat is the future self of my baby brother was *brainwashed* by the same person who killed him twice! He threatened his younger self, *his own younger self*. I have

every right to kick *and* kill his ass." Techno hissed, fists clenching, a furious grunt escaping his throat.

Phil placed his hands on his oldest's shoulders, "Techno, I understand your fury *believe me I do*. I want nothing more than to make that bastard *pay* but going off *now* isn't going to help anyone!" He snapped. Did Techno think Phil wasn't angry? Oh no, he was *really angry* but he was also *cautious*. He had to be since he was on his last life. He had to be since *Tommy* was on his last life. He didn't want his sons to die, even if Techno and Wilbur still had a life to spare.

"If you go and try to find Dream to fight or kill him, Theo will stop you." Toby says with a stone-cold voice, "He won't let Dream die, not again."

"Dream died in the future?" Tommy blinked, surprised to hear it. "The bastard actually did die in the end?"

Tubbo frowned at the nod he got in return, "How?" It was hard to think of, thinking that Dream would permanently die. He was the type of person to avoid death even while living on the edge- he's shown how capable he was. He's survived so much deadly things, but he supposes that not even Dream can avoid death in the end.

"Like most other people in my time. By the Crimson." Toby said with a scowl, "However, thanks to his bloodline. He's immune to the Crimson's mind control. So instead of being controlled by the Crimson, he just got infected and died because of the parasitic flora." The one good thing the Crimson did... Normally he wouldn't be happy with someone dying to the Crimson. He's seen what dying to the Crimson looked like, he's seen what it could do to a person. But Dream? He couldn't care less anymore. He's already pitied the man when George and Sapnap died, but that was it. Toby was out of pity for Dream, his Dream and the present.

Tommy snorted, "Of course the bastard gets to be immune thanks to his '*Admin bloodline*'." Tommy mocked, scowling.

Wilbur sighed, rubbing his forehead as he thought about it. It *would* make sense he suppose. Those who were descendants from the Admins were inherently powerful, it was partially why Dream was so strong. That and his general capability, strength and skills.

Fundy frowned, "So anyone with Admin blood in their veins were immune to the Crimson?" He couldn't help but ask which only made Toby shrugged.

"Those with enough blood in them I suppose. You know how rare active admin descendants are, and Dream's one of the most active with the most connection to them." He pointed out with annoyance. Truthfully, practically anyone could be the descendants of admins, or maybe everyone was. But *active* admins were the ones who were capable of being so powerful, even those with little connection to the bloodline had the potential to be powerhouses should they become active and use their skills and powers properly.

Techno huffed hot air from his nose, "Theo won't be a problem." He said even though he knew the opposite was true. Theo *would* be a problem, but he wanted to try anyway in an effort to get the older version of Tommy away from Dream.

"Oh no, Theo *will* be a problem." Toby countered hotly, glaring at his mentor, giving to him straight and bluntly. "He won't let you hurt Dream so easily, he is willing to *die* for him. He's thrown himself in danger for Dream, he's loyal to him to an absolute. If you face him, Theo will force you to kill him before even getting *near* Dream." He said bitterly, closing his eyes. His fists clenched and shaking.

Time and time again, Theo threw himself right into danger for Dream- the only reason he hasn't permanently died yet was because of sheer luck *and* his mysterious supply of Undying Totems.

He still has no idea where the hell he got all those totems, but it's saved them both more than a handful of times.

"... Just what did Dream *do* to me to make me wanna die for *him*?" Tommy whispered, looking very disturbed at the thought of dying for *Dream* of all people.

Toby couldn't answer, because he didn't really know. Not all of it at least, he knew *how* Dream got to Tommy. That stupid fucking exile and Theo's discs. But he doesn't know how Theo could be so loyal to Dream. How Dream brainwashed him exactly.

But it didn't matter for now, he just wanted his Tommy back. And as much as he too, wanted Dream dead- Techno going against Dream would just trigger Theo. He would go insane, trying to protect Dream and become extremely volatile and hostile. Was he willing to die for Dream? Yes. Was he willing to kill for Dream? Yes. Was he willing to kill *his family for Dream*? ...

Toby didn't want to find out. Theo was willing to fight Technoblade and Philza for Dream, but killing them? There may be a chance that he wouldn't but then again, there was just as much of a chance for him to do it. So he definitely didn't want Techno going after Dream *yet*.

And maybe, just maybe, Toby wasn't ready to see Theo by Dream's side again.

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"Heeey, nice mask Theo!" Sapnap exclaimed once he saw Theo wearing his new, frowning mask. "I mean, it's just a frowning face but it's officially yours!" Theo smiled happily underneath the mask, it was his wasn't it? It was similar enough to Dream's to be satisfying but different enough for *him*.

"Thanks, I love it. I'm not gonna wear it all the time yet, but yeah. I really, really love it." Theo replied, glancing from him to George to Dream, Dream had lifted his mask a bit so he could eat but even through chewing, Theo could tell that Dream was pleased. And if he was good then Theo was *definitely* good, and really he *was* genuinely happy about his new mask. He loved it.

"Well you're gonna *love* this too." George chirped, sidling over to hand Theo a more polished, thinner and actually nice-looking pair of a quartz-made cat-eared headband. "I got some help from Dream, and together we finished my headband!" Dream immediately coughed, trying not to imitate a tea kettle again as Theo stared at the cursed headband in George's hands.

Sapnap cackled at Theo's silence while George gave him an innocent smile.

"Dream can I break the headband? Please? I also want to smack George. Can I do that?" Theo asks aloud, still staring at the headband with a dead-eyed look behind his new mask. Also a new perk to his new mask, he could frown at people constant now.

Dream couldn't help himself and wheezed, smacking the table in his breathy laughter. "N-N-nrk-*No* Theo. Y-You- haha! You cannot break the headband, take it. I-It's a gift from George." Theo wilted, reluctantly taking the gift into his hands and storing it in his inventory. "*But*, you *can* smack George." He immediately perked as George wailed.

"*Dream!*"

Sapnap enjoyed their breakfast with entertainment as Theo chased George a bit within the room, trying to smack him for his gift. It didn't take long, and Theo laid a good hit on George. "*Ow!*" The colorblind man complained, pouting as he rubbed his shoulder from where Theo punched him. They returned to have their own breakfast, Dream and Sapnap providing them the food they'd need to start the day.

"Bad's been messaging us on where we were and what happened to you." Dream tells him over breakfast, Theo's mask temporarily removed. "What should we tell him? You said he's an ally to us but he's also the first one to be controlled by the Egg." He sipped his bottle of water as Theo chewed on the cooked porkchop.

Theo looked thoughtful, "He *is* an ally to us. He rarely interfered with any of your plans, and he hasn't formed the Badlands yet with Skeppy, Antfrost and Sam... It won't really matter to our plan if we tell him about the Egg and the Crimson, but *only* if we keep him away from the Egg *if* or *when* we find it. He's very susceptible to the Egg's control, Skeppy could temporarily break him out of it but once Skeppy is under control as well, we lose them both." He said with a frown. "At the very least, if Bad is under control we can use Skeppy against him. And if they're both under control, killing Skeppy will be killing Bad."

"We are *not* killing either of them." George replied firmly, frowning at how blase Theo seemed to be talking about the possibility of killing their friend.

Theo bowed his head, "It's only a possibility to remember. But the point is, we need to keep them both away from the Egg. *Especially* Bad, he was notoriously difficult to kill because of his infinite lives bullshit as long as Skeppy was alive." Demons, how lucky they were- but then again. That was the exact reason why they were hunted to near-extinction. Without their anchors, they died so easily and permanently.

"How can Bad even be controlled anyway? He's a demon, I thought they were like, resistant to a lot of shit. Mind control's not one of them?" Sapnap's brows furrowed.

Theo shrugged, "Maybe it's because he's a reformed and tamed demon whose anchor is a human. He did lose a lot of his powers when he and Skeppy bonded, at this point he's more human than demon despite how he looks and his infinite lives." He points out, taking another bite.

Dream propped his head on his palm, "I'm going to guess I told and taught you about all of that?" He questioned. Not a lot of people knew about the life bond between Bad and Skeppy, nor the fact that Bad was a reformed and tamed demon.

"Course, you told me everything you had to. In the future, you and Toby held Bad off while Techno and I went to kill Skeppy. With those two down, the Egg lost its very first and arguably one of the strongest people it had underneath its control." His face darkened a bit, "Of course by that time it was far too late, the Egg amassed enough followers, ate enough that The Crimson started to spread faster and faster. It was already infecting mobs, and people and taking over the biomes. We killed them too late, the Overworld was already doomed by then..."

Silence reigned the table as the Dream Team considered his words.

"You, me, Toby and Techno teamed up against Bad and Skeppy?" Dream broke the silence by asking the question, no doubt there was a frown on his face.

Theo nodded, "We had a temporary truce in the future. They needed supplies, we needed the portal. All of us. So we made a temporary truce, it was either that or we died to our own machinations and fucking stupidity. We also tried to take the Overworld back but, the Crimson had already spread out too far and was too strong."

George took in a deep breath, rubbing his face tiredly, "Okay. So we keep Bad and Skeppy away from the Egg if we find it. So, are we going to tell them?" He questioned, glancing between his best friends.

"It's up to you guys, I don't particularly care either way. I just need them to stay away from the Egg." Theo told him when George went to look at him as well.

As long as the both of them weren't a threat to his mission and Dream, Theo would be alright with it. Technoblade was in the SMP too right? It was fine, Skeppy wasn't under control and Technoblade wouldn't die to him.

*" **TOMMY WATCH OUT!** " Tommy was shoved aside, colliding with the hard wall. He groaned but his eyes widened underneath his cracked mask at the sight of him. Technoblade's sword pierced Skeppy's throat. A demonic shriek was heard from afar as Skeppy gurgled, emotionless eyes wide with petals dripping from his eyelids. Roots lashed out at the piglin hybrid. Entering the injury that Skeppy made with his sword, right through Techno's stomach.*

It was fine.

*Tommy held on to Techno's hands, he wasn't trembling. He was just cold. It was raining after all, he was cold. He cuts root after root with his shears but they kept multiplying. They weren't letting the wound close even after he got rid of the sword, they were spreading so fast. "Tommy..." He splashed the healing potion on him, they were comrades right now. He couldn't let him die, **he couldn't. Technoblade never dies-** a hand on his face and he freezes. "Theseus... Come home..." He lets go of Techno's hand and forces the hand off his*

face. Gently. Again, he splashes another potion on Techno after cutting more roots. So much blood. So much blood. **"TECHNOBLADE!"** That was Tubbo and with him was Dream.

Theo was fine with it all.

He and Dream help Tubbo with Technoblade, they get him through the portal but they leave despite the murmurs to come home from the ~~dying~~ injured piglin and the pleads from his former best friend. He doesn't cry when they get to the Stronghold, Dream hugs him and he doesn't cry. His face is wet but he isn't crying, he swears. Dream can testify.

Would Toby tell Techno about Skeppy?

"He's dead." Tubbo tells him next supply mission now partnered with a quiet Ranboo, a week later. Eyes filled with tears and a scathing hatred- not aimed at him. Never at him, but at Dream. He steps between them, breaking the glare and Tubbo wilts and whispers. "He died saying your name. He said to come home." Dream is tense and hesitant, so very hesitant and Tommy knows there's conflict going on in his mind but in the end Dream shakes his head and Tommy says no. He won't come home. He doesn't have a home with them, he is home. With Dream. For once though, he wants to say otherwise but at the same time he **doesn't**. The static in his head screams at him and the back of his neck is in so much pain but he goes on with the mission with them. He stays where he is, where he's supposed to be, by Dream's side. The mission goes as expected, Tubbo and Ranboo hate him- they hate Dream and they almost want to break the truce. They don't. Dream hugs him again, and he **screams** his throat sore in the silence of the Stronghold.

Toby should tell Techno about Skeppy. Techno would probably ask how he died.

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<BadBoyHalo> Why do you want Skeppy and I away from these coordinates?

<Skeppy> yeah what gives??

<GeorgeNotFound> Trust us it's for the best.

<GeorgeNotFound> We're gonna do some serious mining there and no you can't help.

<Skeppy> why not?

<BadBoyHalo> Is this something that has to do with that future Tommy?

<Sapnap> Theo yeah

<Sapnap> Look we'll explain but you have to PROMISE that you won't go anywhere NEAR those coordinates.

<Dream> You trust us right bad?

<BadBoyHalo> :/ yeahh I do but still I am very curious as to why you want Skeppy and I away from there

<Skeppy> Also can we meet Theo? bad and I didn't get to see him that well before he ran off

<Dream> Yeah sure, just promise us you won't go there?

<BadBoyHalo> Okay! :)

<Skeppy> sure

<GeorgeNotFound> Perfect

<GeorgeNotFound> You can meet him later, we have to go mining first.

<Sapnap> remember your promise!

---

They've stayed up later thanks to the lectures and the talks- Toby hasn't said everything yet, but they all need sleep. They, the others need to process everything. Wilbur doesn't give him an answer yet and he doesn't ask for one. Toby doesn't sleep as peacefully that night.

He keeps waking up after a few hours but that's fine, he's used to sleep only at a few hours at a time. Sleeping in a bed after years of sleeping either on a softened, pillowed floor or within a hammock was a bit weird, but he got used to it the first few nights. But that night even *sitting* on the bed feels foreign to him so he tries to sleep on the floor, it's better and he only sleeps for an hour before jolting up from a nightmare he can barely remember.

***"TECHNOBLADE!" Red, red, red, red- a warrior has fallen.***

He's tired, he goes back to sleep.

Two hours.

***"C'me... home..." Blue, blue, blue, blue- a pyre of honor and respect.***

He wakes up, choking. It takes a bit before he closes his eyes again on the floor.

Another two hours.

***"No, I'm staying where I am. I am home." Red? No, green. Green, green green green- an enemy forever despised.***

Five hours, five hours in total and he's done. He gets up and stumbles his way towards the kitchen for anything to drink, water, tea, coffee-

Phil is there, startled to see him then he's concerned when he sees how tired and disgruntled he was. "Toby, sit down. I'll make some tea, yeah?" He suggested, going over to lead Toby towards a seat so he could sit down.

"Thanks Phil." Toby rasps, rubbing his eyes and slouching against the table. His hands propping his head up on it as he listened to Phil move around the kitchen. "... How's Technoblade? And Wilbur?" He asks quietly and hears the pause of movement before the filling of a kettle and it being set down.

"Techno's still in the house if that's what you're asking." Phil tells him, preparing the cups, "He never left. Wilbur too, both still asleep."

Toby sighed in relief and goes quiet. It's a comfortable silence between them, it goes on for a few minutes until the tea kettle whistles and Phil is preparing the tea. Giving Toby his cup when he was done, as well as a small jar of honey that has Toby smiling slightly.

The silence then continues, it's not awkward. It's not uncomfortable. It's just silent, patient. Phil gives him the space and time he needs to recompose himself and Toby basks in Phil's presence. Comforted by it alone. When Toby looks better, seems to be better and the sun is steadily rising over the horizon outside, Phil breaks the silence.

"Am I destined to watch all my children burn and die Toby?"



It's a heavy question, but Toby's been expecting it ever since Phil arrived. Phil, the father of the blade, the father of the ghost, the father of the manipulated. Phil, who tries to be a good dad, who tried in his timeline but couldn't succeed as much as he wanted to. Phil, the man who sat before him, quietly fearing for the future of not only himself, the world, but all three of his sons.

Toby doesn't ask how he knew or suspected Techno's death, maybe he saw it in the way Toby would look at Techno. Nostalgic and pained. Maybe it was that, or maybe it was father's intuition. Toby didn't know, but it didn't matter as he answered.

Toby cracks a smile, "What are you talking about Phil? Your grandson is fine, he's been through a lot but he grew up wonderfully even under pressure. He invented time travel and you helped him." A small, helpless smile appears on Philza's face.

"Hah, I guess you're right." Phil murmured, sipping his tea as he closed his eyes.

Toby waits before he speaks again, "He died saving Tommy." He wasn't there but he knows. He *knows*- Technoblade died saving Tommy. He wouldn't believe otherwise. "We gave him a warrior's funeral. Wish it was better and not hasty, but we gave him a fiery funeral of soul fire. It's the most effective against the Crimson." He murmurs, watching as a tear drips from Phil's face. "He didn't come back as a ghost. Not like Wilbur."

Phil wipes the tear away and blinks, "Wilbur turned into a ghost?"

Toby smiles, a bit bigger. "He called himself Ghostbur and he remembered only his happy memories."

He tells Phil about Ghostbur. The crystals he called 'Blue' that he liked to hand out, how happy he seemed even though sometimes it seemed like he was forcing himself to be happy, to forget the sad memories that came his way. He called his previous self 'Alivebur' and how he was more focused to be happy and try to reconnect with everyone in the afterlife. His lasting determination as a ghost.

"No one knows what happened to him after the Crimson spread. He just, disappeared." Toby finishes, saying nothing as Philza wiped his eyes. They were slightly red but he was a bit happier than he was earlier. "We want to think he's somehow moved on. It's better to think it that way."

Phil hummed, looking down at his empty tea-cup, "I suppose. It is better but... I wish you knew what happened to him."

"So do I Phil. So do I."

---

"We'll mine quickly, but carefully. Pay attention to where and what you're mining. Stay close. Dream, if any of us seem strange, knock our weapons out of our hands and either destroy the egg or get us out of there. It might be weak and small but it could still be very dangerous. Be very careful."

This was it.

All four of them were covered in netherite, enchanted. Dream had given him back his armor set for this and declined switching armors when Theo offered it. Their swords were enchanted with Soul-Fire Aspect, Theo had worked hard for those enchanting books. Combining soul-fire torches with enchanting books was a tiring task, there was only an infinitesimal amount chance of succeeding which was why he made so many soul-fire torches and used so many books. But thankfully, he had a spare enchanting book of Soul-Fire left in his ender chest so he only had to make two more for Sapnap and George.

"Y'know it's going to be anti-climactic if we mined down there and found nothing" George commented faux-casually. He was nervously adjusting his chestplate.

Sapnap nodded in agreement with a strained smile, "Yeah. We go down, we mine like, *everything* but nope. No ominous dangerous apocalyptic egg for *miles*."

"It would be anti-climactic." Theo agreed, but he continued seriously, "But it would either be for the worse or for the better... And by Ender you'll hope for the better."

"Okay." Dream motioned them to move, they had to leave the base first and actually get to the spot where they were supposed to mine. "Let's go. We have coordinates to get to and an egg to maybe find and hopefully destroy."

Theo's heart pumped in his chest in anticipation. Clutching his pickaxe in hand. "Right."

Here goes nothing.

---

Sprinting through the tunnels, Techno's heartbeat skyrocketed and his mind was whirling as he and Phil followed after Toby who was sprinting like his life depended on it.

*Theo. Tommy. Future Tommy, Theo.*

*hurry hurry HURRY HURRY!! WRONG WRONG WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?! oh ender oh ender. It feels disgusting!! WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK! help theo help help. KILL IT KILL IT KILL IT KILL IT!!! oh fuck oh fuck oh shit oh endering fuck. IT WON'T STAY STILL!! it's there right there kill it get it away!!!! FUCK OFF OH FUCKING FUCK KILL IT FOR ENDER'S SAKE. too late.*

His heart dropped into his stomach just as the three of them skidded to a halt into a chaotic man-made cavern. Tunnels going off into different directions at the edge of the cavern, ores left unmined, suspicious red liquid smearing the walls, the smell of burnt iron in the air and a few charred pieces of *something* on the floor. Currently within cavern with them were four certain men in netherite armor.

Two were at the side, Sapnap and Dream with Sapnap knocked out with his nose bleeding and Dream keeping him supported, while the other two were panting in the middle of the room, back-to-back, though George was on one knee, leaning on his sword. 'Theo' stood

behind him, on his feet and clutching a glowing sword covered in blue flames which were dying down, he wore a half-cracked mask, revealing the side of his face and-

"Tommy?"

Theo looked over to them and his face contorted into a sneer, quickly putting himself between them, with George, Dream and Sapnap behind him, he glared. "*Crimson Truce*." He spat through gritted teeth, aiming his glare at the stunned Toby. "It's gone." What?

*it escaped.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

:)

more things are happening! more things are happening!

i might not be able to update tomorrow, have things to do, but i will try to update. no promises.

# A Failed Attempt

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"It's been a while since I've walked the Prime Path." Theo mumbled aloud as they walked upon the wooden path that would help lead them towards the coordinates. Heading towards where the egg was supposed to be. He had gotten the coordinates from Sam a long time ago, when they were trying to track the Egg which had been moved by its followers to different places. Sam remembered the coordinates of where Bad found it, it wasn't exact but it was accurate and he'd written it down for them before he died like the rest of the others. The coordinates had been written on a stray slip of paper in his inventory, wedged in one the enchantment books just so he didn't forget it after he time travelled into the past.

And here he was. With the younger Dream Team who were still friends, still close, still a trio. They were alive and well. Theo would make sure it stayed that way.

"Before the Crimson, there used to be more shit around here. It's weird, seeing everything all green and nature-y after like, three? Four? A couple of years." Theo said, unable to resist looking around. Everything was green, nature was thriving as it should be and nothing was unnaturally red. The only red he could see was the red of his hoodie and the few poppies and tulips he managed to see scattered around.

Red was a conflicted color to him now, he liked wearing red- normal red. His hoodie was red, it was probably a shade darker from his old shirt that he used to wear. Normal red was fine for him, but bright unnatural red would always remind him of The Crimson. As well as other shades of red- but only if they were all together. If there were other colors mixed in, then it would probably be fine.

If there was something he and Toby could mutually agree on was that a completely red room would be a room they'd both try to avoid like the plague. They've lived the last years few years trying to survive and overcome the unnaturally bright red world that their Overworld had transformed into.

"Oh yeah?" George hummed, curious as to what the future was like before the apocalyptic takeover from a monstrous egg that may or may not even exist at the moment.

"Yeah. There's less clutter around, Targay hasn't been built, nor has the Prime Church, the Holy Lands haven't been established- Ender, I just realized that some people haven't even come into the SMP yet." Ranboo wasn't around, he wouldn't be for *years*. He wonders on where the enderman hybrid was right now before shaking his head.

He sees Sapnap mouth 'Targay' to himself, snorting right after. "Man, I wish I could've seen how the future was like- before the whole, horrorshow apocalypse thing." Sapnap says, arms behind his head and thoughtful. "Hey Theo, what was I like? I'm still pretty awesome aren't I? What'd I do before the uh, bullshit infection thing." He cringed, not really wanting to think

about how Theo's Sapnap got infected and ended up sacrificing George to the Egg and then dying to Dream, infecting him in turn. Man, the future really sucked for Theo. They would change it, he was sure of that but still. Theo still lived through it, remembered it.

"Oh! And me- what about me? Am I stuck with these losers for the rest of my life?" George questioned, glancing back at Theo- he seemed to like following them. Staying on their flank instead of walking with them. He slows his steps down and backs up a bit so they could walk side by side.

"You're still strong and annoying if that's what you're asking Sapnap. You've killed more pets in the future, you've been dubbed 'Pet Killer' and anyone with a pet filed a restraining order against you for their pets. You killed my old pet cow Henry." Theo told him making Dream and George burst out laughing while Sapnap spluttered and floundered. "I've forgiven you and it hasn't exactly happened yet here- sides I got my revenge back by destroying the awful wooden tower thing you made and threatening you with Mars."

Sapnap whirled to Dream, "Dude! *You* have Mars, why'd you give Theo Mars?!" He questioned, more shocked than hurt- it hasn't happened yet, or will never happen again because really. Being dubbed 'Pet Killer' and having a restraining order against people who had pets? He didn't even mean to kill pets half the time, he was just bad with animals! Other peoples animals at least.

Dream shrugged, "Dunno, maybe you pissed me off or were being such an idiot I gave Theo Mars to help him."

"To be fair Dream told me that I could not, in any circumstance, kill Mars whatsoever and I gave back Mars in the end." Theo chimed in helpfully, which helped calmed Sapnap down a bit. He was still grumbling though. "It was one of the rare times Dream and I got along before my exile." He doesn't tell Sapnap he died to Techno, Sapnap hadn't asked for more and Theo was long over the pet wars. Another war he participated, just not as seriously even though people still died in it.

"And? What about me?" George asked again, wanting to know at least something about himself.

Theo couldn't help the snort, "You do fine up until The Crimson started spreading, I wasn't exactly paying attention and Dream didn't tell me much while he was training me. I didn't even see you in person until I came back to L'Manberg as Dream's protoge, you looked like you were doing well with Sapnap." He was telling the truth, the last time he saw them before the Crimson, they were doing alright. However they weren't close anymore to Dream, there'd been a rift between them and Dream. He doesn't mention it. Doesn't talk about it.

They didn't have to know, and if they did- he'd deal with it. Maybe it would help, maybe it wouldn't. There's another slip of paper in his inventory, wedged between pages that he has just in case. He'd decided, George and Sapnap might be able to help him. It all depends though. Dream wouldn't like it anyway. But right now, they needed to focus.

On the Egg.

"We're here." Dream announced, and together, they started digging. They needed to get to the layer where the coordinates were, and from there.

They would search for it.

---

"Toby, Toby wait!" He stopped walking, surprised and let Wilbur catch up with him.

He'd just been leaving the house, planning to meet with Schlatt and Quackity - not to threaten them. He was done with that and he was sure they had gotten his point but to discuss on a few things about L'Manberg. Then afterwards he'd have to plan with Technoblade and Phil about the Crimson, they had to get ready. Theo was surely getting ready as well, no doubt prepping Dream up, either that or something else happened.

He didn't like it either way.

"Wilbur? Um, good morning. Have you had breakfast yet?" Toby asked him, it was rather early in the morning. He and Phil had a lovely time drinking tea a few hours earlier before Technoblade finally woke up and joined them for breakfast. He'd given Toby an annoyed look, no doubt still ticked on how he restrained the hybrid last night but reluctantly gave Toby the praise he deserved for such a feat. It made him quite happy.

By the time Tubbo, Tommy and Wilbur woke up and came down, Toby had stood up and told Phil and Techno that he'd first speak with Schlatt and Quackity. He'd told them yesterday before they came that they would meet to discuss a few things about L'Manberg. Techno's annoyance grew, Toby was an ex-president and was going to meet with the current president of L'Manberg, ever the anarchist. Though Toby suspected that he didn't want Toby to meet with the man who ordered his demise in a festival. Either way, Techno protested but ultimately had to stand down when Phil got involved.

"The government is the last thing you should be focusing on right now Techno." Phil pointed out to him. They both needed a permanent place to stay, Toby as well, not to mention they had to prepare for the Crimson. The Egg. Theo.

The government was the last thing they should be focusing on indeed. However Toby couldn't help himself, he still wanted L'Manberg to flourish. Wanted it to be- not exactly like *his* L'Manberg. He hoped opposite in fact, but he wanted the nation to stay standing and have a competent president that actually cared for it.

Wilbur shook his head, "Not yet but- I wanted to, to talk with you before you go." He said, looking both nervous and determined. "What you said, what you *asked* a couple of days ago..." Toby turned to him fully, giving him his full attention.

"I choose my family."

Toby's sigh of relief was deep and a bit emotional.

"I still want- I still *care* for L'Manberg though." Wilbur continued, "I made it, I *fought* for it. I don't want to blow it up."

Toby gave him a smile, "Good answer, Wilbur. I don't think you'll ever not care for L'Manberg, but you also need to care for yourself and for your family too." He nodded, "Give yourself some time Wilbur, I know you won't blow L'Manberg up." His smile dropped and he sighed, "My Wilbur was stressed out of his mind. He was paranoid after he was exiled, he spiraled into the deep end. But you know what? I don't blame him, not really. He was- He was a stressed man who was so focused on one thing that everything around him, including himself, fell apart. He pushed everyone away, but we should've resisted harder and helped him. Either way, I know you won't end up like my Wilbur."

Wilbur hesitantly nodded, a faint smile on his face but his eyes were troubled. Thoughtful, but troubled. Toby would keep an eye on him, ultimately though, he hoped that having Phil and Techno early and having Wilbur face himself and his family would be for the better. "I won't."

"Right. Now go back and eat some breakfast man! It's the most important meal of the day!" Toby insisted, pushing Wilbur back towards the direction of his house.

Wilbur squawked but complied after some more nudging, "Alright alright! I'll go!"

Toby watched him leave before continuing on to the White House where Quackity and Schlatt were waiting for him.

Ah, time to talk politics and morals.

He hasn't done any of his presidential duties in a while, he officially gave his position to Niki, letting her and Quackity focus on the rest of L'Manberg while he put himself more into going into the Overworld and getting supplies for Fundy and Phil.

He... really hopes they were doing alright.

---

The rhythmic sounds of the pick hitting stone, stone breaking apart and the occasional torch being placed was almost peaceful.

It would be, if it weren't for the heavy air of anticipation filling the tunnels that they were mining through. Even while they were talking through their communicators, the heavy air never left.

Dream snorted as he heard George and Sapnap bicker over the call the four of them were in, trying to lighten the mood by acting normal even as they scoured through the ground for an egg that might not even be there.

If the egg wasn't there, what would happen?

Theo would probably be paranoid, or grim. It's only been almost a week since they've met but Dream feels pretty good about him. He was *his* surprisingly good to Dream despite being the future version of Tommy. He even gave him his version of Cat. ~~He should give it back.~~ One of his most precious discs, his *only* disc apparently. Toby had Theo's Mellohi much to Theo's

chagrin however he still didn't care. The discs were worthless to him now aside as a sign that he had ~~given himself~~ sided with Dream.

It was ~~great~~ weird, having Theo close by and be so protective over him. And he guesses, being protective over Sapnap and George. He didn't have to give George and Sapnap those enchantments after all, Dream didn't even have to tell him.

All he's been doing was give to him and his friends, granted he was trying to prevent the end of the world but it was still nice of him to do so.

Dream though can't help but feel ~~satisfied guilty~~ strange around Theo.

From the very start, he felt ~~apprehensive pleased~~ with Theo's alliance to him.

He wasn't blind to Theo's reactions towards him, his contact seeking of permission and reassurance, the way he kept close to Dream and defended him all the time, reading between the lines of his stories about the future and how Toby possibly wanted to kill him- he knew something was up. Something *happened* and he's been feeling conflicted ever since Theo gave him his Cat disc.

He felt...

*Invigorated, it's what he wants. Total obedience and submissive, he wants to control Theo.*

*Terrified, it's what he doesn't want. So obedient and subservient, he wants to help Theo.*

"Uh guys?" Sapnap's voice snapped him out of his thoughts, his best friend sounding hesitant. "I think I may have found it? It's an egg but it's like, one block in size. It's just sitting there."

Theo's voice immediately spoke up, "Sapnap stay away from it and wait for us to come find you. Where are you?"

"You *found* it? Where? Sapnap where are you?" George asked over the call.

"Sapnap tell us where you are!"

"Okay okay! I'm at-" Sapnap started, sounding off the coordinates but at the end he seems to be trailing off. "Guys, *what the fuck it's **talking** to me.*"

Dream had immediately turned his tunnel, heading towards where Sapnap was, mining through the stone. He paused and glanced over to his communicator, "What?"

"Sapnap, Sapnap *get away from the egg.*" Theo stressed through the call.

"Guys it- it sounds *scared*. It sounds like a kid- we, we can't kill it. It needs help!"

"Sapnap what the fuck are you talking about?" George was starting to sound pretty freaked out, Dream was feeling pretty freaked out himself.



Theo screamed through the communicators, "***QUICKLY GET TO SAPNAP HE'S UNDER THE EGG'S CONTROL, DON'T LET HIM TAKE THE EGG!***"

"I'm not- just *listen* to me it sounds so fucking terrified, *we have to help it!!*"

Dream mined as fast as he could towards Sapnap, he wasn't the only one but he was the first one to arrive.

Their tunnels connected and Dream stared directly at Sapnap who started back at him in surprise.

Sapnap stood in the tunnel, cradling a large bright red egg that had *tentacles* coming out of it. Tentacles that were actually scarlet vines wrapped securely around Sapnap's arms, Sapnap's eyes had flecks of red in them and something in the back of his head *hissed* at the sight.

*He's mine don't you fucking touch him-*

*Save him save him Sapnap SAPNAP-*

Any conflict in his head was forgotten as Sapnap screamed, frantic and wide-eyed, desperate. "*Dream please! Can't you hear it?! It's scared, we can't hurt it-*" He pleaded, backing away from Dream who got out his newly enchanted netherite sword.

Just in time, George managed to find them, eyes widening at the sight of Sapnap holding the egg, "Sap-" He was interrupted by both Dream surging forward to attack the egg in Sapnap's arms and Theo's scream.

***"GET THE EGG! KILL IT NOW BEFORE IT ESCAPES!"***

Sapnap let out a terrified screech, it sounded inhuman as Sapnap bounded away from Dream and back through the tunnel he mined. Dream chased after him, sprinting as quickly as he could to try and catch up to his controlled friend. George followed after them.

*"Sapnap's running Theo! Dream's running after him but Sapnap's got the Egg in his arms!"*

*"Get the egg away from Sapnap, don't let them escape!"*

It's a rush of adrenaline as Dream and George chased Sapnap through the tunnels. Sapnap couldn't do anything but run since he was using both arms to properly carry the Egg. Theo had gone silent but that was because he was rushing through his own tunnel, hoping to catch up to them or even better; cut Sapnap off before he could escape.

*"Sapnap come back! You're not thinking clearly- Drop the Egg!!"* George shouted desperately at his friend, wanting to somehow get through to him but unfortunately it didn't work. The Egg was in Sapnap's hands and was touching him, the connection was strongest that way in its small and weak state.

***"LEAVE US ALONE!"*** Sapnap screeched back, the vines tightening around his arms.

Dream stayed silent, more focused on trying to catch Sapnap then to talk, something urgent in his every move.

Finally, they emerged from Sapnap's tunnel into the man-made cavern they had made. A spacious area, but it also had the only created entrance and exit. Thankfully though, Theo was already there, and he stood in the way the exit, blocking the path.

Sapnap skidded to a halt, clutching the Egg tightly to his chest as Theo glared at it through his smiley mask. "End of the line *fucker*." He spat, sword held tightly between his hands.

"No no no no *no*-" Sapnap chanted, forcefully backed into a corner as the three of them surrounded him. Tearfully, he begged for the Egg's life. "Please! *Please*- can't you hear it? It's *crying* you can't- you can't kill it-"

"Don't worry Sapnap, we'll- we'll snap you right out of it." George shakily said, trembling as he stared down his pleading friend. Mind control it was just mind control, Sapnap wouldn't beg like this, the Egg was using him.

*Kill it kill it it has OUR TOOL*

*Kill it kill it it has OUR FRIEND*

"You're going to pay for even trying to use Sapnap you damned Egg." Dream promised firmly, scowling underneath his mask, sword raised and aimed right at the Egg.

Theo said nothing, silently seething as he raised his sword in the air.

---

"-nd. So taking down the walls would be a good idea regardless. And besides if anything happens I'm sure we can build the walls back up." Schlatt said, being both surprisingly and unsurprisingly well knowledgeable, determined and behaved. Schlatt was competent when he actually gave a fuck, Toby had to give him that. When he was younger he flipped and flopped on the presidential seat, unsure on what to do and self-conscious- he was fucking twenty, he had no idea what he was doing and Quackity tried to help but he was only just a bit older than him anyway.

"Well Toby? Walls up or down?" Quackity asked, glancing over to the time travelling man that sat with them in the room.

Toby hummed, "You make a good point Schlatt. You know, when you actually do shit and give a fuck, you make a compelling president." He told him before turning to Quackity, "I won't make that decision. It's up to you two as well as the populace of L'Manberg. Hear what they say and think, persuade them if you want but no bribery. Like I said, I'm here to make sure you don't make bad decisions but I won't make those decisions for you, I'll give you advice and if I think it's a really bad decision I'll stop you."

He was done being president, he doesn't mind being an advisor though. But he had more important things to focus on. Eventually.

Schlatt looked disgruntled but resigned as he nodded, "Yeah yeah, I'll make a public announcement about the walls, make poll, all that sweet jazz." He grumbled, "Remind me to do that Quackity." Quackity nodded back, scribbling it down.

This was almost nostalgic, having the three of them in one room making plans- only Schlatt wasn't being that much of an asshole mostly out of caution and fear, Quackity was a bit more subdued and hesitant but he was getting there and Toby was a time-travelling man who's been done with Schlatt's shit a long time ago.

But yeah, almost nostalgic.

They continued to talk for a while, plans for L'Manberg, possible new laws, Toby reminding Schlatt that his alcoholism was going to contribute to his death when Schlatt went to get something to drink.

He came back with coffee but glared at Toby who smiled back at him. Quackity quietly sipped his soda, muttering occasionally in Spanish.

Of course, it all changed when Technoblade burst into the room with a frantic Philza behind him.

*"Something's wrong and we need to go **now!**"*

*egg wrong wrong wrong. Ender oh fucking ender that's not right. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING? EGG!!! holy fuck holy fuck holy fuck. THEO'S WEARING DREAM'S MASK AND THERE'S A CREEPY MONSTER EGG!! it's not supposed to be here. KILL IT HOLY FUCK KILL IT BURN IT WITH FIRE!! BLOOD BLOOD KILL IT FOR ITS BLOOD. TOBBYYYYYYY THE EGGGG!!!!*

Toby was sprinting out the door with Technoblade and Philza in no time, leaving a flustered and startled Schlatt and Quackity behind in the White House.

It turns out that when Phil and Techno went out to explore L'Manberg, they had met with BadBoyHalo and Skeppy. They greeted each other and talked but one stray comment about how weird Dream and his friends were being spiraled into something so much more.

---

*"Dream's acting weird?" Techno asked, fist clenching at the very mention of the masked bastard. Phil's eyes hardened but he tried not to let it show as he focused on the demon and human duo in front of him.*

*Both Skeppy and Bad nodded, "Yeah, they told us to stay away from some specific coordinates today." Skeppy replied with a frown.*

*Before Techno could ask anything else, the piglin hybrid was startled as Chat surged in a frenzied panic. He doubled over as they **screamed** at him, no bloodlust in sight but a sense of panic and apprehension.*

*ask him!! SOMETHING'S OFF TECHNO ASK BAD ABOUT THE CORDS!!! something's happening something's happening somethings happening. WRONG WRONG WRONG WRONG. fuck fuck what is going on. THE COORDINATES! NOW!! we need them techno get them. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH. e g g g g g g.*

*"Oh muffins! Techno are you-" Techno interrupted the demon, looking him in the eyes with a look of confused panic.*

*"I need those coordinates."*

*Phil gave him a concerned look, "Technoblade?" He questioned softly but Techno kept staring at Bad who stared back in surprise.*

*"Please."*

*Skeppy and Bad shared a look, Bad frowning before carefully replying, "Well, you did say please..."*

---

He thought the Egg was weaker in its smaller state.

He thought it couldn't move on its own, maybe it couldn't when it was fucking huge and fat like it was in the future. It took various infected mobs and people to move the damn thing from place to place.

*"What the fuck." Theo says softly, staring across the field as the Egg was being carried across the land on the backs of infected mobs, pushed on by infected people. Behind him, Dream gripped his shoulder tightly. "Dream, what do-" "We tell the others. The Egg is moving, come on."*

Well, it probably was weaker now that was it smaller but the damn thing was fucking *crafty* and *faster*. Theo realizes as the Egg fucking *leaps out* of Sapnap's hold. The scarlet fucking vines lashing out, attempting to latch on to the closest target- *Dream*.

*"No!"* Theo screams, shoving Dream aside and letting the Egg latch on to *him* instead. He ends up on his back, the Egg right on top of him, bright red and *fucking feral*.

The Egg *screeches*, it actually *screeches*. Not just in his head, where it's muffled thanks to the static but right at the bottom where the vines were coming out, its mouths open and screech like the monster it was. The vines flail and wrap around his arms and his neck, trying to gain control or at the very least *hurt him*- *"Get-It-OFF!"* Theo snarled, struggling to both keep the Egg away and get the vines off of his neck. One vine lashed out hard and managed to break half of his fucking mask!

*"Theo!"* George and Dream scream, scrambling to help him, only Sapnap is still under the lingering control and he grabs George, holding on to him tightly.

*"I won't let you hurt it!"* Sapnap shouts, eyes crazed with red flecks in his pupils as he tried to choke George out too.

George wheezed, Sapnap's arm around his neck. Dream quickly pried Sapnap's arm away from George, shoving his friend away, "*Help Theo!*" Dream exclaimed briefly before he and Sapnap got into a fist fight. It doesn't last long but Dream manages a *hard hit* to Sapnap's face, breaking his nose and knocking him out while George and Theo handled the Egg.

He desperately gulped in some air but spared no time running towards Theo and the Egg. He grabbed the Egg and *pulled*- The Egg switched victims, latching on to *George* instead and George screamed, seeing the mouths that edged along the area where the vines came from the Egg. "*Heeelp!!*" In the back of his head something started to *whisper- help me save me obey don't let me die feed me love me keep me safe listen -*

Theo coughed, shaking his head but he got his sword out and *swung*- the Egg **screamed** the moment the sword connected to one of it's vines. The vine and sword burst into blue flames, breaking the internal chant in George's head and snapping him out as the Egg continued screaming. Terrified, George *threw* the Egg at the wall.

With a hard *crack* and *splat!* The Egg collided with the wall, its exterior cracked and red liquid coming from the mouth where a stump of the vine was. It didn't fall to the floor though, it held on to the wall, skittering across it, smearing the liquid against it before it *dug up*. Disappearing upwards through the stone.

"No-" Theo snarled only to cough again, his voice rough and his sword still flaming. He was about to try and follow it when behind him, George let out a small whimper and fell to the ground on one knee, leaning against his sword. Trembling and panting on the ground. To the side, he could see Dream supporting a bloody-nosed and knocked out Sapnap, he could see the way Dream's body trembled slightly as well.

He'd failed protecting them. He failed in preparing them for the Egg.

And the Egg *escaped*.

The amount of shame and rage in his body was almost overwhelming but it was familiar.

Then he hears it.

Footsteps.

Sprinting footsteps and-

"Tommy?"

His heart skips a beat and his hands tremble slightly at the familiar voice. ~~Dad~~ Phil.

*"Please Tommy come back!" Phil cried out, reaching his hand out for him. He doesn't move. Dream ruffles his hair and has a grin on his face after they return to the Stronghold.*

Technoblade.

*"Theseus... Come home..." Technoblade whispered to him, bleeding out. He ignores the plea, trying to keep him alive. Dream hugs him and whispers comfort and apologies in the*

*Stronghold.*

Toby.

*"Tommy please- Dream is dead! You can come back now!" Tubbo screams at him from afar. He stays away and leaves the supplies in the chest like always. He's alone in the Stronghold.*

He sneers at them. Here they were, right in front of him. He thinks about the Dream Team and he steps forward, putting himself between them and Toby, Phil and Technoblade. They'd have to get through him to get to them, but right now, all he can do is invoke a familiar phrase.

*"Crimson Truce."* He spat through gritted teeth and a sore aching throat, aiming his glare at the stunned Toby. ~~he can't look at phil and techno he can't~~ "It's gone."

He needs more help. From someone who's more experienced with dealing with the Egg.

He needs Toby's help and he knows, Toby needs his help.

---

## Chapter End Notes

it's late but i managed to finish my thing i was supposed to do today with spare time to write!

i am very tired tho and i would like to sleep through new year

also! happy early new year! in just two days 2020 is over and i am just going to continue onwards like nothing has happened :)

at least in real life, in the story plenty of things are happening :))

also i hope the fight scenes were okay, however brief they were and honestly i think they're kinda janky but i hope they at least good.

# Hello

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

Tommy stands before him, a grown man and *broken*.

Theo looks so much like Tommy but *wrong*- the color of his eyes and hair are too dull, his hair is longer, there's a scar on his face that would have taken his eye had it been just inches over. On his face is a broken mask, if it wasn't broken it would've definitely been identical to the mask Dream was wearing.

And his face is *sneering*. A swirl of emotions in his single exposed eye but his face contorts and he sneers at him, Techno and Toby.

Phil's son is different in the wrong ways in Toby's future. And all because the man that just blocks away, supporting his knocked out friend who had a bleeding and probably broken nose.

He doesn't know what happened here, but all he can focus on is that fact that the older version of his son is before him and he's not looking at him or Techno.

He's glaring at Toby with reluctance in his voice, failure in his eyes and a posture filled with shame and anger.

"*It's gone*." Theo repeats, rubbing his throat and coughing slightly. "We found the damned Egg but now it's gone."

Toby looked flabbergasted but also fearful, "*It's gone?! How?! It's supposed to be weaker, it-*"

"*It was weaker*." Theo interrupted, gripping his sword tightly, a look of frustration on his face. "But it was *smaller* and *faster* and fucking *crafty*. Apparently it can move on it's own when it's the size of one enderdamned block." He seethed, "It still had its vines and it was more efficient with it. It wasn't the fucking size of Church Prime yet so it was quick as shit, I've managed to cut a piece of it with my sword and George threw it on the wall- the exterior *cracked* and it was definitely bleeding as you can fucking tell." He motioned to the smear on the wall and they glance at it before back at him as he continues. "It's gone now. Crawled against the wall like a hell spider and dug away."

Toby swore, looking over the smear and then the hole that the Egg had made for its escape. "Why didn't you wait?! You could have told me you were going after the Egg and we could've gotten it together!" He exclaimed, whirling back to look at Theo who gave him a pissed glare.

"You *knew* I was going to go after the damned Egg, you could've come yourself! That was the main objective in going in the past wasn't it- destroy the Egg, save the fucking future. But

you were too busy with L'Manberg and shit. You wanted to change the future there, go right ahead but I was focusing on the mission." Theo hissed.

Toby glared back, "Are you sure about that?" He questioned coldly, his eyes darting over to Dream at the side.

"Oi!" Theo barked, stepping back into Toby's line of sight, his stance ready and wary and protective over Dream. Over the Dream Team. "Eyes on me fucker, we're discussing important shit right now and I *said* Crimson Truce. Look, point is- The one real chance to destroy the Egg fucked up, my fucking bad. But now we have a real shits to hell problem, the Egg is gone, we don't fucking know where it is and now it knows we're coming for it."

The dark-haired time traveler scowled and winced, pressing a hand on his head and glancing over to Techno who was gaze was switching between Dream and Theo, Phil could only assume that Chat was going wild and it was affecting both Toby and Techno. Techno was already pulling out his diamond sword, a dark scowl on his face.

*OLDER TOMMY OH ENDER HE LOOKS BADASS BUT HE SOUNDS SO MEAN!! he sounds so different! hurt him make him PAY. Dream definitely brainwashed him he's wearing his mask!! pog theo but damn he fucked up on the egg. wrong wrong wrong it's all wrong. I wonder what that liquid tastes like. DREAM!!! oh ender what's going on? there's something wrong with them. Dream fucked up he fucked with Theo holy fuck why Dream why. KILL HIM!! OFFER HIS BLOOD TO THE BLOOD GOD!!*

Phil was definitely right to assume that the Chat was affecting both Toby and Techno. Technoblade's bloodlust was rising as the voices descended more and more into violence. The more passive voices were being pushed down as the chant for blood started to ring in their ears, fueled by Techno's own anger at Dream and Toby's repressed vitriol for the man.

Unfortunately, Theo of course noticed and snarled at them both. He took off his mask and threw it at Toby, it nailed him in the head. "*Calm **the fuck** down you savage **assholes!***" Theo shouts, face fully revealed- it was bleeding slightly as fragments of his broken mask were in his cheek, and Phil wanted to help him so much. "If you take even *one threatening step* I will attack you. *All of you.*" He stressed, glancing over Technoblade and Phil. "I will fucking stop whatever Enderdamned rampage you idiotic dickheads will do, and Chat can fuck off with that bullshit too. You're going to have to get through *me* to get to *them.*" He declared firmly, a shield suddenly in one hand and his axe in the other.

"Tommy-" Phil tried to speak, hurting over how Theo seemed to acting right now. He flinched at the glare he got from him.

"It's *Theo* Philza. Tommy is a naive brat thinking he's a man when in reality he's some dumb irritating bitch. Your Tommy is someone I've stopped being a long time ago. And *you* stopped being my father for longer than that."

"*Tommy!*" Toby exclaimed as Phil gasped.

Techno growled, "Do you even *hear yourself?* That man has *brainwashed* you, he's just using you-"



Theo scoffed, "He's done fucking nothing. This Dream has done fucking *nothing* to me, and you know what? He's still got my loyalty in the end, so shut the fuck up pig man. Either you fight me and *kill me* or you stand down and stop being fucking *idiots* and we can discuss actually important shit like the damn *Egg* that *got away*." He said, standing his ground. He wasn't going to let them get to the Dream Team, get to Dream. He was going to fight them, like he said before. He was willing to give away his life for them, for him, for Dream.

Behind him George and Dream stared, George looking confused and conflicted while Dream's face was hidden behind that mask so no one knew what he was thinking.

*stop, he's serious - he's willing to die for dream and his weaponry is far better than yours toby might help but theo is dangerously determined.*

Toby gritted his teeth, "I *know* that." He hissed to the voice who managed to speak above the chanting which was gradually dying down as the passive voices returned, trying to quell the violent, chanting voices. Violence wasn't the most optimal option now. "We've fought before, he's good. *Really good*." He almost died permanently during one of their fights, but he had managed to get his hands on an Undying Totem and survived the ordeal. "*Fine*. Technoblade, put away your sword."

*DREAM HAS TO DIE! older tommy what the fuck why are you doing this? he's changed so much! KILL DREAM ANYWAY!! toby says he's good so he must be a fucking powerhouse. He has better armor than us we shouldn't fight him. WE CAN TAKE HIM! and if dream decides to join in? George too they both have good netherite armor! techno and phil need better armor and weapons. WE NEED TO FOCUS ON THE EGG ANYWAY!! DON'T HURT THEO!*

Techno's jaw clenched and he grunted but reluctantly, he put away his sword. He still gave Dream a glare, the masked man still staying silent. But his grip on Sapnap tightened.

Theo gave Toby and Techno a narrowed-eyed look, but he too, put away his shield and axe. He took a new mask out of his inventory, surprisingly it was a bit different than the smiley mask that Dream gave him or as Toby told him and Techno about, a frowning face on the porcelain instead of a smiling one. "There's no point staying here. Let's go above ground, staying down here is making me claustrophobic."

Phil watched the older version of his youngest son help George up, whispering something to the goggled man before moving on to Dream and Sapnap. He watched him offer Dream that he would carry Sapnap, Dream hesitated but finally shook his head. Theo nodded back but said they would have to heal Sapnap first, set his nose back in.

Theo does it, efficiently as if he's done it before. Then he motions George closer so they could all be within the splash zone of the healing potion he threw.

Phil does not recognize Theo. He looks like Tommy but he's not. He is, but he's not.

What happened to his son?

---

"Hey Tubbo."

Tubbo blinked and glanced over to Tommy, "Yeah?" He asked, swinging his axe at the tree- they were getting more wood. Tubbo had nearly run out just a bit ago and Tommy offered to help him gather more wood. "What is it Tommy?"

"Do you really think we can get Theo back on our side?" At that question, Tubbo stopped swinging just as the wood breaks and he gives Tommy a confused and concerned look. Tommy had his head bowed, axe gone from his hands as he stared at them. "You saw what he did, at the elections. He almost hit me, any closer to my face or if Toby wasn't there- he probably could have one shot me with that axe. *Me*, his own, younger self."

Tubbo winced as he remembered that moment. He remembers the way the axe glinted and glowed with its obviously high-tiered enchantments. Remembers the way it grazed Tommy's nose before Toby shoved Tommy back and intercepted with his sword. Remembers how terrified he'd been *for* Tommy, holding on to him tightly- *he was only on one life now he couldn't afford to be reckless*. "I- well, he said he wasn't actually going to hit you." He said weakly which only made Tommy snort.

"Yeah I guess but still, what kind of fucked up man did I grow into to actually *do shit* like that? Not to mention side with *Dream* of all people! I mean, there were moments where we got along yeah but those are far and in between!" Tommy exclaimed, fists clenching tightly. "You heard Toby, even after Dream died Theo wouldn't come back! He just- he stayed away from L'Manberg, from Phil, from *you*- now that he's here and there's an alive Dream. Can we really bring him back to our side? Snap him out of whatever the fuck happened to him?"

Tubbo doesn't like the doubt in Tommy's voice, because they were talking about *Theo* here. Tommy's older, alternate self that came from a bad future. "It won't be easy," He started, going over to offer him a comforting hand. "But we surely could do *something* at least. He's you! Older, kind scarier and stuff but surely we could get him back." They had to. For Toby. For Phil and Techno. For *them*.

Because this whole future thing has him realizing that there was a possibility that his friendship with Tommy could actually be severed. That their bond could be broken and that they'd drift apart and change into people they could hardly recognize in a bad way. Not that Toby was bad, oh no. But Tubbo had caught on to the longing glances he sent Tommy whenever he thought no one was looking. Caught on to Toby's repressed rage over Dream. Caught on to the trauma that he had.

He wanted his future self to heal, to have his Tommy back. And that it could be proof.

Proof that despite what happened, they could still be friends. Best friends, he and Tommy against the world.

Toby and Theo were proof that their friendship wasn't invincible, that it could be broken and that they could very well end up almost hating each other. Tubbo secretly hated them for that. But he wanted to help Toby get Theo, both for Toby's sake and his own.

Tommy smiled at him, though it didn't reach his eyes. It was clear he wanted to believe Tubbo but his doubts were too strong. "Yeah. Somehow..."

They continued gathering wood, easily reaching more than two stacks, they planted some saplings before deciding to head back towards Tubbo's house where basically everyone was bunking in. Tubbo lightened the mood with Tommy, steering the conversation away from their troublesome future and instead focused on what they could do now- the elections were over. They had more free time than before, of course they would come to help Toby but right now Toby was with Schlatt and Quackity or so Phil told them before they left.

When they arrived back, they were confronted by Wilbur, "Have you seen Phil and Techno on your way back here? They were out exploring L'Manberg but they haven't come back yet." He said with a frown, it deepened when both boys shook their heads. "Hm."

"Maybe they're out gathering resources too, I know Techno's itching to get better armor and supplies." Tommy proposed, remembering how his brother grumbled underneath his breath about the state of his armor and their supplies- he grumbled even more when they had told him about how high-tiered Toby's armor and weapons were.

"They could be sidetracked by someone or something in the town, maybe they saw Niki and had lunch!" Tubbo added in, his stomach growling afterwards making him smile sheepishly, "Speaking of lunch."

Wilbur and Tommy laughed, and the three of them went off into the kitchen to get some lunch.

"Maybe we should go look for them." Wilbur suggested after lunch, noticing that Phil and Techno had yet to return, they hadn't sent any messages. Oh right, messages! He could just ask where they were. He got his communicator out, beginning to type into it.

Tommy waved him off, "I'm sure they're fine Wil! It's Dad and the Blade, they'd totally be fine no matter what! If Tech was here he'd go all, ' Ahhmmm- hooo I'm Technoblade bluh bluh Technoblade never dies buh' and shit." He mocked, grinning widely as Tubbo tried to smother his snicker.

Wilbur snorted, rolling his eyes as he kept typing into his communicator, sending off messages to Phil and Techno.

Tubbo shook his head but paused when he heard the faint sound of the front door opening, "I think they're back, or at least Toby is." He said, going over to see who came back. Only to yelp in shock when he saw the entourage at the entrance of his house. Wilbur and Tommy were quick to run over to see why he was so surprised.

Tommy's eyes widened before they narrowed down, "What the fuck are *they* doing here?!" Tommy screamed, pointing at the four netherite clad men that were behind Toby, Phil and Techno. "They're- what the shit happened to Sapnap?" He couldn't help but question as he sees Sapnap on Dream's back, his face bloody and bruised, the bruise was healing but that was a lot of blood on his face.

He also noticed the frowning mask on Theo's face, his confusion and apprehension growing.

Techno and Toby seemed to be in a bad mood, both of them shooting Dream occasional glares. Phil seemed downtrodden, heartbroken- his expression both lit up and got sadder when he saw Tommy himself.

"Dream punched him because he was under the mind control of an evil egg." George told Tommy, glancing between him and Theo before turning to Tubbo, smiling weakly. "Mind if we come in? Toby uh, insisted we go to your house instead of anywhere else."

Tubbo could only helplessly shrug, motioning them to come in. "Uh go on? Jeez, why is my house so popular lately?" He asked himself as the group of men entered his house.

"Sorry, it was the only closest and safest place that came to mind at the time. And I certainly didn't want to go with *them*." Toby apologized to his younger self who could only shrug it off with a nod of understanding.

"No no it's fine! Um, I would have appreciated a warning though." Tubbo pointed out making Toby laugh sheepishly.

"Yeah I probably should have given you a warning."

With that, they were all in the living room, Sapnap laid on a bed that was just crafted so he could rest and be unconscious all he wanted.

The room was split though, with Toby, Tubbo, Phil, Tommy, Wilbur and Techno on one side and Theo, Dream, George and the unconscious Sapnap on the other.

There was a heavy tension mixed with some awkwardness that permeated the room, Wilbur ignored it to ask what happened.

"The Egg happened," Theo answered with a grumble, standing by Dream's side while he and George sat down on two placed blocks. "We tried to destroy it for good, before it could grow and things went to shit. Sapnap found it first but his mind got jacked by it and he ended up trying to run away with the Egg. It was the size of a block and he had to use both hands since apparently you can't put the Egg into your inventory. Makes sense since it's an entity."

George shivered, "Definitely a hostile one."

Dream turned to him, "You okay? That thing almost got you didn't it?" He ignored the glares he got from the three males whose names all started with a T; Techno, Toby and of course, Tommy.

"Yeah I- fuck, it was *terrifying*. There was this voice, it was all sweet in my head. It kept whispering and it just-" He shivered again, hands gripping his own arms tightly. "It felt and sounded so *wrong*."

Toby and Theo scowled, "That's the Egg's voice. It changes from time to time depending on whose near it, for people who are resistant to its voice it'll whisper and try to get your guard down. But usually people are immediately influenced by it, like Sapnap over there." Theo

pointed at him with his thumb. "It was really weak, the exterior cracked when George threw it at the wall. It didn't die unfortunately and got away."

"It *got away*?!" Tubbo yelped, terrified at the thought of a monster egg on the loose.

Toby grimaced but nodded, "Yeah, which is why they're here. We have a truce, for now. Crimson Truce- or well, Egg Truce right now. No Crims..on... Hold on." Abruptly he stood up and scrambled over to Sapnap, only to be stopped by Theo.

"*What the fuck* do you think you're you doing?" Theo questioned stonily, gripping Toby's sleeve shoulder tightly.

Toby threw his arm off, "We have to check on him to see if he's infected!" He snapped, "You said he was in contact and was controlled by the Egg, we have to check him!"

"Shit." Theo cursed and together, they stripped Sapnap of his armor and clothing much to the shock of the others.

"*Dude-*"

"*Ack, Toby!*"

---

"Ahh dammit..."

'...'

"I'm fine, I'm fine. It wasn't that bad, just lost two hearts and my legs hurt."

'...!'

"Yeah that would suck, but don't worry. I'm good."

'...!!'

"Hm? Oh! Oh crap! Okay, okay okay okay- We're good! We're fine! Look see? There's- a cave, let's stay in the cave for now."

'...'

"So you keep telling me... It's certainly going to take a while to get there."

'...?'

"No no, I'm just pointing it out. There was nothing left for me back there, it's fine. Besides, you need to go there don't you? Might as well come with, all the stories you've been telling me are interesting. I want to meet them."

'...'

"Mhmm.... Thank you by the way."

'...!'

---

*save me save me protect me feed me hungry angry hungry bad men hurt help me save me help me hungry angry angry*

---

## Chapter End Notes

i'll admit, the confrontation to me seems weak i probably could have done better- i didn't sleep all to well so that might contribute to it but damn! rocky start with trying to mend things- it's a very rocky start and things are being balanced on a very thin line.

also i don't remember where exactly the egg's location was in terms of the server and stuff but for here let's say that it's closer to l'manberg than it is to the smp? idk but it was for the sake of having the dreamteam plus theo be in tubbos house and l'manberg

ALSO HAPPY NEW YEAR YOU GUYS

just gonna say it because by the time i wake up tomorrow, it'll be 2021  
may i continue my miraculous update schedule

# Scars

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"*Toby Theo what the fuck are you doing?!*" Dream exclaimed loudly, and though it was Dream, almost everyone else agreed with his question as Theo and Toby worked together to strip Sapnap of his armor and clothing- thankfully though they didn't strip him *naked*. No, they left Sapnap's pants alone. That still didn't change the fact that Sapnap was now shirtless and half-naked on a bed in Tubbo's living room.

Theo was holding Sapnap's right arm up, checking the skin, "We're checking to see if he was infected by the Egg." He answered Dream while Toby carefully moved Sapnap's neck, checking his neck and head. "Flip." He said and they both flipped Sapnap on his front, looking over his back.

Unease settled in the air as they remembered that in the future, the Egg caused the Crimson, caused an infection so their actions made sense. But it was still strange to watch them both work together just to look over Sapnap's half-naked body.

"Ender this is so weird to watch." Tommy muttered and those who heard it agreed, watching two time-travelling men inspect the half-naked and unconscious body of someone you know. It was weirder for Dream and George since Sapnap was their best friend, but honestly it would've been amusing if it weren't an actual concern. "So? Is he infected?" Tommy asked as Theo and Toby sigh in what seemed to be relief, sitting on their asses on the floor.

"No. No red spots or roots showing," Toby replied, rubbing his face. "If you're inspected there would be either an unnaturally red spot or roots on the upper half of your body. It always shows right at either the surface of the skin or just underneath it."

Tubbo's face contorted into displeasure as he imagined it, "That seems a little gross."

Theo snorted, "That's a fucking understatement. Ever seen a flower or berry grow from the roots underneath skin of a person?" The faces he got for even asking had him snorting again. "Yeah. It's not pretty to watch." He said darkly remembering every flower that Dream had grown. Toby's face went just as dark as he remembered the writhing roots and the quickly budding flowers that Technoblade had.

Theo suddenly remembered that George had been grabbed by the Egg as well, he stood up and motioned George over.

"George, come here and take of your shirt." George looked startled, he then paled when he realized why Theo wanted him to take off his shirt.

Despite being in front of other people, George took off his chest plate and lifted his shirt- he didn't completely take it off. He let Theo check his back though and sighed in relief when

Theo shook his head and quickly put his shirt down. "Wait, what about you? It- It was attacking you before, it was trying to choke you." George said with worry.

"I'll check later-" Theo said, only to be interrupted.

"It tried to *choke you!*?" Phil exclaimed, hurrying over to try and check on Theo only for Theo to back away.

"It *failed*. I can fucking check myself later, I don't feel anything off." Theo replied stiffly, scowling underneath his mask.

Toby however, got to his feet. "Oh no, we'll check you now- having *one of us* infected so early will cost us in the end." He argued, glaring defiantly at Theo. "It's a risk we *can't* take."

"You think I *don't know that*? But like I said, I can check my-fucking-self-" Theo spat, not wanting to take off his hoodie.

Tommy rolled his eyes, "You've stripped Sapnap and told George to take off his shirt- stop being a bitch and just lose the fucking hoodie already!" He exclaimed, ignoring the looks he got. He was neutral about hoodies before, he had some of his own in his closet but Theo and Dream pretty much ruined his opinion about them.

"*Shut up!*" Theo barked at his younger self who stuck his tongue out at him.

By this time, George had returned to Dream's side. He glanced at him and nudged him, motioning to Theo who was still protesting against Toby and Phil's insistence to let them even *near* him. "Theo." Theo immediately silenced himself, giving Dream his full attention much to everyone else's chagrin. "Take off your hoodie." Theo faltered, clutching the red fabric before reluctantly nodding.

"Alright *fine*." He tugged his hoodie off, showing off the simple white t-shirt underneath. "None on my fucking arms-"

"What about underneath your shirt?" Toby questioned with a frown, his brows furrowed.

Theo growled but reluctantly pulled his shirt up, he didn't take it off completely, he just pulled it up enough to reveal most of his back and front. No one would see the blue staining his skin at the base of his neck, not if he had anything to say.

A root-pattered scar covered his side. Coming from right above his hip and crawling over to the other and upperside of his chest.

"What the *hell* is that?" Techno asked, staring at the scar- it almost resembled a lichtenberg figure scar, the type of scar you get when you were struck by lightning or high amounts of electricity. Only the scar was so much darker, permanent and jagged. "Theo, what the hell is that?"

Toby stared at it, a look of horror dawning his face. "I thought you said you weren't infected-" He said and the tension spiked from his words.



*"FUCK!" Tommy shouted as the blade sliced into his side, the pain heightened as the roots quickly slithered into the wound. "TOMMY!" Dream shouted as Tommy stumbled back, the infected gurgled from the sudden sword to the neck, Dream kicking them away and quickly scrambling to Tommy's side. Tommy pressed against the wound, clawing at it and trying to pull the roots out but too many had entered his side.*

Theo snarled underneath his mask, "I'm *not*! Not anymore anyway. See for your fucking self, it's just a scar and there are no red roots and shit on me." He growled, showing his back, the scar reached the middle of his back as well. "I'm not infected." He spat, dropping his shirt, irritably scratching the back of his neck.

"How the *hell* are you not infected anymore? You- you can't get the fucking blood vines out of your body if they were *that* big! You'd die! Even with an Undying Totem, you would've died from the aftershock- healing potions still wouldn't have worked after taking the roots out!" Toby exclaimed, "You can only take the roots out if they were small!" He's seen people who tried to take the roots out at that size- they all failed and either turned fully infected or die.

"Yeah well it wasn't fucking easy, Dream and I spent *hours* trying to get it all out. All the while I was trying *not to die*- We wasted through almost all of our golden apples. *I wasted.*" Theo's hands clutched his shirt tightly, the phantom pain of the whole process made him flinch.

*"Keep- keep eating Tommy." Dream told him, breath short and panting, sounding strained and in pained- Tommy could only gag, chewing through the agonizing pain as he felt the roots wriggling underneath his skin, fighting against Dream, trying to grow and sink into Tommy's body, travel up his torso right into his brain. His mind was filled with static and whispers, his thoughts were everywhere as he continuously chewed and swallowed on one golden apple after another.*

"So what, you kept eating golden fucking apples? *Bullshit*, we tried that, we-"

Theo interrupted him as he tugged his red hoodie back on, adjusting his mask. "Dream took the roots for me." He said icily, silencing him as he continued. "He could've lived longer, he could've let me die to the vines, the Crimson but he took them from me. He was already infected, but if he hadn't taken my infection he probably would've been here instead of me. You need another fucking infected who isn't under the Egg's control to get the big roots out. Dream saved my life, again and again. *And you wonder why I stayed with him.*" He hissed to the stunned Toby.

An awkward, tense silence came after that. Toby looking pale, angry and a whole slew of other emotions mixed in.

"So, you, George and Sapnap aren't infected. That's good." Dream spoke up, ignoring the intense stare he got from Toby.

"How *do* you get infected by the uh, the Egg or the Crimson?" Wilbur asked hesitantly, glancing between both men. From what you've said, it certainly doesn't seem to be an airborne thing..." As much as he didn't really want to continue the subject, it was best to learn

everything about it now. So that they can prepare for it in the future, the Egg was gone and these two time-travelling scarred and scorned men were the only source of useful information they had.

Ender, Wilbur almost wished they hadn't appeared. *Almost*. If they hadn't...

"You get infected two ways. The Egg directly infects you with its vines, or another infected's roots get underneath your skin, into your blood, your veins- a scratch not healed in time is practically an invitation for the Crimson and the Egg." Toby answered with a scowl. "And the infection time varies depending on a lot of things, if you get a small cut and only a small, single root enters it, you're infected but not totally yet. If it's small enough, you can cut off the skin and get the root out but if not... Not even respawning will get rid of the vines."

The unease sharpened at the revelation, "It- it *follows you* after you *respawn*?" Phil gasped- only intense scars followed you back after you respawn like the burnt skin of Toby's scar. Anything else was unheard of, until now.

"That shouldn't be possible." Techno pointed out, arms crossed and figure tense. He's getting sick and tired over these past few days, the future version of his brother was being an idiot and siding with someone who he shouldn't be siding with, both he and the future version of his brother's best friend had better armor and weapons than him and they both bring news of a horrible future. Also there's a fucking monster Egg somewhere but they had no idea where and it could potentially bring the end of the world as they know it.

He wished things were simpler and that the world made sense again.

Unfortunately wishes like that don't come true.

"Big T, *time travel* shouldn't be possible either." Tommy couldn't help but retort to his brother's words, grinning nervously at the look he got from Techno.

"It shouldn't be possible yeah," Theo said, returning to stand by Dream. "But it is. We still don't know how or fucking why yet. We were all too busy trying to survive to find out, but now we have a chance. The Egg had to come from *somewhere*. Someone, or something, had to have made it."

Tubbo frowned, "But why? That- why in the world would they make a world-ending monster egg that took over people's mind, infected them and- and *ate* them?"

"Whoever did is a sick bastard." Tommy chimed in with a grimace.

Toby nodded, taking a deep breath. "The sickest of bastards." He mumbled in agreement. "Dammit. Okay, the Egg is gone from it's original location. It managed to control Sapnap, you and George managed to injure it but it got away. It's more maneuverable when it's the size of one block but more vulnerable. And since you three weren't infected, it's too weak to actually infect anyone *yet*. It took years for it to grow as big as it did when Bad found it, it was strong enough then to pull people in and control multiple at once, with how it was eating it only grew stronger and bigger over the years." He recapped, trying to make sense of everything and to plan as to what to do.

"So what should we do? And how do we find it?" Phil was the one to ask, looking grim. He also glanced at Theo who gave him no acknowledgement which continued to make him hurt.

"The only thing we can do," Toby starts, a frustrated look on his face as he ran a hand through his hair, "Is prepare. We have no idea where to find it, no idea where it went- it could be anywhere."

"We'll have to keep an eye on everybody, keep an ear out." Theo said, he was about to continue when a groan caught all of their attention.

On the bed, Sapnap moaned in pain, blearily his eyes blinked open. "Wh-ugh!" He grunted, pushing against the bed to sit up, pressing a hand against his face, over his nose. "Ow... What happened?" He questioned, squinting while looking around to where the hell he was.

"Sapnap!" Both Dream and George exclaimed, happy to see him awake.

"Guys? Wha- *what the fuck?* Where's my shirt- *why am I half naked on a bed?!*" Sapnap screamed, finally noticing the fact he was shirtless. He also then noticed the rest of the people in the room. "*Why are they here?! Where are we?! What the hell happened?!*"

The heavy tension lightened a bit as Sapnap freaked out, it was too amusing not to consider funny.

---

They spent another half-hour in Tubbo's living room before deciding to leave. Sapnap had redressed himself, eyeing both Theo and Toby all the while with a look- though he did joke on how they should've paid for his dinner at least.

Toby and Theo expressed their disgust and exasperation as they were temporarily entertainment for the others, they were quick to get everything back on track. But Theo was aching to go now that Sapnap was awake and was fine- his nose hurt a bit but it was back in place and properly healed. They could leave, do a meeting another time about the Egg, however to leave immediately would be foolish if they hadn't established at least *something*.

Theo learns about Schlatt when Toby mentions he'll talk about gathering resources with Schlatt to ready L'Manberg for the future. "You kept him in office?" He asked, genuinely stunned to hear about it. "You kept *Schlatt* in office."

"... I did." Toby replied cautiously, watching him. "There wasn't anyone else suited for the seat of Presidency." Wilbur flinched a bit at this, looking a bit bitter, however Phil nudged him and gave him a comforting smile which made him feel better.

Theo stayed silent for a bit, "Would've thought you'd take it again. Mr. President." He said, a bit mocking.

Toby only grimaced, "Don't call me that, and no. I- I'm done being president. I have been done for years now, you know this." He couldn't focus on the time travel plan while still being president, couldn't be on the frontlines while dealing with his people back in the

Nether. He still occasionally helped Niki and Quackity with their duties with the people and the terraforming of the Nether but they didn't need his help all the time.

The masked blond only scoffed, "Whatever you say, Mr. Ex-president. But really, you kept Schlatt?"

"As much as I'd hate to agree with my bitchy futureself here, because duh bitchy futureself. But yeah, you really kept Schlatt on the damn seat?" Tommy asked with a frown.

Toby sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "When he's not being a prick and not drunk, he's actually a competent president." He replied, "I've got him under control."

Theo snorted, "Oh that's just *wonderful*." He said sarcastically, though it was typical that Toby would still be in some form of power over L'Manberg. Hah, it was actually a bit amusing to think that Schlatt would be a figure head while Toby controlled him from the not-so dark shadows. He wondered though, if Dream would want to interfere with this. He'll just have to ask him later, there wasn't a war and probably won't be if Toby had any say about it, but Dream could be thinking of things.

Either way, they continued to talk, it wasn't smooth whatsoever but it could've been worse. Actually it would've been worse as Theo's annoyance against his younger self and Technoblade grew during their discussions, they kept looking at Dream- giving him dark glares, angry looks. Phil and Wilbur were being annoying as well, looking at him with concern. Toby at least was being professional but Theo knew that he definitely wanted Dream out of there.

Tubbo...

Tubbo was the worst of them.

He looked at Theo and Theo wanted him to look away.

Wanted him and his younger self out of the room.

He didn't want to see the old friendship that he and Toby had, be reminded of how things were. That life was over for him. Tubbo wasn't his friend, Toby wasn't his best friend.

Dream was.

His life was centered around Dream, he couldn't and wouldn't abandon his side.

*"You should leave." Dream tells him one night and he freezes in place, "I'm giving you permission to go back to Tubbo, that's what you want isn't it? Deep down, underneath the bullshit I've done to you- you should go. Go back. Tommy, you can leave." Tommy feels torn, his neck doesn't even twinge and the static is calm. "I've done so much bad shit Tommy, leave me to die." The roots have climbed up his neck, travelling up to his face. They can't do anything about it and Tommy hates that.*

*Tommy hates that. Tommy hates him. He doesn't actually, Tommy cares for him and it's confusing. Ever since the roots settled into Dream, he's been so confusing. More confusing*

*than ever. His eyes change between the color of leaves to grass and poison. He tells Tommy one thing and tells him a completely different thing next. "No." Tommy finally says and Dream gives him an upset look. It changes though just like his eyes, the poison is back and Dream smiles. It's broken and cruel and satisfied.*

*"Good, stay with me Tommy. Don't abandon me, that's an order from your dearest friend." He won't. The back of his neck twinges and the static pulses.*

*He doesn't think he could actually go back to Tubbo anyway.*

They decide to leave and Theo is at the door when Phil grabs his wrist. Techno and Wilbur behind him, Tommy and Tubbo around the corner. Toby nowhere to be seen.

"Don't go." Phil says and Theo doesn't look at him, he looks at Dream who's right outside with Sapnap and George. "Tommy. Theo- stay. Please. My son-

"I'm not your son." Theo tells him, freeing his wrist from Philza's grasp. "I'm not your brother." He tells Wilbur and Techno. "I'm not your best friend, or you." He tells Tubbo and Tommy.

He leaves, shutting the door behind him and starts to walk. "I'm Dream's friend." He tells himself and Dream and George and Sapnap.

"Theo..." George trails off, frowning at him.

Dream looks at him from behind his mask, "You could stay with them." He says quietly and Theo knows his eyes are like leaves. "They sound-

"They don't matter Dream." Theo interrupts, "I've cut ties with them before, I'm cutting ties with them now. They don't need me, I don't need them. I'm your friend, I'll stay by your side."

Sapnap's brows furrow, "That doesn't sound fair Theo. They're still your family." He points out carefully and Theo laughs.

"No. They're not- they're *Tommy's* family. This Tommy, young naive, bratty fucking asshole Tommy. *My* dad came too late, killed one of my brothers at his behest and only stayed because of my brother's ghost and my other brother. *My* older brother went insane, blew up the nation we built and died to my dad but came back as a fucking ghost who doesn't remember the bad shit he did. *My* oldest brother tried to kill me with withers, he called me Theseus, told me to die like a hero and gave me up. *My* family didn't give two shits about me when I was just a bit older than your Tommy's age, why give a shit about me now that I'm an adult?" He questioned with fists clenched and something wet trailing down his face, dripping off the underside of his mask, they notice and he hates it.

*"Please Tommy come back!"*

*"Tommy do you want some blue?"*

*"Theseus... Come home..."*

*"Tommy where did Techno go?"*

*"Let's be the bad guys."*

*"You want to be a hero Tommy? **Then die like one!**"*

Theo wipes his wet chin, taking in a deep breath.

"Let's just go now. I'm done here, I want to get out of this shitty country and sleep."

---

## Chapter End Notes

the original chapter was deleted when the power went out while i was writing ;u; it wasn't much but still

it was hard enough to write this chapter as it is and honestly. the start is a bit iffy to me, i don't like it but it's here to stay. the rest of the chapter? good enough i guess.

in any case, it's 2021.

i hope everyone gets a good year this year and enjoy the chapter

also if anyone has any fan art for this let me know because i am lowkey dying to see other people draw theo and or toby or just to see them in general.

# Wants

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*"I'm not your son."*

Phil collapsed on his knees, gripping the cloth at his knees, a rasping sound escaping his mouth as the words bounced in his head.

*"I'm not your brother."*

Techno made an animalistic growl, hiding just how effected he was by those words alone, he stormed off somewhere into the house. Wilbur on the other hand staggered towards the wall, palm pressed against his mouth as his eyes got teary.

*"I'm not your best friend, or you."*

Tubbo clung to Tommy, a wide-eyed, shocked and hurt look on his face while Tommy gritted his teeth, holding on to Tubbo while helplessly looking over his family.

"He was right about one thing," Tommy said aloud, shocking the three males that were with him. "He's not me. And I'm *never* going to end up like him."

He wouldn't, he was never going to end up like Theo. He wouldn't become Dream's brainwashed little puppet, he wasn't going to cause his family and friends to much suffering from words alone and he was going to stay with them to the very end.

He was going to make sure of it.

---

Toby didn't want to watch Theo leave with Dream. Again. He's seen it far too many times now, so he stays within the house, he doesn't follow the others, doesn't say anything or doesn't do anything even if, like always, he wanted Theo to stay. To come back, to *get away* from the masked man who took his life away and reshaped it into something he shouldn't have been.

There's a bitter taste in his mouth, it's familiar but intensified.

*And you wonder why I stayed with him.*

He did, he fucking did. *Ender knows* how much he's wondered on why Theo stayed with Dream, even after he died.

The sheer utter joy and relief Toby had felt, when he found the grave within the snowy tundra. The smoldering pile of embers, Dream's mask hanging on an empty sign post- the

sight had knocked the air right out of him and it had been the happiest he'd felt in a long while, his friend was free. He could come back, he could come home. Right?

With Dream dead, he could freely come home to Toby, to Phil, Fundy, Ranboo- everyone who managed to survive. They had missed Theo, surely Theo had missed them. Surely, he'd come back. Surely, all could be right again and Toby would truly be fighting side-by-side with his best friend once again. Together, they could overcome the Crimson!

But Theo never came back.

He never approached him, not a word about his return. If anything, he stayed away more often, started leaving supplies in a chest within their base. Silent and distant, more than ever and Toby *couldn't understand*.

Why?

Why hadn't he come back? Why was he staying away? They would always welcome him with open arms, they wanted him back, they missed him. *He* missed him. So much.

They had so much to talk about, Toby had so much to say, had to apologize for the utter bullshit he's done but Theo had to come home first. Had to be safe. Had to come back and stay with them.

*"Tommy please- Dream is dead! You can come back now!" He screams at him from afar at the distant figure, shrouded by the snow-covered taiga trees. Desperation and want mixed together as the masked figure disappeared from his spot. Despair clouded his mind as Tommy left, without a word, without a sound, and there wasn't anyone coaxing him to leave. He left, on his own. He screams and Ranboo is there, hugging him. The hybrid crying silently while he cursed into thin air.*

It had been one of the worst moments of his life, easily toppling...

*"Tommy?" The ground was uneven and covered with holes. Explosion-caused holes, he realized with a dread in his stomach. "Tommy?!" He runs around, trying to find any sign of his best friend. Logstedshire, Ghostbur's house, Tommy's tent- in pieces with the smell of gunpowder in the air, the tent was practically gone. He's panicking, where was Tommy? Where was- If only he had his compass, if only- He sees it. A pillar. Made of dirt, reaching so very high and his dread grows rapidly in his stomach, staring up the pillar. "Surely- Surely not." No, Tommy wouldn't do that. Tommy wouldn't- he was too stubborn, so filled with life and loud and bright-*

*"Hello Mr. President." Tommy. Tommy Tommy Tommy Tommy- it was **Tommy**, the mysterious protoge of Dream's was **Tommy** and he was **wrong**. His face was emotionless, bloodied but emotionless. Tommy was alive, Tommy was here, Tommy was blowing up L'Manberg, Tommy was- "And goodbye." Trying to kill him. He's falling into the crater, the burning, screaming crater. He's only saved from certain death because of Ranboo who stares at Tommy in shock from across the crater who **leaves no where are you going no please come back- Dream** laughs as Tommy returns to his side, offering a new mask. He accepts and Tubbo right then and there, understands something. **Dream did something and now Tommy was gone.***



*Techno's dying. The Priest and Sages are doing all they can, but the roots are rapid, they're growing and they're too deep in Techno. Chat screams in their ears, panicking and worried while Tubbo sits by Techno's side. "T..mmy... Come... home..." The piglin hybrid mumbles, barely able to move, to breath, to open his eyes and Tubbo **breaks**. Chat chants in their head, it's the loudest he's ever heard them. They're denying Techno's death, they're telling Tubbo to get Tommy and bring him home, they're chanting and screaming and Techno's chest stills- Chat goes silent. They stay silent until Techno burns on the pyre. They whisper to him as he leaves the Nether. **Bring Tommy Home**.*

Toby felt so tired, so upset, so angry- he just wanted his Tommy back.

He wanted everything back the way it was, before his presidency, before the wars, before everything started coming down on them both and they went their separate ways.

*TOBY TOBY THEO MADE TECHNO UPSET!! he made everyone upset. NOOOO THE FAM IS ALL UPSET!! i can't believe that's tommy i REFUSE to believe that's tommy. Man's gotten cold it's kinda cool actually. AAAAAAAAH WHYYYYYY?? ender someone fix things i can't take all this angst. he juST LEFT?? toby techno are you two alright? TOBY WHY IS THEO SO MEAN!!! something is definitely going on here like what even the fuck. E E E E. How does our lovably annoying raccoon boy turn into a stone-cold badass? DREAM THAT'S HOW HE'S AT FAULT DIDN'T TOBY SAY HE'S THE REASON WHY THEO'S LIKE THIS?! i think it's more complicated than that. brainwashing's one hell of a drug. Is he really tommy?*

Toby startled when he heard the voices, he'd been alone in the kitchen and suddenly he wasn't alone anymore.

Techno appeared at the doorway, looking angry, upset.

"I take it he's gone off now." Toby said rather than asked, he sounded tired. "Chat, that is Tommy. Believe me, it is him." Toby told Chat who rumbled in both his and Techno's ears.

Techno grunts, growling, "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself." He said lowly, stalking into the kitchen, "He's changed *for the worst*. He made Phil upset, Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo too." He made *me* upset. Techno doesn't say, ever the one to keep his personal feelings to himself. But Toby has spent enough time with his mentor to see that whatever Theo had said, it had affected him greatly.

"Yeah. He does that now." Toby murmured, rubbing his face and smiling sardonically. "He's become one hell of an asshole."

*got that right. HE'S SO MEAN!! he's gotten hot but he's gotten so cold enderdamned.*

The half-piglin scoffs, "*That is an understatement.*" He took in a deep breath, shoulders tense and posture rigid. "... How the hell did he end up with *Dream* anyway? How did Dream manage to- to turn *my* little brother into *that guy*? I know as hell that Tommy wouldn't have willingly gone with Dream."

Toby flinched, and of course Techno catches it. "Toby... *what happened to my brother?*"

To tell or not to tell? That was his question. He looks at Techno, the glint in the hybrid's eyes. He's Technoblade, but younger. He's his mentor, but not yet. He's Theo's brother, *Tommy's* brother but he hasn't done anything. Toby thinks back to the burning blue pyre, the funeral fit for a warrior and he opens his mouth.

"I... I exiled him, that's how Dream got to him. I exiled Tommy out of L'Manberg and Dream took advantage of that."

*PLOT TWIST?! hot future tubbo why the hell would you do that??? TOBY!! tell us the whole story.*

"You *what?*!"

Surprisingly, it wasn't Techno that said that. No, it was Tommy who said it. He stood in at the doorway, eyes wide at Toby. Behind him were Phil, Wilbur and Tubbo. They too, were stunned by his admittance.

Dread bubbles in his stomach. Ah, it was time to admit his mistakes now.

---

The walk back to Dream's base was awkward and silent. The air strained as not even Sapnap or George spoke on the way back, just silently contemplating on a lot of things.

Theo didn't like the silence but didn't have the courage to break it or say anything else, all he wanted to do was sleep. Preferably at the Stronghold, but there was no telling that Dream would go back with him and he didn't want to leave the man alone. But he would, if Dream wanted him to leave him alone.

Once they're back in the base, once Sapnap and George are in another room- he followed Dream out of the room actually, he finally speaks up to Dream. "Dream?" His younger friend, owner, Dream- still weird, so very weird- looks back at him and Theo notices.

Dream is uncomfortable.

He's uncomfortable with Theo.

He has been since they left, since Theo said he was cutting ties with his family for Dream.

"Do you want me to leave Dream?" He asked and he startles the masked young man, "You're uncomfortable with me." He states bluntly and Dream lets out a sigh.

"Theo, I-" Dream starts, pausing, and stays silent. Theo waits, he stands there and waits.

"What do... *you* want. Theo?" Dream asks him and Theo blinks at the question.

Huh.

Theo takes a bit to answer, "I... want to go- Go back to the Stronghold. Maybe... finish my room, it's still shit. But I don't want to leave you alone if you're not going back yet." He tells Dream, "I want... to find the Egg too. Even if, we don't know where the hell it is."

Dream looks at him, Theo wonders if his eyes are switching now or if they're a solid color. "You can go back to the Stronghold if you want." Dream tells him, "I'll be staying here for now. You don't- you can go."

Theo frowns underneath his mask, "But I don't want to leave you alone." Something might happen, Dream might get hurt.

"I won't be alone. I have George and Sapnap with me." Dream points out, his voice is strained and hesitant. His eyes are switching then, conflicting thoughts in his head. "Just go Theo, I'll be fine. You'll... come back to me when I call you anyway, right?"

"Of course." Theo says immediately, "I'll always come back. I'm on your side." No one else's. "Alright, I'll- I'll go back to the Stronghold and finish my room. If anything happens, message me, I'll be back tomorrow morning." Before he turns around, he stops and he takes off his netherite armor, about to give it to Dream.

Dream stops him, "Keep it. You- just keep it and go Theo."

Theo hesitates, he doesn't put the armor back on but he does keep it in his inventory. "Okay." He turns in place, about to open the door when Dream stops him again.

"Wait." He immediately stops and looks back at him. "Theo, what am I to you? What... what did I *do* to you?" Dream asks, there's a war in him, Theo can tell by his voice. It's unexpected, he didn't think- Dream really was different before the war wasn't he? It was early, and he still had Sapnap and George by his side.

"You're my friend." Theo starts, "You're my owner. You didn't do anything to me, my Dream though- he did everything to make me loyal, to him. But I chose to be loyal to you because honestly, I don't know anything else at this point and you remind me of him. Mostly the Dream who was my friend but sometimes you remind me of the Dream who was my owner. You're my friend, my new owner but still my friend. And it hurts to think otherwise." He rubs the back of his neck, the static in his head is calm. Dream asked him after all, he can tell him his thoughts. "I'm going to back and finish my room now. I'll be back in a couple of days."

He opens the door and is face to face to George and Sapnap. He doesn't react, but Dream's breath hitches behind him while George and Sapnap give Theo a wide-eyed look.

They'd heard him. The door was made of wood after all, not the best sound-proofed entrance.

He closes the door behind him, facing George and Sapnap. "Stay with him." He tells them both, "He needs you both." He wasn't expecting to give this so early, but maybe it was for the better. He takes one of his books out, takes out the slip of paper and hands it to George. "Don't leave him this time and he'll be okay."

*"Wouldn't George and Sapnap ask where you are?" Tommy asked him during the break of one of their training sessions. He's getting better, Dream says so and if he says so then he must be. Dream tenses from beside him and there's an air around him that makes Tommy regret asking. "I-I'm- I didn't mean to- I was just curious. I'm sorry for asking Dream." He mumbled*

*and Dream stands up. "Get up Tommy. Break's over." It's only been a few minutes. Tommy still stands though, even if he's legs wobble, and he feels so tired.*

Hopefully.

Having George and Sapnap would help him. Dream had missed them so much, he tried to hide it, but he had before they found them. He thought they were still alive, surviving somewhere- he was half-right. Sapnap had been alive. But he'd been infected completely and it was too late to save him.

*"SAPNAP!" He's never heard Dream scream like that. Desperate, despair-filled and in pain. He immediately run towards his direction, ignoring Tubbo's protests and goes to find his mentor. His friend. His owner- He finds Dream, cradling Sapnap's dead body, his own shaking and- "DREAM THE VINES!" Tommy screams, because Sapnap's roots are creeping towards the wound on Dream's shoulder. Dream doesn't move and it takes all he has to separate Dream from Sapnap. They leave for the Stronghold and in Dream's hands are Sapnap's cut headband and George's goggles. He doesn't let go even as Tommy frantically tries to dig the roots out of Dream's shoulder.*

He leaves the Dream Team, he leaves Dream in the base and goes to the Nether to head towards the Stronghold.

He doesn't look over towards the direction of a certain forest he knows. He's not allowed to go there anymore, Dream- his Dream, with poison eyes, told him he wasn't allowed to go there anymore but that was fine. He didn't have to go there himself, Sapnap and George would go for him.

He hadn't planned any of this, not this soon. But maybe it was for the best. The Egg was gone for now, but he could at least start the process of saving his friend.

*"This Overworlder is a Legacy of the Admins of old." The old voice rasped, Tommy couldn't hold back the growl when he sees Dream being prodded by the teal stick. "Calm yourself. No harm will come to you and this Legacy. The Blood God recognizes you, child, as the kin of one of our warriors and attached to the other. If this Fragmented Legacy was not with you, we would have burnt him already for not only has he been infected by the Consuming Crimson but for the fact he is an Active alone." "Don't you dare fucking-" WHACK! Tommy cried out, his head hurting from the sudden whack from the teal staff. "I said calm, child. It has been voiced." Dream gets taken away from Tommy, and all Tommy could do was watch. "Now, let us talk."*

The old pig better be right. Theo doesn't know if he can take the static and neck pain any longer, have younger, past Dream around was helping but he wanted his freedom and friend back.

---

*coordinates lead to a piglin faction in a warp forest. don't wear gold in the forest. ask for warped priest and ask him for a trade, don't let him send dream away or get attacked. tell him there's another warrior now, don't say anything else until he agrees to the trade, after he does. tell him about toby and give him a wither skull and one of dream's mask.*

---

"What the hell does that mean?" Sapnap questions him and George can only shrug helplessly, Dream laid on the ground underneath them, being used as a chair as punishment.

They'd spent the last couple of hours arguing, talking about Theo and how weird Dream had been lately and now Dream was being used as a chair after Sapnap knocked him down.

"Can we go or are you two going to keep using me as a chair?" Dream asked with a slight wheeze, his head clearer than it has been ever since Theo arrived.

He really hadn't realized how different his mindset had been until now.

Fucking hell, just what was happening to him? What did Theo *do* to *him*?

~~everything, he came to serve you~~  
~~nothing, you need to help him~~

---

## Chapter End Notes

you have no idea how many times i had to change the chapter title because i had no idea what this chapter would actually be about.

let me tell you guys something; i don't really plan things ahead. not that much, i make a new chapter, i put a random word in the title then i start writing where i left off. while i'm writing i try to think on what happens and what should happen but half the time i'm winging it. did i expect toby to admit the exile? no, did i expect george and sapnap to hear theo? kinda, i planned for that. warped priest? also kind of planned for that. look i'm building a hazardous path with no idea what lies ahead of me. i'm bullshitting the lore so much here and i just want to make things entertaining.

honestly i'm more surprised that i've been updating for a week and a half straight.

also to the commenter who asked, yes i have a discord, i also have a tumblr but if i do give it out i'll be breaking anonymity and i'm unsure about that yet. i've thought of it but for now, i'm keeping anonymity. so uh, sorry about that :S

# The Warped Forest

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Toby told them, told them about what happened, what lead to Dream being able to take Theo away. Toby had helped, he had exiled Tommy- he hadn't wanted to, but he'd been so new to Presidency, hopeful but ultimately stressed as he dealt with the aftermath- they had still been recovering from the war from Schlatt, from Wilbur's bombs and from Techno's Withers. An attack from Dream would've been their downfall, permanently and they were in no shape to go through another hard battle with the powerhouse that was Dream. It'd be a massacre. Toby had been President and he had to make a choice.

Tommy or L'Manberg.

The best friend he loved or the country he was then responsible for.

His best friend who back then, had been irresponsible with his duties but was trying but failing or the country that was trying to recover and relief on him for that recovery.

Tommy hadn't been a good vice-president and secretary, he tried his best but Phil had left to look for Techno, Ghostbur had suddenly appeared and he'd been so convinced that he could have his discs back from Dream. Toby had thought back then, that Theo had been selfish, caring for the discs that way but now he could only wonder what would've happened if he had stayed true to their promise or even ran away?

It was too late by the time George's house was burning and things just spiraled after that.

"Tommy burned down George's house and that was it, Dream had enough and demanded us to exile him. We put him on probation and Quackity became my vice with Fundy as my secretary but Dream built walls around L'Manberg and said if Tommy wasn't exiled he'd keep us locked inside, no trades, no one leaves, no armor or we'd be slaughtered. I exiled Tommy... and Dream used that to his advantage. That's how Dream got To-Theo. I exiled him and Dream took him away." Toby whispers to the silent kitchen, even Chat was silent. He kept his gaze fixed on the floor, he couldn't bear to see their reactions.

Would they hate him? Would they want him gone? He's shifted their world views so much over the time he's been there, and now he's shifted them again, revealing the mistakes he'd kept so close to his chest and agonized over the years.

He hated Dream, but in the end he had helped the man take his best friend away.

He despised the masked man, for what he's done to Theo, to them both but he also blamed himself.

They were both at fault here.

A pair of legs come into his vision and he glances up- it's younger him. Tubbo-

**SMACK**- Toby's head cracked to the side, a stinging pain on his cheek while Tubbo cried out in pain, holding his hurt hand.

*OH CRAP! uh-*

"*Tubbo?!*" Toby thinks it was Tommy who shouted but honestly, he doesn't know. He's too busy staring at his extremely upset younger self. His eyes were wide, wet and furrowed angrily at him, his mouth set into a gritted grimace as he clutched his hand.

There's something visceral, when you see the younger version of yourself looking at you like that. Staring at you like he couldn't believe what he'd become in the future, couldn't believe what he'd done- and it hurts. For Toby, it's a bitter hurt that he accepts wholeheartedly because he really would have done the same.

Tubbo raises his hand again and Toby doesn't do anything to stop him.

Someone else does though.

Surprisingly, it's Techno. He has a stony face on as he grabbed his younger self's arm, "Stop that." He tells Tubbo who struggles to make Techno let go of his arm.

*oh ender the ANGST RIGHT NOW. endering fuck it's only been two days TWO DAYS. time flies fast when you're involved with something as dramatic and emotionally filled like this. HOT FUTURE TUBBO WHY WOULD YOU EXILE HOT FUTURE TOMMY?! he didn't really have a choice didn't he? He had a choice though. Dream threatened him before he became a warrior. TUBBOOOO!!!! you have made mistakes, mistakes you dearly regret. acknowledging them is the first step for something better.*

"Tommy, help your best friend here for a bit before he ends up hurting himself even more." Literally. Tommy looks hesitant but he does grab Tubbo, actually giving him a hug as his best friend clings to him with wet eyes. Techno finally turns back to Toby and Toby waits for whatever Techno has in mind. "You shouldn't have exiled your Tommy." Toby smiled sardonically.

"Yeah. I really shouldn't have."

"The government should've been abolished. Or maybe you shouldn't have been President when you were, what, like, twenty? That's a big responsibility for someone so young." Techno continued, and Toby bit his lip to protest- or maybe it was to agree. Dumped right into the start of his young twenties, fresh right out of another war, in hindsight it didn't seem like a good idea. But who else would've been president if not him? "But it was *Dream*, who took advantage of that. You sure as hell shouldn't have exiled Theo, don't get me wrong but Dream by that time was someone who was older than the *both* of you, he threatened you and you reacted. Theo was exiled and like you said, he took advantage of that. I don't know what the hell happened during that exile or what he did exactly but regardless, Dream shouldn't have messed with my little brother."

Toby stared at him, the younger version of his mentor looked determined and angry. Chat was agreeing with him, mostly reassuring both Toby and Techno that they'd get Theo back- he looked over to Phil and Wilbur, they were silent throughout the ordeal but there was a look in their eyes. It was nearly identical to the look in Techno's eyes. He looks over to his younger self and Tommy, they both had it as well but Tommy...

Toby couldn't help but note that it wasn't as intense as the others, there was still conflict swirling in his eyes but the determination was still there.

He wondered, what went on in young Tommy's head. Just what he was thinking- but he his wonders were interrupted when Techno grabbed the front of his shirt.

"I'm angry and full of pent of energy. You're my protege right? Grab an iron sword, we are going to *spar*." The hybrid says to him firmly and Toby could only blink in surprise and then smile crookedly.

"Okay."

He did miss sparring with his mentor.

---

Theo gathered the resources he needed to turn his room within the Stronghold into the room he remembered. Silk-touching stone to turn into stone bricks, making four large chests tucked against the wall, an armor stand that would display and hold his netherite armor for now, his desk, a nice and comfy chair, an empty book case that would be filled as soon as Theo found the time to fill them with the books and items he'd want- well, it wasn't really empty. He carefully put his frowning mask on the shelf, as well as George's stupid quartz cat headband.

He finished late into the night and by all means, he could just return to the base but he knew it would be empty as George, Sapnap and Dream would probably follow the slip of paper.

He could last a few days without Dream, he's lasted the last few months within the Stronghold without Dream just fine.

*Static clouds his head the worst at night. The Stronghold is fortified but so empty. He was alone a useless friendless tool that couldn't protect its owner. What was the use of being loyal if there was no one to be loyal to? When your owner was gone and you were alone? Alone. Alone. Friendless. Useless. Dream Dream where are you help don't leave me alone Dream please I'm loyal always I promised don't-He slams himself against the wall, the static calming from the sudden action and the brief pain from slamming his own shoulder into the wall but the pain in his neck persisted for a few hours. "Fucking hell, Philza and Fundy better get that portal finished fucking soon." He mumbles to no one.*

Dream had told him he could go, and that implied he could do what he wanted as long as he returned to Dream side when called. Which he would, always. Dream just had to message him and he would come running. He was good, he was useful, he was a good friend.

So instead, he begins mining a fuck ton of obsidian and starts fortifying the Stronghold. Sure, the Stronghold was located in an extremely cold area of the Tundra. Bordering a Frozen



Ocean biome, the Crimson had taken years to reach the tundra itself and was halted by the extreme temperature. He and Dream had fortified the Stronghold just in case and he was going to do it again, even if the Egg was weak and the Crimson wasn't even spreading or starting.

It paid to be cautious of course.

Better to be safe than sorry and all that.

Obsidian was good in stalling the Crimson, in blocking the Egg- it wasn't permanent as was said before but with the Egg weak it would definitely be enough.

He spends most of the morning mining obsidian and checking his communicator. No messages from Dream, it makes him nervous but he's determined and sure that if Dream needed him, he'd message him. During the afternoon, he digs around the Stronghold, placing the first layer of Obsidian over the stone bricks, managing to fortify half of the base before he runs out of obsidian. He takes a break and goes to the End Portal Room for his late lunch.

It's his favorite room frankly, what with the pool of lava that Dream had decided to keep even in the future. He likes to sit at the edge of the broken end portal. Stare down into the lava and feel at peace, it's helped with the static ever since Dream-

*"Stay still Tommy." The needle glints, covered in blue- "Tommy it'll hurt more if you keep moving." Pain as blue stains his skin, needle poking his flesh again and again and again, forcing glowing blue into his very body- "You're mine Tommy. My friend, my tool, my weapon, my protoge. I'm your friend, your owner, your user , your mentor. Don't ever forget that I'm here for you, and you're here for me. ∫∫||∫∫:∫ || ∫ ∫ ∫ ∫ - ∫∫||∫∫: ∫ ∫ ∫∫∫ ∫∫:∫∫∫∫" There's static in his ears, his head filled with letters he can't possibly understand but recognize. Something solidifies in his mind, a bond, a tether, a sensation that will never leave him. Not without Dream's permission or demise.*

He rubs the back of his neck, barely feeling the blue staining his skin. "I'm *Loyal*." He says out loud to no one. The static stays calm and he feels no pain. "I'm... Loyal, to the end. Dream is my friend, my owner, my user and my mentor... I'm here for him, and he's here for me." Dream told him, but not this Dream.

Surprisingly, or maybe unsurprisingly, everything was fine. The static has been more calm than ever with the rare exceptions whenever he thought of something not good for Dream.

Guess it really didn't matter what type of Dream he belonged to.

He would always come back to Dream.

A stray thought enters his head, what if there were two Dreams? What if his Dream had lived, and he'd come with Theo into the past? Who would he be Loyal to? Who would he return to?

Dream of course, always Dream.

"My Dream is dead, and I belong to this Dream now." He says aloud, standing up and walking atop the End Portal blocks, stepping over the gap from one of the missing blocks. He never knew what happened to that, Dream didn't either, he said he found the portal broken and missing one block. They never found out where it went, too busy with surviving and the Crimson, maybe they could finally try and find out what happened or even fix it. Who knows. "I'm- I'm fine with that. Dream is Dream. He's my friend, my owner."

He'll be saved. Dream would be saved. He promised, Theo did and the static would be forever calm and he could have his friend again.

His owner.

Friend.

"Time to get more obsidian. I hope Dream, George and Sapnap are okay." They probably were but Theo couldn't help but still worry nonetheless.

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Warped Forests.

A unique biome within the Nether, practically a type of oasis within the hellish desert that was the Nether. Hostile mobs weren't typically found within the forests, it was a common spawning or sighting ground for Endermen as well and some forests were home to a few small piglin factions. The more passive factions anyway, not that many knew about it.

Theo did though.

Theo knew about a piglin faction residing in a specific forest, coordinates jotted down on a slip of paper as well as instructions that were vague and kind of concerning. However the Dream Team went along with it anyway, because this was something Theo wanted them to do.

For whatever reason.

As much as they wanted to ask him, the three of them knew that if they went to Theo, something would happen.

*"Dream what **the hell?!"** Sapnap snapped as soon as he and George entered the room.*

*"You're my friend, you're my **owner'**- what the fuck was Theo talking about?! Dude, it's bad enough you act so weirdly around him, just what is that bullshit?!" He exclaimed.*

*Dream stepped back, hand on his head gripping his hair. "I-I don't know! I'm just as confused as you are! And what do you mean acting so weirdly?"*

*"Dream, ever since Theo came, ever since we met him and you were with him- you've been really weird." George told him with a frown, "He has been too but, you especially. I don't know how to describe it for you, you've just been- **off**. Theo though? He's heavily dependent on you, like unhealthily so. He keeps going to your approval, for your advice, for your permission- and you give it to him, like all smugly and shit. Like you **like** the fact he's*

*doing it! He does everything you say with no hesitation at all and no complaints. He called you his owner- Dream, that's not good. That is the opposite of good." He points out to his friend who was staring down at the ground with a look of comprehension.*

*The masked man took too long to answer and George and Sapnap hounded him once more, George gripping the slip of paper tightly in his hands. He puts it away in his inventory to read for later, right now, he and Sapnap had to tear Dream a new asshole.*

George checked the slip of paper once again, "This should be the place. We're near the coordinates but I don't see any piglins around." He said, looking around. He, Sapnap and Dream decked in Netherite armor- no gold. Theo had said no gold, and as questionable as that was, they still followed it because it seemed like Theo knew what he was doing.

He had known what to do with the Egg, even if the attempt failed.

George wasn't going to doubt the time-traveler when it came to very important things like the Egg anymore.

*Bright red vines wrapped tightly around his limbs, a voice distorting whispering in his head while George screamed, staring at the gaping mouths that were on the Egg, edging where the tentacles were emerging -help me save me obey don't let me die feed me love me keep me safe listen -*

The colorblind man shivered as he remembered. Yeah, when it came to important things, George was willing to give Theo more than a bit of his trust.

"I think we'll find them when we actually get to the coordinates." Sapnap says, also looking around. He too, trusted Theo- even though the man stripped some of his clothes while he was unconscious.

He remembers, what it was like being under the control of the Egg.

*help me please help me don't let me die i don't wanna die i'm hungry help me protect me please please hungry scared i'm so scared- Sapnap clutched the Egg tighter to his chest, mind filled with the screams of a child. A surge of 'protect protect protect' and he was gone. He only had vague sense that he shouldn't be doing this, that he should be trying to get the Egg off of him and kill it but it's drowned by the - listen please help me obey i'm scared don't let me die protect me protect me protect-*

Sapnap definitely wanted to break the Egg now, without the risk of being controlled.

Dream sighed, "Well, I just hope that whatever this is, it'll explain *something*." He said, rubbing his head.

Now that Theo was gone and Dream had spent hours apart from him, he could really think clearly. It was as if his head had been a bit too crowded and he hadn't notice until the crowding was gone.

George and Sapnap had been right, he'd been weird with Theo around. And Theo was unhealthily dependent on him, he dreaded on what the hell his future self did because- Theo was *not okay*.

*"Dream just what the hell is going on with you?" George demanded, hands gripping the front of Dream's hoodie, staring right into Dream's face- Sapnap had managed to steal it away during the tussle.*

*Dream cringed, "I really don't know! Look, I just- ever since I met Theo, actually even a little bit before that, I felt- fuck I don't even know! I didn't notice anything wrong, even when Theo started saying the shit he said about him being my friend and my tool and- Fuck's sake George what is wrong with me? I felt so conflicted, but so damn **satisfied** when he said it. Ender, he just gave himself to me and I couldn't, didn't even want to reject that! I still kinda don't!" ~~he's mine he's not he gave himself up i shouldn't have accepted~~*

*"He's not a damn object Dream!" Sapnap exclaimed, gripping his mask tightly in his hands and staring hard into Dream's face. "He's a person, you can't just do that to someone!"*

*"I **know** Sapnap! I **know**! But I still did and I don't know why!"*

Dream rubbed his chest, feeling the slight ache from when Sapnap and George spent more than half an hour on his body, using him as a chair as punishment.

At the very least though, they stayed by his side. And told him what Theo gave them, a strange slip of paper with coordinated and instructions.

Instructions they were trying to follow and coordinates that they've finally found.

"Well, we're here. Where's the piglin faction?" Sapnap asked with a frown, scratching his head while looking around their surroundings.

George checked the coordinates, "This is definitely the place... Uh, where- oh! Look!" He exclaimed, pointing to the side towards a dense formation of giant nylum wart trees. Within the shadows, a piglin spied on them, ducking behind the trees when it was spotted. "Wait!"

Dream tensed and got his sword out as suddenly, multiple piglins poured out of the cyan and teal trees and foliage. He backed up against George and Sapnap, nervously eyeing the amount of piglins that surrounded them, they all wore nether sprout skirts and teal cloths. Each piglin wielded a type of weapon, some with swords, some actually had a bow and a teal-staff in their hands but none of them wore armor. They were different from the usual piglins that they saw within the Nether. "We're here to see The Warped Priest!" He exclaimed as soon as he saw them preparing to attack, remembering Theo's instructions. He doesn't know if they could even understand him but he's giving it a shot nonetheless. "We're here for a trade! Don't attack us, we're just here for a trade and to meet the Warped Priest."

The piglins all paused, snorting to each other and speaking a language that none of the Dream Team could understand. But at the very least, they had put their weapons down, eyeing them warily.

The three of them stayed tense against each other, carefully putting away their weapons as it seems that the piglins really weren't going to attack them even though they weren't wearing gold and were communicating with themselves. Then, most of the piglins started moving, heading back deeper into the dense forest, a piglin motioned to follow them and after some hesitation, they did.

"Ender, this is so weird." Sapnap whispered to his best friends and they could only nod in agreement.

This wasn't really typical piglin behavior, sure a half-piglin hybrid could amicably interact with the piglins in the Nether but Overworlders were usually treated with hostile intent unless they were wearing gold. But here they were, not wearing a single gold armor piece and they weren't being attacked. They were actually being led into a faction's area where the piglins lived.

There were tents made of tightly twined vines, both cyan and red. There were also little shacks made of warped logs. Small piglin children hid within those shacks with a few piglins.

They were lead to a netherrack cave that had cyan vines covering the entrance, the piglins motioned them to stop and they stayed where they were.

One of them entered the cave while the rest surrounded Dream and his best friends, keeping a close, watchful eye on them. This was probably one of the weirdest and most nerve-wracking moments the three of them ever experienced together.

Suddenly, the vines were parted by two small piglin children and from the depths of the cave. A hunched over piglin, looking far older than the rest, limped out with a teal walking staff.

He wore a cloak made of nether sprouts and warped roots. Blaze rods hung from his neck in a necklace while blaze powder was painted underneath the old piglin's eyes- which was very strange since blaze powder when directly applied to skin, burnt the flesh. But maybe it was different for piglins? Atop the old piglin's head was a cracked wither skull that had a twisting cyan crown on it.

"You come and ask for me to trade Overworlders?" The piglin asked in only slightly accented English, surprising them greatly with his raspy voice and lingual skills. "How very daring of you, especially *you*," He uses his staff to point directly at Dream. "Legacy of Admins, an Active one who nears Separation as well." He says with a guttural grunt that has the other piglins grunting as well. "Give us a reason why we should not kill you where you stand? You are not welcomed here Legacy."

Dream stared at him in surprise, for a moment too surprised to reply just yet- The old piglin knew about the Admins? Knew, just by looking at him, that he was a descendant of them? What did he mean by Separation?

George thankfully, spoke for him. "Please don't kill us- there's uh, there's another warrior." The old piglin narrowed his ancient eyes at him, while the surrounding piglins whispered.

He grunts, "Speak, Overworlder."

"Not until you agree to trade with us." Sapnap said firmly, "And uh, we don't get attacked."

The Warped Priest stayed silent, "Very well. Come inside, we shall speak then. It has been voiced." He rumbled, turning around and limping back into his cave.

Dream shared a look with George and Sapnap before moving forward to follow the old piglin into the cave.

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## Chapter End Notes

next chapter, i will attempt to write out another fight scene. tis the spar between toby and techno! mentor vs student. young mentor vs time travelling student.

also yeah things are happening on the dream team side while theo is having a nice break from everyone, fortifying the stronghold. contemplating his life. things are culminating into being (granted i haphazardly planted some seeds with only a vague idea of what i'm doing) and i am actually happy for this chapter.

# Spar Between Warriors

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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The cave itself was large with branching tunnels that would no doubt lead to a different part of the cave, it was well-lit with shroom lights and a few blocks of glowstone all scattered about, placed hanging from the walls, embedded within said walls, on the floor, in it- Cyan vines grew from the ground up, and the path underneath them was made both of netherbrick and the cyan wood of the warped trees. Warped fungus growing along the nylium covered netherrack.

The Warped Priest, the old piglin before them, lead them into a large room. The walls were decorated with twisted vines with blaze rods knitted into them, there were multiple heads of skeletons -both Wither Skeletons and Regular ones- hanging from the teal roots and netherwart grew on soul sand near a brewing stand to the side along with a cauldron filled with water. Gold blocks were also decorating a few corners of the room. He hobbled over to the low table in the middle, grunting as he sat down, motioning them to sit across from him.

"Sit, no harm shall come to you while we speak." He said in his old, rasping voice, grunting at the end as a couple of piglin children entered the room to bringing red stone cups filled with what seemed to be water before they exited the room. It was just the four of them now. "For now, you are guests to us. Come and sit, it has been voiced." He told them, tapping the other end of the table with his staff before setting it to lean on his side of the table. His face amicable, almost dazed-looking but he was far from distracted.

The Dream Team Trio hesitantly sat down on the plant-cushioned floor, barely feeling the temperature thanks to the enchantments on their Netherite armor. They looked around the room, at the old piglin priest, at the skulls of skeletons hanging from the ceiling along with blaze rods and a few spheres of solidified magma cream.

Sapnap eyed the cups of water warily- he didn't even know water could be around in the Nether. They did fine in a bucket or bottle, but once the water was out of the bucket it would evaporate. These cups of water meant that there was a source of water somewhere.

"Drink if you'd like. The water is clear, pure. We dare not corrupt this liquid which we need for survival." The old piglin says to him, noticing his wary gaze. "As I said, you are guests. For now." Old, wrinkled and aged, hooved hands reached out for his own cup, taking a few sips from it before setting it down, his eyes become half-lidded as he stared at them. "Now, let us talk. You come to our forest, know of our faction and about I, The Warped Priest. You wear no gold, you ask to trade with I and one of you Overworlders is the direct Legacy of the Admins. Speak what you want."

George glanced at Dream and Sapnap, chewing on his lip before deciding to speak first, "Well honestly we have no real idea- our uh- *our friend*, Theo. Told us to come here, and to ask to trade with you. He didn't say what to trade exactly but we have a wither skull and one

of Dream's mask- um, the guy you call Legacy or whatever... I guess what we really want is answers." Answers to a lot of things, they didn't really know where to start.

"If it is answers you seek, then I will provide what I can. However the Legacy must leave should you want answers." The Priest said gravely.

Sapnap scowled, "No- Dream stays, he's staying. Or else we leave with him and you don't get to hear about T- the other warrior." He replied stubbornly with George nodding firmly in agreement, not willing to lead Dream just up and leave. And didn't Theo say not to let them send Dream away?

"I'm staying." Dream agreed, hands clenched in his lap as he stared down the ancient piglin, "Either we leave or we stay. It's up to you."

The Warped Priest was silent for a moment, a calculating look on his face, he gave them each an intense look that they powered through before he sighed, "It has been voiced." He finally rumbled, "Very well. You, Legacy, shall stay. I will provide you with answers, trade me the Wither Skull and the information about the other warrior and I shall answer your questions. Be warned, there will be questions I will not be able to answer." He told them, holding his hooved hands out for the skull.

Dream frowned, "Just the skull and information?" He questioned carefully.

"Indeed."

Then why had Theo tell them to bring an extra mask then? Or would he ask for it later?

Right now though, it seemed like the best option for them was to trade the skull and information about Toby. Dream nods to Sapnap who nods back, taking one Wither Skull from his inventory to give to the old piglin.

An animalistic snort escapes the ancient mob, a fond smile on his face as aged hooves caressed the top of the blackened skull carefully, as if someone were to pet a beloved pet. It was weird and creepy but thankfully soon enough, the Priest puts the skull aside, though the piglin still had a smile on his face. "It has been voiced. Tell me now, about the other warrior."

"His name is Toby." Sapnap starts but is swiftly interrupted by the Priest.

"It is not his original name I take it?" He asks calmly, picking up his red cup of water once more, observing their shock.

"How did- no, it's not. His actual name is Tubbo, but through complicated circumstances, he calls himself Toby now." George said, wondering who this old piglin really was and how he knew that tidbit. Theo, who did you send them to for answers?

The piglin priest hummed thoughtfully but nodded in the end, motioning them to continue, "I see. Continue, Overworlders."

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At first Tubbo thought his future-self was a man he could admire, Toby had time-travelled from a horrid future after all. He thought him as very heroic at the start, if a bit scary because of his unyielding confidence against Schlatt. He could wrestle Technoblade to the ground and come out victorious for however short it was. A hero, Tubbo thought to himself was his first thought when he thought of his future-self.

His second thought about Toby was that he was broken man who wanted his best friend back. Toby had only time-travelled to their present because he'd been following Theo right through the portal, the best friend he had lost in the future. His Tommy who grew up so differently, who he had lost unfairly to Dream. Or so he had thought. The fact that Toby and Theo's friendship had been so broken made Tubbo fearful for his own, that was proof after all that he and Tommy could lose each other, that he could lose him. He hated them both for that, just a tiny bit.

His third and final thoughts about Toby...

Tubbo didn't even know where to begin.

He was angry, he was hurt, he wished that the future never revealed itself to him and the others.

Toby had exiled their best friend. Had exiled his Tommy and inadvertently pushed Theo right into Dream's hold. *He*, Toby, Tubbo, had been the reason why Theo, Tommy, was so distant and hurtful.

*"I'm not your best friend."*

Those words uttered by a man who was Tommy, who Tommy had the potential to be, who didn't even *look* at him as he said that- it hurt so much to Tubbo.

And it made him angry.

So he hit Toby, it was painful but *satisfying* in a strange and cruel way. His arm throbbed from hitting Toby's face, the man didn't have a soft face like he did anymore, all baby fat burned away through hardships over the years.

Techno stops him from going to hit Toby again and he clings into Tommy when his best friend hugs him. He listens to Techno half-heartedly and swallows down what Tommy's brother says.

Toby had been President, at the age of twenty. Tubbo would've been awed and even maybe ecstatic before, but now it was just a bitter pill to swallow as he re-considers Toby's words, his confession alongside Techno's words and the situation his future-self must've been in.

He's still angry at Toby, and he doesn't understand anything.

But what he does understand is that Toby regrets. Toby misses Theo, wants him back and has been for years. His goal alongside saving the future, was saving Theo, getting his best friend back.

Good. It meant that friendship still mattered to him, to them despite whatever happened.

Tubbo doesn't know what to think about him now, but he'll still help him try and get Theo back. Or at the very least, he wants to talk with Theo himself, wants to understand Theo and why he left everyone behind for Dream. The basis of brainwashing and manipulation is still there, very strong because he honestly can't think of Tommy, his own Tommy, willingly acting like Theo without something wrong going on for him.

So he'll help Toby in his goals, for the future and Theo, and hope for the best.

Because honestly, it was the only thing he could do without hurting himself again. Literally.

"Tommy." Tubbo murmurs as they walk towards a clearing where Toby and Techno could spar and where the rest of them could watch safely. He's still by Tommy's side, clinging to him and holding his hand tightly. "Tommy, I promise I won't end up like Toby." He tells him, which startles Tommy.

His blue-eyed go wide, "What?" He said, stunned at Tubbo's words. They both stop in place.

"I won't end up like him. Just like how you won't end up like Theo- don't get me wrong. Toby is nice, he's kinda awesome, he's about to spar with The Blade of all people but-" Tubbo squeezed Tommy's hand, "A lot went wrong, between him and his Tommy. I don't... I don't want that to happen to us. So I don't want to end up like Toby." He explained quietly and there and then, Tommy understands.

Tommy's shock melts into a smile, weary but understanding. "Yeah, yeah I- I get it. Man, their future is fucked up." He says, and Tubbo can't help the smile on his face. "So, I won't end up like Theo and you won't end of like Toby- great plan." They'd stick together, they wouldn't end up like their future counterparts.

They wouldn't.

---

*techno vs toby techno vs toby tECHNO VS TOBY TECHNO VS TOBY!!! the teacher vs student! good luck you two!!! I legitimately can't wait to see how this turns out, Tubbo himself is a good enough fighter but Toby is a different caliber since he was taught by Techno to be a warrior. TWO WARRIORS FIGHTING IT HAS BEEN SO LONG! FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT!! SPILL SOME BLOOD FOR OUR BLOOD GOD! may this be a fight to remember. They're fighting each other, this will be interesting. be careful you two!!*

Toby lightly swung the iron sword in his hand, feeling the weight of the sword and its testing out its balance. It's a simple iron sword. He hasn't wielded an iron-made sword in a long time, iron couldn't match diamond and netherite and was mostly used for builds and redstone contraptions back then. Even during spars, he and Techno tended to use either stone or diamonds. Iron was actually lighter than he remembered, probably from the fact he was stronger now.

"Shall we go all out? Third to spill blood?" Toby suggested to his opponent. Technoblade, younger Technoblade. Ender, it was still weird to think that the Techno before him was

younger than him right now. He didn't look too different aside from his clothes and the lack of aged-lines on his face. Hybrids were slower to age after all.

Techno huffed across him, smirking as he brandished the iron sword in hand. "That what you and future me usually do Toby?" He questioned back, wondering once more on just how his future self and Toby interacted.

Toby smiled, "Kinda yeah, it was third to spill blood most of the time whenever we used swords or any sharp weaponry." He replied, taking his stance just as Techno took his.

"Sounds good then. Third to spill blood first wins." Techno shot back, anticipation and low-brimming anger that turned into pent up energy in his veins just begging to be used. He felt high-strung like a bow-string in that moment, his expectations high from the man from the future where Techno had been his mentor.

Another warrior, a brother in arms, violence and bloodshed.

The air was heavy and pregnant with tension, a presentiment towards the spar that would occur. To the side, observing safely from afar, Phil, Wilbur, Tubbo and Tommy stood and sat. Though just earlier things had been heavy with tension before, and they were feeling conflicting emotions about everything that Toby had admitted so far, they couldn't help but look forward to the fight as well.

To see Toby truly let loose, see just how strong this Future Tubbo had become and just what kind of fighter Technoblade had taught him to be.

Technoblade felt like a high-strung bowstring, taut and tense to the point-

*Woooosh- CLANG*

Of snapping.

Techno moved first, cape flaring in the air as he was suddenly right in front of Toby- sword thrusting forward only to be blocked by Toby's own sword. Iron clashed with iron, Techno's strength versus Toby's.

Impressively enough, Toby skids back only a couple of inches from his spot and Techno actually a bit thrilled to see the familiar battle-hungry look in Toby's eyes that reminiscent his own. Toby was his warrior brother, a student from his future that would never be but still they were bonded in the ways of combat. Toby *understood him* in ways that *no one else* would.

A grin curls up his tusked mouth as Toby suddenly leans to the side, letting Techno's weight slide sideways, the grating sound of metal sliding against metal as their swords ground against each other with Toby's abrupt movement. Techno was quick to steady himself just in time to duck away from Toby's sword when it aimed for his head, the sword knocks his crown off his head and Techno aims a sweeping kick that knocks Toby off his feet as revenge.

Toby may have lost his footing but he uses his hand to support him instead, the heel of his foot colliding with the side of Techno's face. Tainted spit flies out of the piglin's mouth from the sudden attack while Toby flips himself right up, a few steps away from Techno who spits to the side and wipes the corner of his mouth. "Impressive." He says, an ache and pain in his jaw and a smear of blood mixed saliva on his palm. If Techno had been any weaker, or if Toby had been just a bit stronger, his jaw might have actually dislocated.

"First blood goes to me." Toby replies with a grin, readjusting his stance even as one of his ankles already felt sore as well as the familiar ache in his arms- Techno was still the stronger between them even if he was younger right now. Hybrid perks. Toby didn't expect anything less. He's nonetheless *missed* this.

Chat roared in mixed approval and disapproval in their ears, a cacophony of voices that encouraged and discouraged them both.

*FIRST BLOOD. YES SPILL WARRIOR BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! HE'S GOOD! THAT WAS QUICK! GO TOBY!! FUCKING POG YOU TWO!!! TECHNO YOU'RE SLIPPING. THAT WAS SMALL BLOOD BUT BLOOD IS BLOOD TOBY GOT IT FIRST!!*

Techno chuckled, tasting the iron in his mouth, unclasping his furred cape and throwing it aside to where his crown had been knocked. "This is already going to be so much *fun*." He growls, huffing hotly through his nose as he rolled his shoulders.

This time, they *both* move.

---

"I shall admit, this is something that I have never considered nor thought of before. Another warrior, from a time not of our own. And *human* nonetheless, it leads to thoughts and possible previously unthinkable..."

Dream couldn't help the snort that escaped him, "Yeah well, neither did we. But here we are." He said, tapping the side of the red cup in his hands. "But that's about it, Theo told us to come here. We don't know why, but I'm going to guess it's because that you have answers to some of the questions we have." Like how weird he'd been around Theo and why he was so weird.

The Warped Priest nodded slowly, face contemplating. "Perhaps, it would depend on what questions you ask of me," He said slowly, closing his eyes. "So ask now, Overworlders. And I will answer, keep in mind, some questions I may not be able to answer for one reason or another."

Finally, they could ask their questions.

"What exactly is a warrior?" Sapnap couldn't help but question first, he noticed the looks he got from George and Dream, "*What?*" It's a legitimate question- Theo said another warrior or some shit and that turns out to be Toby. Future Tubbo. What does *that* mean and how is that important to this guy?" He waved his hands towards the now amused piglin Priest.

Despite the fact that Sapnap wasn't asking anything pertaining to Dream, they had to admit, now that he was pointing it out they were really curious about it as well.

"Hm, the Wither Skull itself is worth two questions. And information you gave me is worth three, you have five questions. Now four as I will answer this question. It has been voiced." The Warped Priest told them and they recoiled.

"*Sapnap!*" George exclaimed exasperatedly, smacking his friend up the head.

Sapnap whined, rubbing his head and pouting, "He just said that now, I didn't know *beforehand!* And besides, we still have four questions to ask!" He pointed out to his friends who begrudgingly accepted it.

Chuckling, the Warped Priest cleared his throat and gained their attention. "Warriors, to us, are common. But the other warrior you speak with I, is another *Warrior of Blood.*" He rumbled, a slight tone of reverence mixed with a great amount of respect in his voice. "A champion to the Blood God, they who survive through the Trial Of Blood, and proof of their survival marks their body forever more and connects them to the Blood God."

"Blood God- I've heard Technoblade chant that before." Dream murmured, remembering the battle between he and Technoblade had before he had come to the SMP. When they were both teens and in a tournament, fighting for the top. "Blood for the Blood God." He said aloud, remembering what the hybrid had said.

All three of them jolted by the delighted grunting and snarling that came from the Warped Priest. "*Blood for the Blood God. Bleed for the Blood King.*" The old piglin hissed in an utter guttural tone with a wide, manic, adoring grin. His amicable nature gone for a moment, but just as it came, it went. The Warped Priest settled down, humming to himself. "Technoblade. Yes, he- he is our *warrior*. First warrior. He is the *Champion*, blessed by the Blood God. Connected to our deity forevermore. And now, he has a brother in bloodshed. Another warrior by his side. A worthy ally to him and our God."

### ***CLANG-CLANG-SSHHHH-CLANG***

*Toby and Techno's eyes shined from the sparks that came from their colliding swords. Matching blow for blow- thrust, parry, block, swing, slice, dodge- Toby swears, his parry weak and Technoblade **strikes**.*

"Though this Toby is an Overworlder, a warrior is a warrior is a warrior. He is *claimed* by the Blood God. He is *recognized* and shall be *accepted* as so." The Warped Priest said with a tone of finality. "It has been voiced."

George certainly felt disturbed by the odd behavior, but he too, couldn't help himself from asking. "How do you even know? We could be lying for all you know, you're just taking our word for it." He pointed out.

"Three questions." George looked sheepish as Sapnap and Dream swore, "You do not lie about this matter. A sensation befell on us, on I, days ago. The Blood God revealed to I something amiss in the worlds, a change that would affect everything. Us included. I have been privy to the knowledge that we shall gain allies and face threats never before seen. Here you come, with tales of another warrior, Overworlder he may be, but an ally to us and no doubt you come with knowledge of a threat."

The Warped Priest snorts at the looks he sees on both George and Sapnap's face, Dream's own was still hidden. "Ask your questions, you have three left. It has been voiced." He says, not asking about the threat at all.

Should they tell him? Bargain for more questions? They didn't know.

Dream however, couldn't take it anymore. And he asked. About himself. "You called me a Legacy of the Admins. You said something about a Separation and knew I was Active. How? How did you know? And, what does the Separation mean?" He only knew just a bit more about the Admins than the others, knew about the powers and such but he's never heard about anything called a 'Separation'. Was it connected to the reason why he acted so strangely with Theo?

The ancient piglin's face morphed into a look of distaste, but he sighs, "Very well. One question, I shall answer both."

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*SECOND BLOOD! WHOOOOOO!!!! TECHNO TECHNO TECHNO! TOBY YOUR HOT FACE!! FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT! TECHNOMENTOR FINALLY DRAWS BLOOD!*

There's a slice on Toby's chin, it bleeds sluggishly as the dark-haired time traveller pants, wide-grin on his face. "Well, that took longer than I thought it would." He laughed, using his thumb to wipe the blood dripping from the cut, shaking his hand to get rid of the blood. It stings and he smells the metallic scent of his own blood, "That's one for one. Next one wins the spar." His chest feels like a drum with the adrenaline pumping through his body. The good type of adrenaline that came from a harmless but still invigorating and blood-pumping spar, there's no death over their heads or anything like that. Just a simple, but wonderfully stimulating spar.

He feels *alive*. He's fucking *missed* sparring with Technoblade.

"Next one wins the spar." Techno echoed, a look of intense satisfaction on his face. "I gotta say, you're good Toby. I must be one hell of a mentor." He says, complimenting him and himself. Tubbo was good at fighting, but this? This was well beyond his expectations. Toby had been matching his blows, giving good thrusts and swings, dodging attacks, parrying- well, maybe his parrying needs work, the last one had cost him after all.

Speaking of Tubbo, he, Tommy, Phil and Wilbur were wide-eyed at the side. Gaping from the match so far. Technoblade and Toby had been slightly terrifying, fighting with near-maniac smiles on their faces. The battle hunger in their eyes and the violence in their teeth and actions- Technoblade they were used to to an extent. But *Toby*?

This was the man that Tubbo had the *potential* of turning into.

"I'll say!" Toby exclaimed, "You systematically kicked my ass through the training until I started getting better! You threw golden apples at me whenever I was tired, potions too, we had a few breaks but you made me work harder than I ever did to get where I am today!" For all the trauma he faced in the trials, the pride that he survived, that he caused for Techno had certainly been something. And typically, good battles was something he had come to crave

himself ever since he received his mark- he disliked killing but could enjoy a good fight. Not to mention the camaraderie he and Technoblade had afterwards had almost been matched to none. Almost. But he wasn't going to think of the masked duo that paralleled them. Not now, not when he was busy sparring Techno.

Techno smirked, "Good to see something good came out of it! Now shut up and *fight!*" Once again, they both *moved*.

The rhythmic sounds of metal hitting metal, of fist hitting skin, the haze of combat and the flurry of attacks that were sent from one warrior to another.

It all came to an end in one. Moment.

### ***ShhHHING***

Iron grounded against iron, blades sliding off of each other and cutting right into flesh before precariously halting.

Techno's sword dug into Toby's neck, the tip, covered in blood from a shallow cut. Toby's sword pressed against Techno's cheek, blood dripping from the cut and staining his sword.

*third blood, it's a draw.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

*we did it guys. we have fanart*

[By localpodcastlesbian](#)

TIS HIM. OUR BOY THEOINNIT. THANK YOU VERY MUCH YOU DREW HIM GREAT ESPECIALLY THE QUARTZ CAT EARS HE LOOKS SO FUCKING DONE I LOVE IT AND HIM

ahem, anyway. so the fighting tho... i hope i did good. i tried my best to make it make sense and describe it but i'm not a fighting expert.

ALSO TWO STRAIGHT WEEKS OF UPDATING IT'S A FUCKING MIRACLE.

okay, time to bullshit some lore next chapter! also check in with theo, he hasn't appeared at all in this update.

# Separation and Fragments

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Technoblade's breaths came deep and slow despite the adrenaline in his veins, it was slowing though as he and Toby stayed where they were, swords pressed against each other with a roar of voices in the back of their heads. Then, he cracked a smile that made Toby laugh out loud. "Even when you're like, ten years younger I *still* can't beat you!" Toby exclaimed with a grin, his turn to make Techno laugh as they retracted their swords.

"Hey, it's a draw. Good enough." Techno pointed out with a smirk, though inwardly he couldn't help but look back at the fight. Noting just how strong Toby was, how his skills were on par with his own- ten years was a long time, and clearly it made Toby into a formidable opponent.

A formidable *warrior*.

*THAT WAS AWESOME!!! holy fuck hot future tubbo being amazing techno you taught him good. THAT WAS A GREAT FUCKING FIGHT! A DRAW THAT'S JUST NOT FAIR?! Ender, Tubbo certainly got better in the future even if it was at a cost. WARRIOR BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED IT SHALL PLEASE THE BLOOD GOD! enderdamned we got some badassess here. guess the old pig was right to choose tubbo as another warrior. the priest always had a good eye for warriors. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA*

"Yeah, but still- I thought I had *some* advantage." Toby snorted, shaking his head and using his hand to wipe at his still bleeding chin and then the new cut on his neck. Neither of them were particularly deep, but they were still proof that he still hadn't managed to surpass his mentor. Even when he was ten years younger. However, he's made *progress*. There was pride that he felt when he saw the cut on Techno's cheek and the blood on his lip, he's made it far from where he had been.

*Tubbo gasped for breath, body bruised and slightly bloodied while Techno loomed over him, barely panting but there was a smirk on his face along with a look of approval. "Good job Tubbo. You lasted longer than last time." He was told, a limb offered to him. He takes it, groans as he's hauled up from the floor, feeling sore and pained but he was smiling. It's strained but still there, "Give- give me a bit. And maybe a potion, I can go again." Tubbo told him, hands on his knees and wincing at the pain he felt on his side where Techno had punched him. "Good. You're getting better Tubbo, but better isn't enough. The first Trial is coming soon, and you need to be at your best." Tubbo took in a deep breath, determination laced with apprehension in his veins. Win or die. Dying was not an option.*

The piglin hybrid snorted as well, "Like you said, even ten years younger and I'm just that awesome." He replied casually, wiping the blood from his cheek with the back of his hand. "And I'm even more awesome in the future."



Toby smiled, it's a bit sad as he nodded in agreement. "Yeah. You were." He said softly, which made Techno narrow his eyes at him. Though before the two of them could even say or do anything else, their audience finally joined them, Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo coming up- Phil had broken off to fetch Techno's cape and crown.

"That was *awesome!*" Tommy crowed, wide-eyed and amazed. "You two were so fast and holy shit Tubbo- Toby, you went against *The Blade* and made a draw!" He exclaimed, unable to repress the grin on his face. Despite how iffy he had felt earlier on, what with Toby revealing how he had exiled Theo and all but even *he* couldn't deny just how impressive the fight had been.

Tubbo felt the same, he gave Toby a slight smile, the tiniest bit apologetic- he didn't regret punching Toby in the face. He never will, but he'll give credit where it was due. The awe he felt for Toby was still there, it had flared and reminded itself during the spar as he watched his future self face off one of the greatest fighters in the land. It still escaped him, just the fact that Toby was a version of *himself* from the future... Could Tubbo himself learn it as well? However, he still didn't want to end up like Toby- he had promised with Tommy after all... "It was- it *was* pretty awesome." He mumbled to him.

Toby blinked but smiled at the two boys, "Thanks you two."

"Never thought I'd see the day someone else would draw with Technoblade." Wilbur commented, glancing at him then at Phil who finally joined them, offering Techno his cape and crown back.

Phil chuckled as Techno obviously accepted, affixing his crown back on his head while throwing his cape back on his shoulders and clasping it on him. "That really was impressive Toby." He agreed, "Now come on you two. We should clean those cuts and patch them." He said, eyeing their injuries.

Though it had been rough, revealing the exile just earlier on. Toby couldn't find it in himself to regret it, which he shouldn't. He had enough regrets as it was, the exile itself being one of the main regrets he held close to his heart.

He was just glad that even though he told them about one of the biggest mistakes of his life, they were still there for him. Techno didn't have to spar with him, didn't have to say what he said- they could've told him to *leave* and he would without complaint. It's more than what he deserves really but they didn't, maybe he lost a bit of trust from them, that was fine.

As long as he made an impact, made a change that would prevent his own future- he was fine with anything.

---

"Very well. One question, I shall answer both."

All three of them straightened, looking at the ancient piglin with focused eyes as the Warped Priest stayed silent for a while before speaking once more. The blaze powder smeared underneath his eyes seemed to glow a bit brighter as he spoke, "You, masked Overworlder, are a Legacy of the Admins of old, one of the few who are Active. Luck and Strength is on

your side and you are nearing Separation. Soon, you shall become a Fragmented Legacy, though you seem to have started rather early." The Warped Priest tilted his head at him, "I am not surprised that you know not what this means, the knowledge about it gradually died within the Overworld." Dream frowned but a chill went down his spine as the piglin priest stared at him through half-lidded eyes.

"The Separation is where you will face yourself Legacy. Your morality shall divide, your thoughts become askew and whichever Fragment gains the upper hand shall be who you are until the other overtakes them, a constant battle within your mind that shall go unnoticed until it is too late. The Separation is only started when the Legacy is confronted and put into personal turmoil. When they are faced with something, something important. When their morality wars with their logic, when their consciousness and decision is questioned or rejected. When their very livelihood or life is forced out of their control. It all depends for that Legacy but ultimately, Separation starts slow and ends swift, leaving you Fragmented."

"The Separation- it will adapt your mind. Adapt your morality, though it is divided. It shall change you, when the time comes. When certain events come to play, it will change you, it goes unnoticed but it does. You will change, you *have* changed as you are already undergoing Separation. You are nearing its ending. You have changed, be it for the better or for the worse should the Separation complete itself and you will become a Fragmented Legacy." Dream's head drops and he stares into his hands. Change him? How? He would've noticed if he had changed, right?

*Dream had no idea how things escalated, he leaves in search of the legendary Stronghold and once he does, he comes back to his SMP- the lands his family left him was rampant with chaos. Things were going out of control. Tommy stood afar, armored and defiance incarnate. Something stirs in the back of his mind as he tries to keep things under control. How? Tommy's chaotic, he's out of control. Would he behave if Dream took his discs?*

*Wilbur Soot takes over part of his land, naming it L'Manberg. Tommy immediately joins him and together, there's a divide on his land.*

*"Independence or death," Wilbur says and Dream stares at him, Tommy, Tubbo and Fundy. "If we get no revolution, we would rather die than to give in to you and your SMP." They were on his lands, they were demanding independence when Dream just wanted order and control. Wilbur Soot and his boys, he welcomed them into his lands and they were defying him. At least Eret knows better, even if Dream promised to make them king- it doesn't matter. Eret will betray L'Manberg like planned, a good hidden weapon for them. For him.*

*Blowing up L'Manberg was much, but it makes an impact. They need to learn. Why can't they learn? George and Sapnap thankfully stay by his side, they help him and he can't thank them enough. They're his best friend, they've been so useful during this nonsensical war. Then he listens to a proposal. A duel.*

*Tommy loses, he's on his last life. Dream feels bad, but the boy has caused so much trouble for Dream. He is offered the discs, they're worthless to him but Tommy doesn't think so and he's on his last life. He accepts the discs and something in him changes. He doesn't notice. He's tired and just wants things to settle, for there to be peace. But it was strange though, to see Tommy give in to him and give away his most precious items. It's... kind of satisfying.*

*The peace is wonderful. But it feels off though, he feels- bored? It's different and he doesn't notice, but there's something off in his head. It's boredom, no one has gone against him and he's both relieved and a little disappointed.*

*L'Manberg is holding an election. He wonders what Wilbur and Tommy are doing for this, and he watches as it bites them in the ass. It's entertaining as Schlatt comes back.*

*On the night of the election, he feels something off. A near-violent shiver goes down his spine. ~~what? what?~~ George messages him. A portal and a masked man?*

*He finds him, Tommy. Theo. He speaks but Dream is only paying half-attention. ~~he's wearing your mask he's wearing your mask~~ There's something off, something wrong- no, something right? He can't tell, but Theo calls him friend. Mentions the Stronghold and Dream is startled when Theo throws him his netherite armor. Why? Did he want Dream to have it? keep it ~~give it back~~ He keeps it in his inventory ~~yes-no~~ he'll give it back if Theo needs it. ~~no-yes~~*

*Theo is confusing. Dream doesn't know who he is. He asks and Theo answers. "I'm yours, Dream. Your tool, your weapon, your protege, your friend. What you need from me, you'll get. I will be by your side and I will do anything to help you." It sounds familiar almost as something hooks itself inside him, he doesn't know what or even notices but he's both elated and excited when Theo offers him his disc, it's familiar but different.*

*That's not right.*

*No that's perfect.*

"And the fact you somehow know that Dream is an Active descendant of the Admins? You still haven't answered that question." George prompted, snapping Dream out of his dazed thinking. His best friend was frowning, his brows furrowed and his fists were clenched on his lap.

The Warped Priest snorts, "I know, Overworlder, because I am the Warped Priest. Since young, I was blessed by the Blood God to see what others cannot see. To know what others do not know. To hear what others cannot hear. I am old, I am wise, I have seen my share of Legacies coming from the Overworld and few underwent Separation. However, this is my first, seeing one Fragmented early before the Separation was completed." He reaches for his cup, sipping water, "It has been voiced. You have one question left. Speak it now or save it. It matters not to me."

"Ender fucking- did you guys understand all that bullshit because I sure as hell didn't." Sapnap said, rubbing his face with some frustration, trying to make sense what the priest had told them. "We can ask one question left but now we have *more questions*. Fucking hell, what do we do?" He asked his friends, too annoyed.

Dream sighed, "I don't know, not all of it at least? Look, I don't even know what question to ask- and yeah, I have a *lot* more questions now..." Ender, this was a whole type of strange that he never thought he'd be involved with. Fuck, everything's been so off-kilter ever since Theo and Toby came and... "Wait, you said that I was Fragmented*early* and that my Separation wasn't completed. Does it have to do with the fact Theo and Toby are here from the future?"

The ancient mob narrows his eyes at him, "You are willing to use your last question for that?" He asked instead of answered.

"I... Yes, I am." They'll be able to get more questions later on right? Theo might know, he was the one who sent them here in the first place anyway.

The old priest huffs through his nose, nodding. "It has been voiced. Very well. Perhaps. There is a cause for you early Fragment, that cause may be them. I will give you free advice masked Legacy. Ground yourself. You are Fragmented yet undergoing Separation, you will be influenced, you will change, you might not notice but those around you shall in your stead." He stood up, grabbing his staff. "You have no questions left. Leave, Overworlders. Your time has run out for this visit. Leave now while we spare you."

They stood up as well, hesitant to leave- they still had questions, they still wanted and needed so many answers but if they didn't then they'd be attacked. They could defend themselves obviously but they certainly didn't want bad blood between them and this piglin faction. Not when it had answers, it was too risky. "Alright, we'll come back though." George says, Dream and Sapnap turning but he remembers something.

"Oh right- Dream, your mask." Dream blinks from behind his mask before he gets what George was saying.

"Oh uh, okay." He takes a spare mask from his inventory and offers it to the Warped Priest who eyes it warily. "Theo told me to give this to you. I don't know if I should now but, he just said to give it along with the wither skull." He tells him.

The Warped Priest's eyes widened before they narrowed once more, hesitantly accepting the mask. "You are sure about this?"

Dream shrugged, it was just a mask. He had plenty to spare. "Yeah."

"Hmm... You may come again, but not so soon. You will not be harmed by our faction. Next time, bring this 'Theo' with you." The Warped Priest told them before motioning them to leave, "Now go. It has been voiced."

The Dream Team left, leaving the old piglin in the room. He sets the mask down on the table, staring at the simple dots for eyes and carved smile.

*they've gone. he just gave you that mask? suspicious. theo and toby, they seem to be the source of all this change. we should meet them.*

"Mm." The Warped Priest hummed to himself, "... one of you is missing. Where are they?"

*gone. attached to the champion. felt the change and left, joined the younger brood.*

"Ah. That is good then."

*there is change in the air. we need to prepare. i don't like this. the blood god is silent. he plans. we should as well.*

"And we shall. It has been voiced."

*it has been voiced.*

---

Theo found peace in lava. Found peace in the burning liquid that could kill nearly anyone but specific nether-hybrids. He kind of wished he'd been born a Nether-hybrid just so he could enjoy it without the use of potions.

Theo floated within the lava pool of the End Portal Room. One of his favorite past times and ways to relax. It helped with a lot of things and he could practically feel all his stress and worries temporarily burn away from the magma as he laid there, afloat within the lava, staring at the ceiling, careful to keep conscious even though he so badly wanted to sleep within the normally scorching liquid. He was relaxed though and that was enough.

He minded the timer, uncorking another bottle of Fire Resistance before downing it just as the timer hit two seconds, resetting it to eight minutes.

Lava was heavier than water, it was easier to float on if you laid still on the surface. Not a lot of people knew about that, but then again not a lot of people appreciated lava like he did.

Why was he floating in lava when he should be getting more obsidian? The static had become unbearable earlier on when he let his worries get the best of him. Dream might be getting hurt right now, he should turn back. He should get back to Dream's side and- yeah. So Theo decided to dip into the lava pool, try to relax, reminding himself and quelling the static that Dream was with George and Sapnap with him. They'd keep him safe and where they were going, he wasn't allowed to go.

And, it had been a while since he let himself relax within the lava.

He sighed in content, closing his eyes as the warm liquid lazily swirled and bubbled around him. He'd get back to fortifying the Stronghold after a while, he just- he wanted to relax a bit longer.

He wished he could take a nap in the lava, but Dream wasn't- he wasn't here. His Dream at least. This Dream didn't even know that he liked lava.

*"You want to sleep in the lava?" Dream asked, baffled by his shy confession. Tommy's face burned as he looked down at the floor. "Tommy-" "I'm not suicidal." Tommy blurts out, wincing as he interrupted Dream. He didn't want to but, he just really- "I'm not. I swear, I just- if I have drink like, tons of fire resistance potions then maybe I can like- like take a nap in the lava pool?" "The potion only lasts eight minutes max Tommy." Tommy wilts, fidgeting with the sleeve of his red hoodie. "I know, but uh- even- I don't have to nap. I just, I wanna relax in the lava. I don't- I- it's stupid. I'm sorry Dream, it came into my head and I thought, I don't-" Dream interrupts him, "Okay you can sleep in the lava. You've been doing great so far Tommy and it is your birthday. You can sleep an hour in the lava." Tommy gives him a disbelieving look. "But-" "Don't worry about the eight minutes, I'll throw splash potions at you while you sleep." Tommy blinks but then he grins brightly as Dream ruffles his hair.*

Would this Dream splash him potions while he slept in the lava? Would it be weird to ask? What was he talking about of *course* it would be weird to ask but still-

"*TOMMY?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING LAYING IN LAVA?!"* George?

Theo opened his eyes and found Sapnap, George and Dream standing over him on the End Portal. Each looking wide-eyed, shocked and extremely concerned.

Blinking rapidly, he opened his mouth to ask what George and Sapnap were doing here- "I'm not suicidal. I just like lava."

...

He'll- he'll just get out of the lava now.

---

## Chapter End Notes

we have *MORE FANART AND BY GOD DOES IT FEEL GREAT*

[by Galaghiel](#)

they drew the 'Theseus Come Home' bit with dying future technoblade and i have been SCREAMING about it ever since holy shit. it says part 1- *part 1*. I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO PART 2

i'm flying by the seat of my pants here. i don't know what i'm doing and i'm only assuming that it makes sense and is entertaining. i will remind you that not a lot of this is planned, the separation thing? not planned, the split thing? kinda planned.

the lava thing? definitely planned. theo just likes lava, he's not suicidal. anymore. he likes the warm boiling death liquid.

and this is off schedule i know but i was kinda busy. maybe my streak is finally going to end soon, but NOT TODAY.

EDIT 3/13/20: changed 'Split' to 'Fragmented'

# Permission

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"Dude I can't believe you *found* the fucking *Stronghold* and you didn't even bother *telling us!*!" Dream winced slightly, smiling weakly after Sapnap smacked his shoulder, looking angry- he and George looked offended and Dream honestly can't blame them. "How long have you been hiding this bullshit from us?!"

They were in the last room hidden within the Nether. The one and only portal that would lead to the Stronghold.

After they had left the Warped Priest, left the piglin faction within the Warped Forest, they had planned to go back to one of Dream's bases, the one where Theo had left from and wait for them there.

That was the plan, but Sapnap had complained that Theo wouldn't be back until much later. Only a day had passed after all, and they had so many questions. Sapnap was impatient and suggested trying to look for him, George tentatively agreed, there was just so much they needed to cover and Theo had to be involved.

Dream hesitantly thought of messaging Theo. He would come if he asked, Dream knows he will. He had said so and Dream believed him.

Should he message him?

~~do it do it call him here he's ours he'll listen he always will~~  
~~no no don't he'll listen just go to him don't he's not ours~~

It felt like icy water had been dumped on him as he considered his options, and there, in the back of his head. The tiniest whispers he's never noticed before but now? Now he *noticed*. He hears them, only just barely but there's two. In his head, from what little he could hear even from concentrating- they sound so much like him but at the same time not. One sounds so possessive, unnaturally so. While the other sounds worried, empathetic.

Was this what the Warped Priest meant by Fragmented?

"Dream?" Dream's shaken out of his thoughts by a concerned George, they were still in the Nether. Just a few blocks away from the Warped Forest. "Dream are you okay? You stopped walking."

He...

Was fine?

Why'd he stop walking? He'd been, thinking...

"I know where Theo is, we could go to him."

He doesn't know why he had kept the Stronghold a secret from his friends. He had planned to tell them, he really did. But he didn't. He hadn't told them when he came back from his search, he instead lied, didn't mention it anymore and focused on other matters. His SMP had been chaotic, and then L'Manberg came. He doesn't even think to tell them after the war was over. Even with him going back to the Stronghold time and time again, he doesn't tell them then.

But then Theo comes and everything around him seems to change- or maybe it always did and he was just noticing it now?

When was the last time he had hung out with George and Sapnap?

When was the last time, the three of them spent time with each other with no strings attached? He's been going back and forth from the Stronghold on his own, keeping an eye on L'Manberg with anticipation for- for *something* but when was the last time all three of them sat down together and just have a good time? Had he been pushing his friends away slowly? Things had been a bit strained after L'Manberg finally got its independence, Dream had been keeping an eye on it, waiting for something to happen.

Well, he got his wish.

Several things happened almost all at once and Dream finally noticed something was off with himself.

So he tells George and Sapnap about the Stronghold. How he had found it, how he made it his secret hidden base, how he'd gone there again and again on his own, made a secret pathway with portals in the Nether and Overworld.

*yes yes tell them they're your friends*  
~~*no no don't tell them they're just tools*~~

Theo considered the Stronghold his home, he called it when they both got there but Dream never thought of it that way. Did he even have a home? A permanent one?

...

...

"Dream, don't hide things like this from us anymore okay?" George asked, frown on his face, goggles on his head as he stared down his best friend.

Dream took in a deep breath and nodded, "Yeah- yeah, I'll- okay." He'll try at least, he has no idea what was even going on anymore.

Separation, Fragmented, The Crimson, The Egg, Toby, The Warped Priest, Theo-

He has no idea what's even going on anymore, but hopefully that was going to change.

Together, the three of them stepped through the portal and into the Stronghold.



The masked man laughed as he sees the awe and wide-eyed looks of his best friend as they looked around the place. "You guys should've seen how much of a dump it was. But don't worry, I fixed it all." He said, motioning to the stone walls, the floor- he doesn't have much on decorations. He never saw any point in them in the Stronghold, it was a place he regularly visited sure but he never thought to decorate the place. He fixed it, got rid of the mossy stone bricks and broken blocks and sealed it completely to prevent anyone or anything from coming in. Sure there were a few things here and there but that was about it. It still looked nice though and Dream was actually proud of it.

"Ender, this is *so cool*. We're in *the* Stronghold!" Sapnap exclaimed, grinning widely as he looked around.

George glanced around before looking back at Dream, "You have so much shit to make up for Dream." He tells him with a smile, "Give us a grand tour after we find Theo, you said he'd be making his room?" Dream nods and he leads them to where Theo would build his room.

Right across the room that was technically his own he guesses, it's where he sleeps whenever he spends the night in the Stronghold.

"Huh it looks like he finished his room." Dream notes, looking around Theo's newly finished room. Four chests tucked against the wall, an armor stand holding Theo's netherite armor, a desk by his bed along with a comfy-looking chair, an almost empty book case on the other wall. Dream and George smiled at the sight of the mask and quartz headband perched on the shelf. It was fairly normal even with the netherite armor. Dream steps closer and looks at the armor stand, sees glowing armor displayed.

take it he would give it to you if you asked  
~~don't you've done enough it's his not yours~~

There's a hand around his wrist, that hand is George's. He looks at Dream with a look of disapproval and concern. "Dream, that's Theo's armor. You gave it back to him." He says carefully and Dream blinks and George lets go of his hand. Dream puts his hand down, away from the armor. "He's finished his room, so where is he? Did he already go back?"

Dream shook his head, both to answer George's question and to clear his thoughts. "I don't know. If he did, he would've asked where we were through the comms." He pointed out, "Actually, we could use them to ask where he is."

Sapnap looked up from where he was rummaging through Theo's chest, really? George stopped him but didn't stop Sapnap. "Sounds good! We probably should've messaged him in the first place- don't give me those looks, I wanted to see what he had in his chests! There's not much, just some spare wood and stone and ores. I'm not taking anything." He retorted to the looks he got from George and Dream- mostly George since Dream still had his mask on.

George rolled his eyes while Dream snorted and got his communicator out to message Theo. When the man had come, he had changed his communicator's ID and settings- he wasn't Tommy Innit after all. Not anymore.

*Dream messaged Theo: Theo? Where are you? George Sapnap and I are at the Stronghold.*

The three of them waited a bit for Theo's message, frowning when Theo didn't message back. "Maybe he's a bit preoccupied for the moment." George suggested, though he was worried for him. The man could take care of himself, he and Dream had seen how he could fair against the Egg and if Dream really had taught him then he could deal with mobs and people as well.

"He should've messaged me back by now though." Dream replied with a deep frown. Hadn't he said he would be by Dream's side as soon as Dream messaged him to come back? He should be answering right now. Just what the hell was Theo doing that was more important than him?

No, no. George was right. He might be busy with something and couldn't look at his communicator at the moment. ~~He was he was busy laying in lava he couldn't hear the ding of his communicator in the thick boiling liquid and was reminiscing of the past.~~

Dream huffed, pushing his mask to the side and messaging his forehead. "He'll- he'll message back as soon as he can." He said, to himself and his friends. Shaking his head he looked back to them, "Want that tour of the Stronghold?" He asked making Sapnap grin brightly while George snorted.

"Yeah sure, why not."

He gives them the tour, leading them from Theo's room into the Stronghold's library. Dream gets smacked again as he shows off the books he had kept in the library, as well as the map that was showing his progress in finding the Dark Mansion- "You told us you weren't going to try and find it you asshole!" Dream laughs sheepishly and dodges the books that George and Sapnap throw at him.

He shows them the small farm he has at the Stronghold, with crops and some animals just so he could have food in the place. He shows them the small basic kitchen and the storage rooms where he keeps his stuff. The training room he's just recently trying to build. Both his best friend rib on him for the lack of decorations and the amount of empty rooms that Dream hasn't thought about turning, they claim a room for themselves in lieu of this and Dream can't find it in himself to be mad at them because he's realizing just how empty the Stronghold is.

If Theo had a room here then so should his friends. In fact, his friends should've had rooms here anyway. Him not telling them about the Stronghold was a mistake, but thankfully now they knew and they were only a little mad at him.

Finally, the best for last- he shows them the End Portal Room.

"The thing's busted," Dream tells them as they headed towards the End Portal Room, "It needs Eyes of Ender in the portal block frames but one of the frames is missing and I have no idea where it is or even how to make it." It's one of the most frustrating things he's ever been trying to research. He has no idea where the hell the last frame is or what even happened to it. The old library within the Stronghold didn't help at all, he's scoured through all the books- but then again, he couldn't understand half of them. It's a painstaking process, trying to translate the old books from the Stronghold.

He hasn't translated every single book yet.

Maybe it'd be easier if he had help.

Man, he was being an idiot for trying to do this all on his own wasn't he?

"Here it is." Dream motioned to the room. He's kept it mostly the same. He *did* of course get rid of the silverfish spawner, replace the mossy and broken blocks, mined out the iron bars and all that but that was it. It was pretty much the same as he found it, with the missing end frame portal and... "Is that my mask?" He questioned, stunned to see the mask on the staircase.

"You didn't leave it there?" Sapnap questioned him, looking just as stunned as he was.

"What? No- I wouldn't do that."

George frowned, walking up the steps to grab the mask and- "*TOMMY?!!*" He cried out, startled to see Tommy in the lava- no, it was *Theo*. He had his eyes closed, he looked content in the lava. Immediately, Sapnap and George climbed the stairs with him to look and see Theo in the lava pool underneath the end portal frame. "*WHAT ARE YOU DOING LAYING IN THE LAVA?!!*" George shrieked, having suffered a near heart-attack from the surprise.

Without his mask, with his eyes closed and looking so content- He really was Tommy Innit. But older, scarred and- and-

Theo's eyes opened, looking confused as he stared up at them from the lava pool. And the words that came out of his mouth were, and any of them could quote word for word with a complicated look later on, "I'm not suicidal. I just like lava."

*What.*

*What.*

What.

---

*"Dude, how long have you been in there?"*

Theo sits up, trying to hide his disappointment as he shuffles to the side so he could leave the lava pool. "I've had three potions so far so about, about twenty-four minutes I'd say. Well four potions, but I just drank it like a minute ago- twenty-five minutes." He answered Sapnap as he climbed over the block, getting out through space of the missing portal frame.

The Dream Team hopped off the broken portal frame as Theo shook off some excess lava back into the lava pool. Careful not to splash the three as he awkwardly stood before him. "*Why?*" George questioned, looking a tad bit frazzled.

"I just- I like lava. It's not that different from laying in water y'know." Theo mumbled, feeling self-conscious at the incredulous looks he got from the three of them. "Can I have my mask back?" He swiftly took the mask after George offered it back, settling it back on his face and feeling relieved at the cover. Now if only he had a cover for his whole body language.

"Not that dif- you *burn* in lava, you *die* if you touch it." Sapnap points out to him.

Theo shrugged, "If you have Fire Resistance potions you don't- it's actually quite warm. And napping in lava is pleasant if you have someone you can trust to periodically splash the potion on you." He said, twiddling his fingers and glancing subtly to Dream who caught it.

"Really? I mean- if you *do* have the potion but like- still! Who naps in lava?!" George spluttered, trying to wrap his head around the concept- okay it's not that hard to get but *really*? What sane person wanted to sleep in lava?

Theo's shoulders slouched as he resolutely avoided looking at George. "I do. Well- I used to. Dream was always there to splash a potion at me before the timer ran out. I slept for like, a couple of hours in lava because of that." He sees George and Sapnap turn to the still stunned Dream and he quickly adds on, "My Dream. He uh- he did that. This, you- didn't know about that. Yeah." Fuck. This was severely awkward and Theo should've just continued mining obsidian.

"I did that? Or like- fuck, future me did that?" Dream questioned, sound just as incredulous as he looked. Theo wilted a bit in place, "Huh, well- that's- yeah I don't know what to say about that." Theo wilts a bit more and an awkward silence falls on them.

He should have really gone back to mining obsidian and fortifying the Stronghold. He should've- wait. "You took them here?" He asked, looking at Dream, motioning to George and Sapnap.

Theo smiles a bit at the hesitant nod that Dream gave him- his eyes are leaves, Theo notes. "Oh that's good. You- uh, my Dream never showed them the Stronghold. It's one of the things he regretted not doing." Before he died, he doesn't say but they know it. Theo tilts his head as he thought more into it. "So, how did the visit go? You did find the Warped Forest from the coordinates I sent you right? Did you meet with the Warped Priest?" They did do that before they ended up here right?

At the question, the three of them perked and George grabbed his arm, looking serious. "You have a lot to explain Theo."

Theo sighed, nodding to him, "Yeah probably. Let's move to the Li-Library. Dream hasn't built the living room yet, library will have to do." It was better to talk there than to talk in the portal room. All three of them agreed and they moved to leave the portal room.

Theo gave the lava pool one last longing glance before following Dream, George and Sapnap out of the Portal Room and towards the Library.

It doesn't take long, and they all sit at the table, Theo hesitantly taking off his mask again. If only because Dream didn't have his mask properly on. And even with George and Sapnap here, he didn't feel like wearing his mask within the Stronghold. "Okay, I'm ready. Ask your question, I'll try to answer to the best of my abilities." He says but immediately winced when all three of them spoke at once. "*One at a time!* Ender, I can't answer all your questions all at once." He exclaimed, rubbing his ear.

"Dream, you go first."

Theo ignores the '*of course he goes first*' mutter coming from Sapnap and focuses on the leaf-eyed Dream. Keeping an eye on the shade of his eyes. "I- fuck. Okay. Why did you send us to that Warped Forest? To the Warped Priest? You could have told us yourself about the whole, Separation and Fragment thing- or did you not know about it and that's why you sent us there?" He asked and Theo cringes.

*Dream with poisonous eyes and a tightly gripping hand on his wrist, leaned in with a deadly whisper. "You're not allowed to talk about that, you hear me Tommy? You're not even allowed to go back there- I **forbid** you." Tommy frantically nodded, wincing at the pain at his wrist. The poison recedes ever so slightly, "Good. Now come on, we're going home."*

"I'm... I'm not allowed, to talk about- about *that*." Theo says carefully, scratching the back of his neck, no pain. The static pulsed slightly in warning in his head. "And I'm not allowed, to go there. Where you went. I'm not allowed, but George and Sapnap are. Also you. I know what it is but- I can't talk about it." Theo mumbled, biting his lip.

George's brows furrowed, "*Not allowed*"? Who- did Dream- *your* Dream didn't allow you to talk about the Separation or Fragments or even go to the Warped Forest?" He asked him and Theo gives a hesitant nod. Nothing happens- to him anyway. George just looks confused and a bit frustrated. "*Why*?"

"He- he didn't like it there. And it-" Theo's lips thinned as his neck began to ache. "I can't talk about it. I'm not allowed."

"*Why not*? We have to know- *we* are certainly allowing you to talk about it! Come on!" Sapnap urged, wanting to know but Theo could only wince and run a hand through his hair in frustration.

"I *can't*- Dream. Dream has to allow me, I can't talk about it unless he allows me." Theo snapped at him, he looked at Dream, seeing the leaves turn into grass in his eyes.

"*Why*?!"

"*Dream*!"

George and Sapnap exclaimed simultaneously, and Dream blinked while Theo sucked in a deep breath. "Dream's my friend- my owner. He told me not to talk about it and I won't, not unless he allows me- not until I have permission to talk about it." His eyes are grass green- they're actually a bit darker now. He's making things worse, he knew the risk when he came but he might be making things worse- no. George and Sapnap were here, they could ground Dream. And Dream's eyes- they weren't poison.

Things were fine. Everything was going to be fine.

The mark on his neck, the blue that's stained him for years, it prickles and he aches while his head is surrounded by static.

*Loyal. Stay loyal. Don't stray from Dream. Stay Loyal.*

He was- *is* still loyal to Dream, he is.

This was all for Dream's sake.

George jabs at Dream, "*Dream*, give him- give him permission." His voice is strained, just like his face. The grass swirls and turn into leaves and Dream-

"You're allowed to talk about it Tommy. You're allowed to talk about anything, just answer our questions." Theo focuses on 'You're allowed to talk about anything, just answer the question' and it's-

*It's a breath of fresh air.* The back of his neck stops aching, the static calms and he takes a deep breath and opens his mouth. "Dream has two sides in his head. I call them My Friend and My Owner. Because to me, that's what they are. They're in his head, they influence him, they *are* him but at the same time they're not, they're his thoughts but amplified and separated. It's confusing but that's what they are. They're just- they're Fragments. Dream's Fragments, my Dream was Fragmented because of a lot of things and just everything that's happened and My Owner made him into a frankly terrible person but I'm still his friend and his tool. I'm Loyal. I was ever since he decided to take me in as his protoge, I'm his friend and student, I'm his weapon and tool. He's my Friend, he's my Owner. He's fucking confusing at times but it's okay, My Friend in Dream was kind to me even if My Owner wasn't really. Dream still cared, and he cared until he died. He was more friendly when he got infected because My Owner was the one who was fighting off the The Egg's influence the most in his head and he flipped a lot while he was infected but it was mostly My Friend Dream who stayed with me the last few months before he died."

"My Friend Dream was great, I miss him, he cared so much for me, he was great- not that My Owner Dream wasn't. My Owner Dream is still nice even if he's not most of the time, he cared. In his own, fucked up way. I think My Owner Dream fragmented again too because his eyes went from grass to poison and it was terribly confusing. My Friend Dream tried to give me permission by the way, he's cool but he was the weaker Fragment and important decisions weren't allowed by him unless it benefited My Owner Dream."

"Dream right now isn't as bad as my Dream was, there's time. His Separation isn't complete but I'm afraid I messed things up because now that I'm here he's Fragmented. His eyes turn from leaves to grass but it's not poison which means there's still time, I'm sorry I made you Fragment Dream but it's okay George and Sapnap are here and they'll help you. And I will too, I'll always help you, I'm Loyal. I'm your friend, I promised I'd help you and here I am helping you."

Theo pants lightly, it's the only sound in the room as the Dream Team stared at him in overwhelming silence.

Theo can't help the grin on his face, he- he said it. He could talk about it- He could talk about the Fragments and Separation! He had fucking *babbled* about Dream- his Dream, Friend Dream and Owner Dream. He could talk about them without worry- "Oh thank fuck." He says and to his as well as the Dream Team's horror, he *hiccups*. There's- there's something wet trailing down his face. "I- I couldn't- Dream I- it's been-" He hiccups and sniffs, quickly trying to wipe away the tears that were coming down his face.

This was both simultaneously amazing and horrible.

*Fuck.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

goddamn a whole new arc is going on in the dream smp while i'm here in the past writing shit.

welp, gotta go on my dudes. gotta go on.

but seriously who else is screaming over the streams right now? because i am. honestly i'm kinda disappointed that tommy betrayed techno, but hey, it's what happened and i'm just here for the ride. ALSO SAD-ist new animation? *fucking hell they're amazing*

also theo has repressed a lot of things, by his own volition and because of dream. his dream at least. this dream? he's learning, and hopefully things will be okay.

honestly the last bit is pretty 'eh' to me, did i write that alright? hmm. anyway, hope you enjoyed!

# L'Manberg's Final Death

## Chapter Notes

THE STREAM (i've only seen techno's full stream so far btw)  
L'MANBERG IS GONE AGAIN BUT MAYBE PERMANENTLY HOLY CRAP

i am in sPAIN, spain without the s my guys. spain without the s.  
and *because* of that... we have a chapter mostly situated in the past.  
where l'manberg dies its final death :))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

After the fight, Toby had remembered that he had been in a meeting with Quackity and Schlatt. He had just straight left them in the middle of the meeting and left with Techno and Phil to where Theo and the *Dream Team* were.

Predictably they were very confused when Toby excused himself to visit them briefly. They wanted to know what the hell happened, why he had left so abruptly, what Techno and Phil were doing in L'Manberg- right, Quackity was still fairly afraid of the man right now- why Toby had bandages on his chin and neck.

The sun is setting and Toby resigns himself to telling Schlatt and Quackity about what happened. He messages the others that he would be kept busy for a bit.

"So you're telling me," Schlatt starts, eyes half-lidded and fingers threaded in front of his mouth with a serious look on his face. "That there's this evil *egg thing* out there, that causes the end of the world. You, along with both Technoblade and Philza, ran out to help *Theo*- the other time-traveling guy who may or may not hate me and who's also future Tommy- *and* the Dream Team because they were fighting this evil egg but it *got away*. And now there's an evil egg on the loose and there's this, shaky-ass truce between you and Theo." Quackity is muttering heavily in Spanish, a hard processing look on his face.

Toby huffed through his nose, rubbing his eyes, "Pretty much yeah."

"... Life was so much more easier when the future stopped being a pest." Schlatt swore, rubbing his forehead and desperately needing a drink. However was currently, much to his fucking horror, *sober*. And he would *stay* sober as long as Toby was around to threaten him into staying in the *wonderful life* of sobriety. "Is this Egg going to be a problem in the future?"

Toby gives him this deadpanned stare, "It's the Egg that causes the world to end- I'm *pretty* sure that *yes*; it'll probably be *some kind* of problem in the future." He replies, voice dripping with so much sarcasm Schlatt might slip on his ass.



"But you said the Egg thing didn't start being a real problem until like, what, a couple years from now? We got tons of time to scramble the fucker and make tortillas for everyone." Quackity pointed out. He had some doubts but this was Toby, Tubbo's future self that really didn't seem to be joking. The end of the world is caused by as enderdamned evil monster egg. Who knew?

Toby grimaced, "Six years- Possibly five. The... infected people it had in its thrall kept a good job hiding it until it couldn't be hidden anymore. It was growing everywhere and it spread into L'Manberg in no time." His fists clenched, "But the thing is, the Egg right now? Sure it's weak, and it's small- last I saw it it was the size of a fucking hill- right now it's the size of *one block*. It's all that but *it escaped* and we have no idea where it is, what it will do and fucking anything else that might happen in between. So the period for it to become a real problem, world-ending problem, might take a few years yeah but as soon as it's big enough it'll escalate and things will snowball right into catastrophe."

He looks at them and they shiver at the look in his eyes, the dark grimace on his face and just his *eyes*- they were so *intense* that they'd surely be dreaming about them tonight. "*Four years*. That's how long it took to almost completely take over the Overworld. The Tundras were the only safe places in the Overworld but when I left it was being taken over as well. Six years it was dormant and biding its time, and then the next four years were absolute *hell*. So many people were infected, so many people *died*. You have no idea just what it's capable of. Everyone moved to the Nether just to have a single *hope* for survival and even then, it was harsh."

"So we had to abandon L'Manberg?"

Toby took in a deep breath at Quackity's innocuous question. "We had to, yes. Not only because it was entirely overrun by the Crimson, but because it was destroyed. Completely."

Theo and Dream had made sure of that.

---

"Tubbo?"

Tubbo jolted up from his desk with a yelp, groggy and tired but *awake*. "Mm?! Yes?! I'm- I'm awake!" The young man blurted out, pressing the heel of his palm against one of his eyes, blinking rapidly to see who had called out his name. "Oh Ranboo, 's just you." He yawned, shaking his head and trying to get the sleep out of his eyes.

The enderman hybrid smiled apologetically, "Yeah it's just me. Sorry for waking you so suddenly, but you look really tired. I think you should head to bed." He said, walking over to Tubbo's desk and laid a hand on Tubbo's shoulder. "You've been in your office for too long, you need sleep."

"I'll sleep when I'm done with the paperwork." Tubbo waved off, squinting down and groaning when he realized he'd smudged the ink on the papers- yep, there was ink on the sleeves of his suit. "Crap, now I have to start all over again." He sighed but resignedly inked his pen only to have a completely white hand to take the pen, setting it aside. "Hey-

"*You need sleep Tubbo.*" Ranboo insisted, hauling Tubbo out of his chair much to his protest. "Your paperwork can wait-"

Tubbo struggled but he just felt *so tired*- "*No it literally can't*-" He had to- he had to work. L'Manberg needed him, he had to continue working.

The two tussled but ultimately Ranboo wasn't as exhausted as Tubbo, and he was a hybrid so he overpowered the tired President and forced him into his bedroom. Ranboo also forced off Tubbo's presidential suit jacket off of him and leaving him in the white undershirt and his slacks. "Tubbo you *need* to *sleep*. Rest. You've been working too much." Ranboo scolded him, the hybrid scowling at Tubbo's stubborn rejection to the notion of sleeping.

"Ranboo this is *treason*-" Tubbo tried, just wanting to continue working. Those papers were important he swears they are, something something property damage? He'll- he'll remember if he just reads the paperwork and sees what was wrong. It was probably for those weird red plants that were popping up everywhere- they were seriously, growing everywhere. Tubbo could see a red vine peeking at the corner of his window. They were coming from the ground, a new plant? They were weird, they were trying to get rid of them all but it wasn't an easy process.

"Tommy wouldn't want you to overwork yourself Tubbo."

Tubbo's eyes locked into Ranboo's, Ranboo looked regretful but firm and Tubbo just looked hurt before he looked bitter. "How many times are you going to use that on me Ranboo? Tommy's *dead*. Doesn't- doesn't matter... What Tommy wants..." His eyes feel familiarly wet, it just adds to his exhaustion and he flops down on the bed to look at the ceiling.

"He'd still want you to be resting." Ranboo replied quietly, now sitting down on the side of Tubbo's bed as Tubbo threw an arm over his face. Covering his eyes. "He'd nag you into resting, call you a stupid idiot and drag you to bed whether you wanted to or not." He said with a small sad smile on his face.

Tubbo huffed, a wavering smile on his face as well. "Yeah- yeah... he'd probably call me a bitch boy actually..." Tubbo closes his eyes and feels the exhaustion take over. His tired mind finally drifting off as he mumbled, "I miss Tommy..."

Ranboo watched go to sleep quietly, sighing and covering Tubbo with a blanket. "I do too." He whispered quietly, standing from the bed and taking out his memory book. He scribbled into it a bit before closing and starts to tiptoe carefully to leave Tubbo's room, he pauses as he sees the compass framed on the wall. One of Tubbo's most valuable possessions, one of the only things left from Tommy, he shakes his head and gets out of the room. He'd get Quackity to take over Tubbo's paperwork, their president needed a break.

It's been almost a complete year since Tommy was exiled.

And it's only been three and a half months since he died.

Tubbo was still taking it hard, he'd been the one to see the dirt tower. He'd been the one to see all the items strewn about, the campsite had been destroyed- Dream and a lot of the others

suspected that Tommy had did that because he'd had enough of exile. Just wanted to blow everything up before falling to his death.

*Surely not.*

Except there wasn't any other proof otherwise.

All of Tommy's possessions were either blown up or were just laying there on the floor right by the tower. The body was gone, turned to nothing like every other person who died on their last life. Tubbo hadn't visited early enough to see Tommy's dead body and he still doesn't know whether or not to be glad or sad about it.

---

*"Can you give me everything you have Tommy? I'm not blowing them up this time I promise." Dream asked the huddled Tommy who was covered with layers of blankets near the make-shift fireplace that Dream had made. The blonde gave him an almost panicked but ultimately confused look.*

*"I- O-okay? But why-" He started to ask, dropping his things on the ground with shaky, cold hands but Dream interrupts him. "I said everything Tommy. Even the compass and pictures." Tommy froze, looking lost and panicked. Clutching Your Tubbo to his chest. "But- but it's my-" Dream gave him a reassuring smile, eyes so very green- like poison Tommy thought idly in the back of his head beneath all the tired confusion and panic.*

*"Trust me Tommy, you don't need them anymore remember? You have me, I'll be here unlike Tubbo. He threw away his compass, it's time you threw yours too. I'll get rid of it for you, come on." Dream coaxed gently, and Tommy can't help but listen. Feeling so cold, even with the fire beside him. If Dream hadn't saved him from the cold, he'd be dead. Dream should be angry at him, for trying to run but he wasn't. He just took Tommy to his secret base and was trying to help him, gave him blankets, fire, food. He- he should listen to Dream. He knew what was best for him after all. And Tubbo did destroy... his compass...*

*Biting his lip he hesitantly set down his Tubbo compass and the few pictures he had left on him. "... alright, here..." Dream picks it all up in his inventory, patting Tommy's cold head. Tommy smiles weakly at that and the way Dream made sure his blankets were securely wrapped around him. He could barely move with them on. The cold was receding. "Thanks pal, here, why don't you just relax, get warm, eat and listen to Chirp?" He says and Tommy blinks, focusing on the mention of Chirp. "*

*"Chirp? My disc? But-" Dream sets down a jukebox several blocks away from Tommy who can't really move from his spot.*

*"You can listen for now Tommy, you may have made some mistakes but you've been doing great so far. I'll be right back okay? Don't move from where you are, you still look pretty cold." Tommy watches him slip the disc in and the music starts playing, he's cold and tired and he's listening to his disc. His eyes start to droop but Dream was going somewhere, where was he going? When was he coming back?*

*"I am, when- when are you coming back?"*

*"Soon Tommy, soon. Relax and listen to Chirp Tommy. I'll be back." Tommy watches him go, yawning and leaning against the soft woolen block that Dream propped him up against before the fire.*

*"O-Okay Dream, come- come back soon..." Dream chuckled underneath his breath and adjusted his mask as a sharp smile grew on his face and then he left. He returned to Logstedshire, throwing the items in front of the tower in a specific manner, scuffed the place up and left. This would give him plenty of time to train Tommy and solidify his loyalty. There's guilt somewhere, he can't find it and doesn't even notice, it's so deep in his head and he's so focused right now on his plans. It only flares out once very later on when he's back at L'Manberg and Tubbo screams at him about Tommy's apparent demise.*

*It flares before it's pushed down and Dream pretends to be shocked. And he starts to lie.*

*Tommy is safe in one of his bases, not dead, he thinks to himself as he says otherwise, suggesting what happened. He would have to get him somewhere safer, somewhere more private- he'll move Tommy to the Stronghold then. Better to have him close and secure.*

---

All Tubbo had left of Tommy was Tommy's disc Mellohi and now, Tommy's 'Your Tubbo' compass that always pointed at him. Mocking him in a way but Tubbo couldn't bear to part with it. He kept it in his house, in a single item frame within his room. Sometimes he'd take it down, put it in his enderchest with Mellohi if he couldn't bear to see it, but most of the time, it stayed in the item frame on the wall.

Tubbo had once tried to give the compass to Philza, but Philza had refused. Letting Tubbo keep it- "I've got plenty of pictures of Toms. I have some of his old things with me. You keep it Tubbo." Though the father was heartbroken from his youngest son's death, he refused the compass and let Tubbo keep it. The two shared a night together, weeping for the dead blond.

They held a funeral in L'Manberg. Everyone was invited, even Technoblade, who was silent and angry but he made no move against them. It was a funeral, he wouldn't cause a commotion on Tommy's funeral. It was only because of Philza's pleading that things had stayed peaceful. That Technoblade was able to attend with no violence and bloodshed even though the tension between him and Quackity had been suffocating. The failed execution was still fresh but put aside for this one, important funeral.

Nothing but mourning and grief happened during the funeral as it finished.

And nothing spectral came in the following days.

Tommy Innit died and stayed dead.

---

*Tommy beams when Dream comes back, they've moved to the Stronghold- a secret place that apparently only Dream knew. And now Tommy! "Dream! Welcome back! How was- how was L'Manberg? Did you talk to Ranboo? Tubbo? Is everything alright over there?" Did anyone notice he'd left Logstedshire? Ranboo had to right? They were... friends, even though Ranboo*

hadn't been sending him letters lately even the month beforehand, before he tried to jump and run away.

*"I did talk to Ranboo Tommy, I offered to deliver whatever letter he had and gave him yours but he said was too busy. Looks like they were planning an event or something, it looked pretty important. Things seemed to be as normal than usual aside from that." Dream replied easily, as if he hadn't just attended the young man's funeral earlier on. He sees the way Tommy wilts, biting his lip and looking so heartbroken. He smiled underneath his mask and adds in, "Actually I saw Philza and Technoblade talking with Tubbo in L'Manberg though so there's that."*

*Tommy looked at him in shock, "What? But- But Technoblade hates L'Manberg, government and- and they wouldn't allow him into L'Manberg. He killed Tubbo! He spawned withers-" "Yeah, shocked me too. They were talking peacefully, looks like Tubbo really forgave Technoblade for everything he's done and Philza managed to get Technoblade to not do anything to L'Manberg in return." Dream interrupted with a shrug, watching Tommy's face cycle through a lot of emotions.*

*It settles on offended anger, "I... He just, forgave him? Let him into L'Manberg? After everything he's done? He- he blew up the country, he nearly killed Tubbo and I- He just forgave him while I'm still in fucking exile?!" Tubbo rescinded the exile with tears. Technoblade had been itching for his sword, Dream saw but unfortunately Philza stopped him. Quietly scolding him and reminding him that they were at Tommy's funeral. No violence on Tommy's funeral.*

*Dream hummed, nodding to him. "Yeah... You look angry, want to train?" Tommy's been doing great, when he puts his mind into it and wasn't being annoying. Tommy was already a good enough fighter, but after Dream was done with him he'd be the perfect tool. The perfect weapon. Somewhere in his head, a part of him screams against it but he doesn't notice as it's shoved deeper underneath his psyche.*

*"... Yes. I need- I need to get better, and let out some energy." Dream grins at the frustration and hurt on Tommy's face as he storms towards the training room, Dream follows him and thinks about the interesting little lead he's found during his private research time in one of the books. Tommy's been great so far, he's listened- there were a few times he was being annoying but Dream handled it. However just to be sure he had Tommy's complete loyalty- that book on tattoo'd enchantments would definitely come in handy. He needs to carefully research it some more though.*

*"Haha, sounds good Tommy."*

---

Dream leaves for a month, disappears and no one knows where he went. Not even Sapnap or George who've been avoiding Dream for a while now.

When he comes back, he has someone else following after him. Someone new joins the Dream SMP.

Theo, seemingly short for Theodore.

He's a mute young man, extremely shy. He wears one of Dream's mask and dresses up like him, fights like him too actually- Dream had met him while he was gone. Apparently Theo had been a fan of him and followed Dream until he took him in as his protege, who was Dream to refuse? He'd been charmed and flattered and Theo was actually a good student.

---

*"Here Tommy. Wear this, I'm letting you back in the SMP, also L'Manberg- but you're still exiled. So wear this and no one will know it's you as long as you stay quiet and act mute okay? Remember what we talked about." Tommy stared at the mask before nodding, strapping it to his face, grimacing at the weird feeling of wearing a mask but keeps the mask on.*

*"Okay."*

*Dream nods before he pauses and thinks of something. "Also I need to call you something, chose a name. I can't call you Tommy in front of the others."*

*Theseus, comes to mind and Tommy's face twists underneath the mask. Thankfully Dream doesn't see it, the mask is actually useful and Tommy starts to get why Dream wears it all the time. "Theo."*

*Dream tilts his head at him, "Theo huh? What's it short for."*

*"Theodore." Tommy lies.*

---

Theo follows Dream everywhere, trailing behind like a duckling, shyly keeping to himself and avoids everyone else. Theo was never seen by himself, he was either with Dream or was somewhere else where no one could find him. There was a weird moment though, just a week or so ago, when he one day stumbled unto Tommy's grave, straying from Dream's side for only a moment.

He had stared at it, for a long while until Dream dragged him away.

---

*"T-They think I'm **dead**?! Wh- Dream why didn't you tell me?!" Tommy screamed at him, looking upset as he threw the mask away.*

*Dream frowned at him, "Someone must've finally visited Logstedshire, saw the pillar and assumed." "You didn't tell them otherwise?!" "I didn't even know the grave was there Tommy!" Dream lies but Tommy hesitates and it's enough for Dream to continue on. "I thought they thought you just ran away! No one told me that they thought you died or something! No one even asked me what happened!" It stuns Tommy and Dream smiles beneath his mask as Tommy staggers against the wall.*

*"They knew I was visiting you from time to time, but they didn't ask me about you. They saw the pillar and assumed- if they had a funeral then they certainly didn't invite me. But I haven't heard of anything about you being dead." When Tommy starts to tear up and cry, Dream is there to comfort him, lie to him and keep him by his side. He has to be a bit more careful from*

*then on. He wasn't ready just yet, he was still messing the symbols up and he still needed to learn.*

---

They see Theo less after that, they don't really notice anything weird. Too caught up in other things to notice Dream's new protege.

Then weird plants started popping up everywhere, red plants that seem like nether plants but not- too bright red. Too unnatural. They came up from the ground, growing on blocks, walls- almost anything. They seemed harmless though but very weird.

L'Manberg was slowly being overtaken by the red plants, and it wasn't just there. Dream noticed them too and was trying to get rid of them as well.

Then they finally started noticing Bad's strange behavior, and then Skeppy started to act weird- emotionless, aggressive to anyone who tried to get rid of the plants and Bad seemed to come back to normal and was suddenly warning them about a mind-controlling Egg whose plants were growing everywhere.

Not many people really believed it, not until Bad and several other people were acting weird, suddenly 'wearing' flowers and vines on them. Attacking other people, dragging them off into the Badlands either to never be seen again or to come back just like them.

Everyone started to notice the red plants, the aggressive people 'wearing' red flowers and vines- until they finally realized that they weren't 'wearing' red vines or flowers. *They were growing out of their skins.*

---

*"What the heck are these things?!" Tommy questioned aloud, glancing over to Dream. It's just the two of them- and the cooling corpse of a man who tried to attack them when they were trying to clear some of the red plants in Dream's land.*

*Dream narrows his eyes at the corpse, the wriggling plants on the dead body cause Tommy to cry out and step back. "I don't know, but they're dangerous... Fuck, L'Manberg's infested with these things along with the Badlands." It's only a matter of time before the rest of his lands will be filled with them. Just the thought of it makes Dream angry, but he takes hold of that anger and forces himself to stay calm- thinking with an angry head wouldn't end well.*

*"Dream, what do we do?" Dream thinks about it, and with cold, poisonous eyes.*

*"We'll get rid of it all... Come on Tommy, we need TNT. Lots of it." Tommy gasps but ultimately follows after him, but there's doubt in his heart. Dream knows there's doubt but that's alright, it's perfectly fine. He's almost ready- he's learned enough to grasp the enchantment and he's only learned one, very important enchantment to do. Tommy would stay by his side and be Loyal to him. Forever.*

*Later on, when Tommy speaks of his doubt, he tells Tommy. "It's for the best Tommy. Besides, what has L'Manberg ever done for you? You've given them everything and they've given you nothing in return. You were exiled. They gave you up. Most of them never visited and those*

*that did only did it to mock you, make fun of you. Ranboo tried to be your friend but L'Manberg started taking his attention and he started to think like everyone else. That you weren't worth visiting, that you were a pest. Sure when they found out you were 'dead' they mourned, but they didn't say anything. They seemed to be doing fine before all of this, Tubbo started focusing more on L'Manberg after you died remember? He's the President and now that you're gone, he could put all his attention on his precious nation." Tommy's hands are fists and Dream smiles at him, calm, comforting and genuine in a way.*

*"Wilbur was right in a way- how he treated you was wrong don't misunderstand but L'Manberg isn't what it used to be Tommy. It was never meant to be." The words impacted Tommy and he stays silent, "Right now, those red plant things are dangerous. And hey, we might even get Mellohi back." At the mention of his second disc Tommy crumbles- he nods and helps Dream gather more gunpowder and sand. L'Manberg's been a thorn on his side for a while, and Dream hadn't forgotten a certain hitlist they had before their attention was taken over by these damn crimson plants.*

*He'll knock out two birds with one stone with this.*

---

Tubbo, Quackity, Fundy and Ranboo try to keep the panicking populace of L'Manberg calm as the plants start to grow *more* and people start to claim they've been hearing *voices* and *screaming* whenever they try to cut the flora. They panic *more* when the flora start to move on their own. They quarantine areas infested with the red crimson plants and try to keep things in tact. They're so busy they almost don't notice the fact that Ghostbur has disappeared completely. Almost. Phil notices and he tries to find the ghost of his middle child but he finds nothing much to his frustration and fear.

The Overworld slowly turns red and L'Manberg suffers through the Crimson Crisis as they're starting to call it.

The Badlands declare war and nothing seems to be going right.

Until one night...

Tubbo was jolted out of his sleep when explosions suddenly shake the foundations of their city. "What?!"

Fire and ash are in the air as a series of explosions start to come and Tubbo is scrambling into his armor, scrambling for a sword- he puts a certain compass into his enderchest and runs outside to see chaos. Destruction. One of his worst nightmares come to life as L'Manberg was blown to kingdom come for a third time.

"*Tubbo!*" He looks over and sees Quackity on the roof tops, in armor as well, "Tubbo what the *fuck*- L'Manberg's exploding!"

Tubbo grips his sword, "*I can see that Quackity! But why?!"*

"***Tubbo! Quackity!***" Their heads snap to the side and on a pathway to see Ranboo sprinting towards them, he was extremely hurt and was making distressed endermen noises. "It's



Dream! *It's Dream, Punz and Theo they're blowing up L'Manberg!*" Shocking them effectively.

Quickly, they helped Ranboo, giving him health potions and some armor before they went off to either help the citizens or find Dream, Punz and Theo.

"*You!*" Tubbo exclaims furiously from afar when he sees Theo, standing atop Tommy's grave. Tubbo's fury turns into panic when Theo starts placing TNT blocks, "*No! No no no no! DON'T-*" Theo lights one block and in seconds, it starts a chain reaction. Tubbo's shocked for a moment standing in place dumbfounded before it hits him all at once. L'Manberg was burning. Tommy's grave was destroyed. L'Manberg was exploding. Tommy's grave was desecrated. *L'Manberg was dying. Tommy's grave was gone.*

"*GRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!*"

With a thunderous roar, Tubbo flung himself at Theo, anger laced in his veins and fury burning in his eyes. He and Theo dueled, Tubbo trying to hit him, crit him- *kill him* because he was *destroying L'Manberg* and he ***destroyed Tommy's grave.***

Explosions continued to sound in the background as Tubbo and Theo clashed blades. Sword versus axe.

Tubbo tried his best but Theo was still Dream's protege. He couldn't go against someone like Dream before, how could he go against Dream's own protege? Someone who Dream praised regularly whenever he was mentioned.

Still, Tubbo *tried*. His people were dying, his nation was falling and he was the President. He was going to make Theo, Dream and Punz *pay* for what they've done.

***Shwing!***

A stray explosion comes to Tubbo's favor as Theo tried to dodge Tubbo's sword but the explosion knocks him askew, giving Tubbo the chance to slice at his mask.

Tubbo grins near-ferally at his attack only for his face to fall into a look of stunned surprise seeded with growing horror as the mask collapses off of Theo's face.

*Tommy.*

There's a giant slice wound on his face, and it's bleeding but it's undeniably *Tommy.*

"*Tommy?*" It's can't be. Surely- surely not? What-

Tommy was Dream's mysterious protege Theo? Quiet, shy Theo? Bright, loud Tommy was Theo? *Tommy was blowing up L'Manberg with Dream and Punz?*

"Hello Mr. President." Tommy says with an emotionless look on his face, though it was clear he was trying not to wince as blood dripped unto his hoodie and armor. Tubbo can't do anything but drop his sword as he was too stunned to do anything else whilst Tommy took a few steps forward, Tubbo started to raise a shaking hand towards Tommy who was so close

to him now. He wanted to reach out, grab Tommy and hug him and Tommy- "And goodbye." Was trying to kill him. Tubbo wheezes as Tommy kicks him into the burning crater.

He's falling, Tommy was watching him fall- he can't see his face, there's too much smoke but Tommy's just standing there watching him fall-

"*Tubbo!!*"

*Ranboo.*

Ranboo saves him from crashing into the crater which was filled with fire and- and screaming plants? "*Tubbo wha- Tommy!?*" Ranboo stared with wide-mismatched eyes at Tommy who grimaces at the sight of them both. He sprints away from the crater and both young men cried out after him.

"*Tommy wait!*"

They follow after him, they follow after him- they reunite with Quackity who stares as Tommy joins Dream's side. Pressing a cloth against his bleeding face. Punz hadn't known it was him, he was just as shocked as everyone else. "*Tommy? You're alive?!?*" Quackity shrieks and Tommy doesn't look at him.

"He is!" Dream says, laughing, "Everyone! Meet Tommy! My protege!" He exclaimed proudly, taking another mask from his inventory and handing it to Tommy. *Tommy accepts.* He thanks Dream quietly and downs a healing potion, the giant cut on his face heals- it scars though because of Tubbo's enchantments and Tubbo feels *guilty* about it but ultimately he's horrified as Tommy dons Dream's mask and stays by Dream's side.

"What the *fuck* are you doing Dream?!" Sapnap screams, holding up an injured George. Dream tilts his head at them.

"Getting rid of L'Manberg of course. Finishing off Wilbur's work and making sure my SMP is safe. Those red plants there- can't you hear them? They're *screaming*. They're not supposed to that or start popping up everywhere! This was the best way to get rid of them *and* L'Manberg." Dream announced, Tommy stays silent but he nods quietly and it's- it's- "*Good job Tommy, Punz. You both did great, you especially Tommy, let's go. We've done enough here. It's time we deal with the Badlands.*"

Ender pearls, they have *ender pearls*- "*Don't let them escape!*" Tubbo screams just as they pearl away.

There's a chase, right towards the Nether, the chase is harrowing but ultimately Tubbo screams as Tommy and Dream get away while Punz was captured and detained.

---

*"I-I kicked, I kicked Tubbo into a crater. It was- It was fucking filled with fire and those screaming red fuckers." Tommy admits shakily and Dream grins at him. They were forced to retreat back to the Stronghold instead of going over to the Badlands like originally planned. That's alright, it gave them more time to prepare and restock on TNT.*

*"You did? That's great Tommy-" He starts to congratulate but Tommy shouts.*

*"It's not! I- I almost killed Tubbo, I wasn't thinking straight. I shouldn't have kicked him, but Ranboo was there and he should've saved him- and he did! Thank fuck but still! That was- that was fucked up! Dream I-" Tommy takes in a deep, shaking breath, "Dream I have to go back. I have to apologize. L'Manberg- oh Ender it's all gone. I- there must've been a better way to deal with those fucking plants Dream! So many citizens died! Tubbo almost-"*

*Dream silences him with a single look after taking off his mask, Tommy trembles as poisonous eyes focus in on him. Dream grabbed his shoulders, looking him straight in the eye, "What are you talking about Tommy?" He asks with a firm frown. "There wasn't anything else we could do. Yeah Tubbo almost died but he didn't," unfortunately, "We blew up L'Manberg for the greater good Tommy. Punz got captured but we'll get to him eventually. Right now, we have to focus on getting the Badlands and-"*

*Tommy shoved Dream away, briefly they were both stunned before Tommy shook his head, "No! I- I want to go back. I want to apologize to Tubbo and Ranboo, Quackity- everyone! L'Manberg shouldn't have been blown up! The Badlands shouldn't be blown up either! We could- we could think of something else. We have to go back Dream, everyone-" He tries, tries to change his mentor's mind. His friend, Dream would surely understand right? He'd listen and-*

*Tommy yelps as Dream slams him against the wall, hands gripping his shoulders and a scathing glare in his eyes. "You can't go back Tommy. You're not allowed to leave me, not allowed to go back. Even if you could go back, do you really think they'd take you back? They gave you up. They threw you away. You blew up L'Manberg with me, they won't accept you. But me? I took you in. I accepted you, I gave you items, trained you, kept you safe, gave you a home and gave you my friendship. To them, you're worthless, to me you're worth something." He can't let this stand, can't let Tommy leave him- Tommy was his.*

*Tommy opened his mouth to reply by is instead surprised when Dream suddenly jumps way back and throws two potions at him. Instinctively he throws his arms up to shield himself but both potion bottles breaks and Tommy sways in place. "W-Wha-" Weakness and slowness potions his mind supplies before it everything seemed to slow down and-*

*"Damn, the witch was right. These potions are very potent." Dream comments as Tommy collapses, he walks over to him. He crouches, watching with amusement as Tommy sluggishly looks at him through dazed half-lidded eyes. "Luckily I was expecting this and prepared early." He scooped the poor, weak blond into his arms, going over to the Library where everything was prepared. "You're not going to betray me Tommy. You're not going to leave me alone, you're going to stay by my side."*

*He opens the door, sets Tommy on the table, taking off his chestplate, hoodie and shirt off and flipping Tommy on his front. Tommy groaned, protesting quietly as Dream got ready- He'd learnt enough for this. He had practiced on a pumpkins and watermelons just so he didn't mess up the symbols. He' had enough lapis and crushed them all for this and had enough levels for the highest enchantment. He grabs a certain old book and flips to a certain page, he moves the enchantment table closer and dips the needle in blue.*

*"Okay Tommy, let's get started. The Badlands can wait for now."*

*He grinned excitedly, shoving everything else in his head aside to focus on the task at hand. He couldn't afford to be distracted after all. This was a delicate process.*

*Loyalty III was a complicated enchantment to put on anything else than a trident, even moreso on a living, breathing human.*

*Tommy was going to stay by his side, he was going to be Loyal only to Dream, Dream would have Tommy and that was that.*

---

Tubbo returns to the encampment where everyone was with the others. Punz gets detained and Tubbo-

Tubbo collapses onto Phil, crying out everything that's happened.

L'Manberg was gone- blown up a third and perhaps final time, the damage was too much to rebuild over easily. Tommy was alive but with Dream, he was alive but he tried to kill Tubbo and so many others while blowing everything to hell. Everything was wrong.

There's not much time for Tubbo or anyone else to do *anything* as the ground started to shake and inhuman *screams* started to sound.

*The Egg had felt L'Manberg explode. It felt more threatened than ever. It couldn't bide it's time any longer.*

From there, everything went straight to hell.

---

## Chapter End Notes

*MORE FANART*

[AGAIN by Galaghiel](#)

the serotonin is kicking in

tis theo donning his frowning mask :)

after the stream- i just couldn't resist making this chapter. it might've messed with the flow a bit but i just HAD to write about l'manberg's final death here. after this, it's back to more of theo and the dream team.

also this chapter was twice what i usually write meaning its 6k words

damn

anyway i hope you enjoyed!

# Help Them

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

It's one of the weirdest things to happen and see- but it's happening.

Theo has a crooked and wavering grin on his face as tears started falling down his cheeks, the bandages on his hands get soaked as he tried to frantically wipe the tears away. Hiccups coming from his throat, Theo gasped for breath between each hiccup, slouching against the table and burying his face in the crook of his arm as his he trembled and tried his best to hide in plain sight. Tried to muffle his crying, his hiccups and gasps, no doubt feeling humiliated for breaking down in front of three men.

The men he swore to protect, the *man* he swore he was loyal to.

The Dream Team was *horrified*. By Theo's crying, by Theo's explosion of an explanation and by the reality of the situation.

It had been hinted at, The Warped Priest, though vague, had *told* them about it. It wasn't that clear but now? Now it was.

A lot of things cleared up and one of them was that Dream. Theo's Dream, he had *broke* Theo in an utterly fucked up way. That was the only explanation as to why Theo was like this, Theo was so unhealthily dependent on Dream, so obsessed with keeping by his side and helping him-

Dream felt light-headed, the words shook him to his core and now that he's aware of it- he could almost hear *them* completely.

~~*you did this you did this you hurt him and he's broken help him*~~  
~~*you did this you did this you hurt him and he's broken use him*~~

If Theo hadn't pointed them out, hadn't said what he said- he might've missed them completely. But he *hears* them- they sound *exactly* like him. It's his voice, *it's his thoughts* but the tone their using is almost foreign and disturbing- the possessive voice being the one that disturbs him the most.

"*Fuck*." Dream rasps, hands on his head and a settling feeling of terror and dread mixed with elation and anticipation- he *feels* the conflict now. Acutely aware of the conflict in his head, the whispers that tell him to either help the crying blond man in front of him or to use him because Theo was practically on a silver platter. Theo admitted that he was *Dream's* and the possessive whisper in his head *adores* the thought while the empathetic whisper is so vehemently *against* it.

It's intrusive thoughts but *worse*. So much more worse.

He's never been so self-aware about the thoughts in his head and the lines between each other blurs on the edges.

It's not the only thing blurring, because one minute he's in the library and the next he's in his room and he barely remembers being escorted out of the library and into his room. He and Sapnap were sitting on his bed where Sapnap was shaking him out of his thoughts with furrowed brows, looking concerned.

"Dream? *Dream*? Come on buddy come back to me here." Sapnap, his best friend *not* his tool shut the *fuck up*, says and Dream blinks rapidly, realizing with some embarrassment that he was crying- not as much as Theo had been but-

"Where's Theo?" He couldn't help but ask, roughly rubbing his eyes, "What happened? I- fuck, I blanked out. Sapnap- Sapnap I can *hear* myself, those things, the fragments- Ender, I can't explain it but I *notice* them now." His breath gets shaky as he pressed his palms harder against his head, fingers digging into his skull. "I don't think I noticed them before- fuck, how did- Sapnap-"

Sapnap grabs his hands, forces them away from his head, a serious look on his face. "Dream *chill*." He says, as if it could comfort him as his look melts into a look of reassurance. "You're okay. It's- Okay I'm not totally one hundred percent sure on what the fuck is happening but George and I have you and Theo covered. Also don't you want to know what happened? You were pretty out of it when I took you out of the library to your room- George's idea by the way, he's with Theo back in the library trying to help him while I help you." He said, slowly letting go of Dream's hands.

Dream sucked in a deep breath, hating how fragile he felt like right now- he was one of the best fighters in the *land*. But the thought of his head being broken into unnoticeable fragments, having whispers in his head- it disturbed him greatly. That he was changing so subtly, that he hadn't noticed anything wrong with himself, that he ended up *breaking* someone- "What happened?"

"Okay, so you know how Theo started crying and shit? He uh, I think you pretty much blanked out and straight up dissociated dude. We didn't really notice until Theo started to freak out even more when he saw how wet your eyes were and you were starting to cry a bit- not as much as Theo was but he was pretty freaked out. George and I had no idea what to do, Theo was crying even more, you both were fucking stressed that's for sure though. George suggested we put you guys in different rooms for now? So he's with Theo in the library while I'm here with you in your room." Sapnap explained, he frowned as he looked over to Dream. "You... I know it's stupid to ask since it's obvious you're not okay, but *are* you okay?" He asked hesitantly.

Dream couldn't help the snort that escaped his mouth, it's a bitter snort, "Oh I don't know Sapnap *am* I okay? I just found out that I'm undergoing this weird, Admin-shit bloodline thing called a Separation where my head splits into two. A guy from a very fucked up future came and confirmed that shit and basically told me I become one hell of a fucked up person- Ender, Theo called me, his me- whatever- *Owner*. He called me his *friend* and *owner* and- there's two voices that sound exactly like me in my head, wanting to either help the guy out and guilting the hell out of me while the other is a possessive asshole that wants me to use

Theo. How do you *think* I'm doing?" He questioned irritably, though he regrets it when it ends because Sapnap is silent. Giving him a careful look and Dream just wishes this was a weird, fucked up dream.

Hah.

Fucked up Dream.

Fuck.

Dream slouched forward to look at the ground, hand covering his face. "Nothing is making sense anymore, not since Theo came. A-And, I can't really blame the guy either. That'd be unfair because apparently this whole Separation Fragment thing was going to happen one way or another and I wouldn't have *ever known*. At least, not for a long ass time." He took in several breaths, "What the hell am I going to do Sapnap?"

"Well," Sapnap starts, sliding an arm around Dream's shoulder and leaning against him, "That depends. You want to end up like Theo's fucked up Dream?"

Dream jolted and shook his head, "*No*- I- Hell no!" He didn't! He swears he didn't, he doesn't want to *break* anyone. Turn anyone into his so called '*friend*' which was only a top-label for fucking '*tool*', weapon- people weren't *objects*. Sapnap had said so himself and Dream *knew* that. But there was a small sliver of himself that wanted it. He knows it now, he could hear it, he could feel it- though it was muffled. Barely noticeable now that he was away from Theo who just seemed to naturally trigger that part of him.

"Good, because George and I would've beaten the shit out of you if you did." Sapnap replied, pinching his cheek making Dream squawk at the action. "So what *do* you want Dream?" Dream paused.

"I just... fuck, I don't know what Sapnap. I don't know." Was his answer, mind whirling.

What *did* he want?

Peace.

That's what he wanted at first. Peace in his lands, for his friends to just settle, for things to just- be peaceful.

Was that what Theo's Dream wanted? Was that why he took Theo and broke him, remolded him into what he was today?

Dream didn't know, and frankly he didn't know if he *wanted* to know.

What did he want?

Control.

Control for his own life. Control over what happened to *him*. What he could or could not do.

Had his want for control branched out to other people in Theo's damned future? That was a definite answer, looking just at Theo.

Dream certainly didn't want that, at least he mostly thinks he doesn't. He can't deny the small part of him that wants it and he's honestly disturbed by it.

What did he want?

Power.

He wanted it, needed it. Power that would back his actions, his words. It had kept him alive and he wouldn't be able to be where he was without it.

Theo's Dream had power, enough to take Theo, break him, rebuild him and use him. Had power to make Toby hate him, despise him and so much more.

Dream won't deny this, power was something he lived off of. He had the power, he just never thought of using it the way Theo's Dream had. He doesn't want to now.

What did he want?

Solidarity.

Friendship, affection, love- everyone wanted it. He wasn't excluded. He had it, in his friends, his close friends.

Theo loved him, platonically with a type of adoration that makes Dream feel simultaneously elated and dreaded. Because he now knows that *that* type of adoration, the camaraderie that Theo had with his Dream was unhealthy. It shouldn't exist in the first place and yet it did.

Dream doesn't know how to deal with Theo. He wants to make Theo leave him, it was unhealthy and probably for the best but at the same time he wants Theo to stay because of a lot of differing reasons. And some of those reasons aren't something he'd like to say. For the most part, what he wants...

Answers, to help Theo, a way to avoid the future and more.

"Sapnap, I want... to be myself."

The grin Sapnap gives him makes him feel a bit better.

---

George's head was going a mile a minute as he and Theo sat side-by-side in the library. It's a bit awkward as Theo tries to be quiet, sniffing to himself and trying to just hide in the hood and sleeves in his hoodie. Apparently very embarrassed by the emotional break down he had, right in front of Dream who just- shut down. Theo had been so panicked, asking through tears and stammering words if Dream was okay but Dream couldn't reply. So George took charge of the situation.



Sapnap had just left a few minutes ago with a dissociating Dream- it's been a long time since he's Dream actually do that, and cry during the dissociative moment. Not since-

*"Dream? Dream- Dream are you okay?" George whispered, his best friend doesn't answer. Staring blankly ahead with tears silently trailing down his face. George cursed quietly before hauling Dream on his back, "Sapnap, we have to get him out of here. The hunters will come back any moment now-" "You don't have to tell me twice!" Sapnap hissed back, uncorking one of the invisibility potion they had managed to obtain. He carefully splashed Dream on George's back and helped George drink the next before drinking the third and last potion for himself. Holding George's sleeve tightly, the three young teenagers left the campsite.*

Shaking his head, he coughed slightly, eyeing Theo's slouching and hiding self beside him. "Are... you okay?" He asked awkwardly, cringing at the question. It was very awkward and very clear that Theo *wasn't* okay but he literally couldn't think of any other question or whatever else to say in that moment.

Theo's shoulders shake a bit more, there's a shaky inhale that George can sort of hear before he sees the hood covering Theo's head nod and to George's surprise, Theo finally raised his head. Rubbing the palm of his hand against his red rimmed eyes. "I-I'm- I'm good. That-fuck, I didn't mean to fucking-" George can see the old Tommy shine as Theo grumbles to himself, cursing himself for crying in the first place. "I-I've held that in for a *long* ass fucking time. It's- relieving, to finally say it out loud." He says carefully, trying not to stammer as much.

"That's- understandable." It was. Being unable to say certain things out loud, holding it in, just bottling it up was entirely unhealthy.

"Mmn..." Theo hesitates, "I... I don't know- what to do, whenever Dream- uh, whenever he did that." He mumbles and George has to blink at the admittance. "He doesn't- doesn't do that often. I've only s-seen him go blank, like, three times. The first was after Sapnap died, 'n he had your goggles a-and Sapnap's headband with him. He just- he was all blank and not responsive. I panicked when it happened because he got infected, he didn't come back until I was shoving health potions down his throat."

George's hands clench at the mention of both his and Sapnap's death along with Dream's infection from the Crimson. "And the last two?" He asked hesitantly.

Theo bit his lip, "Second time, it was- it was a few weeks. After you both died. He put your things away, didn't want to see them. Made him too emotional 'n Friend Dream sad, Owner Dream didn't like that. Owner Dream tried to burn your things, Friend Dream didn't want to, Dream got blank and I hid your stuff from him and he went back to normal. He never told me what to do with them- Friend Dream thanked me though, for keeping them safe..." Theo sighed, "I don't have them right now. I left them behind when I came here. I'm sorry."

"Don't be." George replied, nudging his shoulder a bit, "I don't think I'd really be comfortable with the fact you have something from a dead future version of me. Or if you even tried to *give* me that something..." His face twisted though as he thought back on 'Friend Dream' and 'Owner Dream'. It was, hard to believe that his best friend would become something like that. And Theo- "When was the third time? What happened?"

"He... Just like, a few days before he died. I don't know what triggered it. He was fine, but he suddenly went blank for a few hours and then he was fine. Owner Dream was really angry though, Dream never told me what it was about. Not even Friend Dream." Theo answered, frowning to himself.

George took in a deep breath, exhaling just as deep as he tried to process and think. For all the concern he has for Theo, Dream was his best friend and he really needed to know what happened to him. "Okay... I have to ask- I have to. What- what happened to Dream? Your Dream, he sounds so different from our Dream. My best friend Dream. Is this Separation and Fragment thing really that impactful? You said something about grass, leaves and poison and that you made him Fragment early. Mind explaining it to me or do you... do you need Dream's permission?" He asked with a grimace.

For a moment, Theo looked thoughtful. A furrowed brow on his face, he seemed to be thinking hard. "Dream- Dream said '*our*' questions. That includes you and Sapnap. I can- I can talk about anything, as long as I can answer your question." He said to himself, like it was a reassurance he needed. It made George squirm uncomfortably but he gave Theo his full attention when the man continued. "The Separation and Fragment- it's circumstantial. Dream adapts to whatever is happening to him, you know this, you knew how he grew up and how he had to learn and get stronger sooner than a lot of other people." George's breath hitched at Theo's words.

He *knew* Dream's childhood.

"I do." Theo replied, George realized he said that out loud and flushed a bit. "Four and a half years is a long time to spend with Dream. He told me a lot of things over the span, and some things I just kinda figured out after paying attention to him and piecing shit together. It... explained a lot when I figured out some things." Theo ran a hand through his hair, looks like he was finally over crying. His eyes were still kind of red but he looked better than before. "But back to the Separation and Fragment. Dream... *could've* avoided becoming the Dream I know. But he went through two wars, fought me and a whole lot of shit, saw his SMP going into chaos and more. In a way, he was like Wilbur but kind of worse. Wilbur spiraled into his insanity in just three years, but Dream- he made a slow, but intense glide into who he was for much longer."

"After the Fragmentation, you can tell which one influences him. There's a physical tell. I- his eyes... Whenever his fragment influences him, his eyes change color. No, actually they change shade. Friend Dream, or I guess normal Dream? I never saw his eyes before, but the kind Dream I know that kept saying sorry and kept trying to help me and get me to leave him had leafy green eyes. Y'know the healthy oak leaves under the sun kind of color shade? That's him. That's- yeah. But Owner Dream, his eyes are darker. Like grass underneath a tree shade kind of color." Theo hesitated before continuing, "I said that I think Owner Dream Fragmented again at some point. He has- he has two colors. The grass, that's his um, 'normal' shade? He gets really possessive. He's my Owner, I'm his Tool, that stuff but... his eyes can turn into the shade of poison. That's when- that's when he's *really* bad."

"He's more- malevolent? I, he's really manipulative and worse than grass, even more possessive than him. He twists words and doesn't hesitate to hurt everyone, including me. He-

he cares the most about me but not in the same sense that leave- Friend Dream does. He's hurtful, mean and manipulative about it. He's- he's also the reason why I'm so Loyal in the first place." Theo muttered with closed eyes, looking strained and resigned. "He... He's the worst side of Dream. Leaves are my favorite, and I can handle grass. But poison is the Dream that I... I *want* to hate him. If I could, I would hate him- but I can't. He's still Dream, and I can't hate Dream. Not really."

A chill went down George's spine at the resigned look on Theo's face. He opens his mouth, about to say something but Theo beats him with a happier, almost brighter look.

"But! Dream- this Dream, your Dream. His eyes are just leaves and grass, there's no poison. I don't think he's gone far enough for poison. He can- as long as you and Sapnap keep him grounded. Make sure he doesn't go too far, he won't end up like my Dream. As long as I get rid of the Egg, as long as I can keep all three of you alive, then your Dream won't end up like my Dream." Theo takes George's hand, clutching it with both hands as he looked at him. Pleading, desperate and all George can think that it feels *wrong* see Theo- Tommy's scarred face so pleading and desperate. "*Please*. Help me- no matter what, keep by Dream's side. He needs you two, more than he lets on. He loves you both, much more than he ever cared for me. Even poison cared for you, when I saw him that day, with Sapnap, he screamed Sapnap's name and his eyes were poison. I don't think I can help him without you two."

Theo's eyes were dull blue, pleading and desperate.

George's mouth thinned into a determined line and he gripped Theo's hands in his. "Of course I'll help Theo. Sapnap too. We'll help you and Dream."

They would help *both* of them.

Honestly, where would these masked idiots be without them?

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## Chapter End Notes

*MOAR ART*

[By TheEclipticArts](#)

i LOVE it! first time someone's tried to draw the blue on his back! i'm legitimately interested on how someone would draw the Loyalty III enchantment tattoo on theo's back. i eagerly await for someone to try :D

also quite honestly, i'm not sure if i did well with this chapter. it feels a bit iffy, ooc? i have no idea. i think i'm finally riding down the writing high i've been on for the past like, couple of weeks. my writing streak might break soon :S

but hey! dream team is getting closer together, george is officially adopting theo as his own- even if the guy is older than him. next chapter i think we'll have a bit of a time skip and somewhat of a filler chapter? either that or more techno and toby interactions.



# Chat

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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After his meeting with Schlatt and Quackity, Toby comes back to Tubbo's house.

The night is pleasant and everyone goes to bed.

Everyone except Toby.

He can't sleep, or maybe he doesn't want to.

It's been a miracle in itself that he hadn't had any nightmares over the past few days- but of course they came back yesterday night, when he only had a handful of hours of sleep. Tonight, he doesn't sleep.

Instead, he climbs up the roof of Tubbo's house, looking at both the night sky and L'Manberg.

How long has it been since he's seen the starry sky so calm? No underlying atmosphere of tension and the need for survival. The trees and plants around him aren't any shade of red, and L'Manberg stood strong. Unbombed and young.

It was still strange, to see it like this. In it's 'prime' as to say. There's grass underneath them, not wood and stone pathways that kept them above water. The man-made lake would probably never come into fruition, Wilbur wasn't going to go insane and blow up L'Manberg any time soon and the walls were still up.

Schlatt of course, was going to announce the vote for whether or not the people of L'Manberg would like the walls to stay or be taken down. He had told Wilbur about it, and though Wilbur didn't want to take the walls down, he understood and would vote for the decision like anyone else. Whichever had the most votes, he would respect and let be. Even if he didn't like it.

Toby himself decided not to vote, he didn't want to sway the decision whatsoever. So he would keep neutral and stay out of it.

The citizens of L'Manberg would decide, they would get to choose what they want this time and Schlatt was going to listen.

The goat hybrid was going to be *at least* a decent and *sober* president.

The time-traveler sighed, idly watching his surroundings- he couldn't help but take his bow out and snipe a few hostile mobs from the roof from afar. His aim had certainly improved over the years, just like the rest of his combat skills. It was either that or die a horrible death. He kept a silent watch, gaze moving from the night sky to the dim surroundings.

Toby took in a deep breath, not even shivering at the chill night air that playfully nipped his skin- he's felt much colder within the tundras. The cold nights of L'Manberg could never compare to the icy nights and days of the Tundras. He spots a stray creeper in the nearby woods, close enough for him to shoot easily.

He holds up his enchanted bow, draws the string-

*toby! What's he aiming at? HIII TOBYYY!! evening toby why are you on the roof? TECHNO TOBY'S ON THE ROOF! e e e e. he has a bow out and he's aiming at something! Not anymore I'm pretty sure he hears us now. TOBYYYYY!*

He lets out a deep sigh and lets the string rest, putting down his bow and looking over just in time to see Techno climb up the roof. "Good evening Techno, Chat." He greeted with a slight smile, sitting back as the hybrid approached him.

"Couldn't sleep, Chat kept hounding me to talk to you, or at least find you." Techno grunted, going over to sit beside him. "Second time in a row."

Toby chuckled, "I thought so, I can't exactly hear them normally like you can." He replied, shifting so he could sit a bit more comfortably. "I can only hear them when I'm around you, in the Nether, or when I'm either in a really dangerous situation or I'm in the middle of a fight. If I'm in the Overworld on my own, I can't hear them unless, again if I'm in a really dangerous situation or if I'm in a fight." He explained, answering the unasked question that Techno's had for a while now.

"Huh, must be because you're human for that. Fully human I mean." Techno said thoughtfully, he snorted, "I'm kind of jealous. You don't have to hear them all the time. What I'd do for a day of total silence..."

*MEAN! technomean! ahh that's so unfair i wanna anchor on hot future tubbo! He's fully human we can't. YOU LOVE US TECHNOBLADE DON'T LIE HAHA!! nah i'm pretty sure he hates us. He's fond of some of us! it'd be nice anchor on toby though. go into the nether and you can hear us all the time!*

Techno sighed in exasperation and annoyance, "For the last time stop calling him Hot Future Tubbo."

*hot future tubbo. nope. HOT FUTURE TUBBO! i agree can the rest of you stop? We call it what we see it Techno Toby's hot. my ender you thirsty fucks stop. He is attractive we won't deny it.*

Toby wheezed, covering his tinted face as Techno groaned. "Dammit Chat." He huffed, rubbing his face before glancing over to the quietly laughing Toby. "Are they like this in your future?" He couldn't help but ask and watches as Toby pulled himself together.

"Not really- I've certainly never been called 'Hot Future Tubbo' before." Toby told him, smiling weakly. "They- they were great though, even if sometimes they'd mock me- some of them were rude as hell and well, just generally they were Chat... I wondered, if they would

follow me here. But with you around, I suppose that's not the case. They're just... back there, in my future. No one else will be able to hear them."

It felt strange, to feel sad over that. His Techno's Chat had tried to anchor themselves to him permanently after he died, he remembers them telling him that but since he was a full human, they couldn't do that. He had no connection to the Nether other than the mark on his chest and the bond he had made through the Trial of Blood. He did hear them constantly in the Nether, but not as loud as he could hear them now around Techno. Back then however, with how the world was, they were still able to pop in frequently whenever he went into the Crimson Overworld and were silenced when he was safe within the tundra. They kept an eye on his surroundings, kept him updated and fed his bloodlust during battles.

*nooooo that'd be so boring! Wouldn't the priest still hear us? YEAH BUT HE'S NOT AS INTERESTING AS TECHNO AND HE'S ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY THE OLD VOICES! they're no fun!*

Both Toby and Techno blanched at the mention of the Priest, "Oh right, the old hog would be able to hear Chat." Toby said weakly, sighing before he straightened. "Wait, would he know I'm here?" He questioned with wide, realizing eyes.

The Warped Priest was a mysterious old piglin, despite having voices of his own, they rarely interacted with the voices that Toby was used to. And even then, he would've known other things as well.

Techno's eyes widened before they narrowed and he shrugged, "You know what, he probably does. I honestly wouldn't be surprised. He's the Warped Priest." He pointed out and Toby could only grimace and nod in agreement. "Real question is, would he recognize you as another warrior even if you came from the future? Or a future at this point."

That *was* a good question.

Would Toby be recognized as another warrior? He had gone through the Trials after all. Survived and pulled through, it had been made official by the Warped Priest himself- but not the one in this timeline.

Toby suddenly thought of something, "That *is* a good question. I've got another one though. If I *am* recognized as another warrior, would the alliance still stand despite me being in the past?" He asked and he and Techno shared a look as Chat discussed it.

*No? MAYBE! you'd have to ask him personally. TOBY DID THE TRIALS SO IT COULD BE VALID! but this is the past the factions are all scattered. We have no idea. confirm with the priest and the faction leaders. It HAS been a long ass time since we saw the old pig. NETHER TRIP NETHER TRIP NETHER TRIP NETHER TRIP! the faction leaders wouldn't accept it. They could! you never know. BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! toby has the mark he's ours.*

"They've got a point Toby. If you really want to know, you're gonna have to consult the Priests and the faction leaders." Techno said with a grimace, something that Toby shared at the very thought.

Toby combed a hand through his hair as he sighed in frustration and thought. "Right. Fuck, okay- this might get more complicated than I thought. I'll- I'll plan for that then." He muttered with a cringing look. He hasn't dealt with all the faction leaders *and* the Priest all together in a long, long while and honestly hoped he wouldn't have to ever again. But unfortunately, if they could have the alliance going once more. Perhaps start the terraforming early just in case, and have the piglins on their side... "Ugh, well at least I went through this once. The second time should be a bit earlier yeah? I hope the alliance is valid, I'd- I'd rather not have anyone go through the Trials of Blood *just* to have to unite the factions and terraform the Nether again." He said quietly, he and Techno frowned.

He dearly hoped that wasn't the case.

For a moment they were both silent with the exception of Chat's well, *chattering* in their heads. Techno broke that silence, glancing over to Toby. "All the factions joined together and helping Overworlders- never really thought of that happening." He said and Toby had a rueful smile on his face.

"Yeah, neither did we. But we didn't have a choice. We couldn't afford any more piglin attacks or a war with them." Toby sighed, thinking back. He snorted, "Ender, I was so nervous meeting them first... I don't think I would've been able to even convince any of the leaders if it weren't for you Techno." He told the younger self of his mentor. The piglin hybrid looked surprised as he continued, "You- Despite everything that happened, between you and I, with you killing me once and you're an anarchist and me- I tried to kill you one time, it didn't work of course and I was the President of L'Manberg. You still helped me, probably because Philza asked and the Overworld was being taken over but still. You gave me sound advice and after the decision was made, you trained me."

---

*"Keep your nerve. Don't show true weakness, they'll devour you the moment you do." Techno told him and Tubbo gulped, "Yeah like that. You can be nervous all you want Tubbo. But you need to stay strong, seem strong. You go in there, you're someone who needs to protect his people. You're going to stand in place and look them in the eye, think of your people Tubbo. Don't back down, stand your ground."*

*Tubbo took in a deep breath, he can taste and smell the ash in the air and the feel the unnatural heat of the Nether all around him. He's not wearing a suit, not his usual one anyway, it's too hot for that. He, Techno and a few other piglin hybrids from the Overworld stood before the door to the meeting room of a specific Nether Fortress. Underneath the control over one of the piglin factions. They were in foreign territory, but they were there as temporary guests and peacekeepers.*

*And hopefully become future allies.*

*"Don't back down. Stand my ground." Tubbo repeated in a murmur, fists clenching- it hurts. He's hurting, Tommy's betrayal still stings but he can't focus on that right now. He wants to, but he's the President. He was chosen, by everyone to come and be diplomatic. "It's for everyone, they're counting on me."*



*Technoblade nods quietly by his side, not wearing a cape nor a crown. "They are. Phil's waiting for us so we better get this done."*

*Tubbo has to smile weakly as he noticed the 'us' and 'we' that Techno used but loses the smile to form a determined grimace on his face. "Yeah. Let's do this." He nods to one of the hybrids who nods back and they open the intimidating red doors.*

*Immediately Tubbo feels like he's paralyzed, multiple sharp, predatory eyes pierce through him as he is reminded.*

*He is the only human in the room.*

*All of the major faction leaders were there, all six- no **seven** of them. Magma, Bone, Pearl, Blaze, Tears, Gold- **Warped**.*

*They were all here, and they were strong.*

*He was fragile, he was weak, he-*

*Technoblade's guttural snorts snap him out of his head. And Tubbo grits his teeth, and clenches his fists. He can't be afraid. He can't afford to go back empty handed!*

*"Pay attention Tubbo." Technoblade whispers to him as he escorts Tubbo to the middle of the room, the different piglin leaders and retainers keeping a steady gaze on him and he already wants to puke. "Stand your ground and don't back down."*

*Look them in the eye and think of your people.*

*Tubbo could do this.*

*He had to.*

*Or else everyone would be in more danger than ever.*

---

*"You tried to kill me?" Technoblade mused, looking more amused then annoyed.*

*Toby nodded, chuckling, "Yeah- try being the focus here. You blew up L'Manberg after all, even though you retired, we sort of had a grudge against you. It was- unfair, we didn't have a trial. Went straight to the execution. Really shouldn't have but Big Q insisted along with a lot of other people, and I *may* haven't really forgiven you for killing me during the festival I planned so I was easily swayed... It didn't go as planned of course. You had an Undying Totem with you though, so you didn't die." He explained to him.*

*fair enough toby. RETRIBUTION! techno must've been pissed after that. It all seemed to work out though. yeah. TECHNOBLADE NEVER DIES!*

*Toby closed his eyes at what one of the voice's words. "Technoblade never dies..." A bold claim, and a false one. Toby knows.*

"Everyone dies Chat, even me." Toby opened his eyes and Techno has his face propped on his hand looking over at him. "So? How did I die?" He asked, rolling his eyes at Toby's stunned look. "I can read between the lines here Toby. You're not really hiding the fact I died very well." He told him and Toby couldn't help the weak snort that escaped him.

Techno watches the way Toby's eyes fill with grief and pain, the grimace is telling. "I'm going to take a shot and say I didn't die of old age." He joked slightly, knowing very well that much was true. As a hybrid, he was able to live a lot longer than others and honestly dying of old age sounded nice. He often thought about it- he would either die fighting or by old age. It didn't matter to him.

Though dying by fighting would definitely honor his piglin and warrior heritage and status.

"Nope." Toby said with a weary smile, "You died- well, I'd say you died a hero." He laughed at the face that Technoblade made. A hero was something his mentor never thought himself to be. Good things don't happen to heroes, Techno would say and really. He was right. "You saved Tommy, from an infected Skeppy. I wasn't there but I *know*. I know you died a hero, saving him."

Techno's face softened slightly, "Good things don't happen to heroes." He said and Toby has to laugh again, this time it was more sad and wet.

"No. No I suppose not... But you died honorably, heroically- we gave you a warrior's funeral. Burnt you with soul fire. It's- it permanently kills the Crimson, so we should get some soul sand and soil soon." Toby murmured and Techno could only nod silently.

The two warriors shared a silence, and for once, the Chat was almost quiet. Murmuring in their heads- they have been since Toby revealed the fact that Technoblade could and had died. His Technoblade. His dear friend and mentor.

Not this time, Toby thought to himself.

Never again.

---

*"**PHIL!**" Tubbo screamed, he and Punz were struggling to keep Technoblade upright as they barged into the infirmary. The roots growing out of his stomach while Chat **screamed** bloody murder.*

**WRONG WRONG WRONG TECHNOBLADE HELP NO STOP YOU'RE NOT WELCOMED GET OUT STOP IT LIVE LIVE HELP WARRIOR WOUNDED WARRIOR HELP HE'S DYING HE CAN'T DIE HELP WRONG HELP HIM SAVE HIM STOP GET OUT YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM HE'S OURS HE'S OF BLOOD ABOMINATION YOU CAN'T CLAIM HIM DIE KILL KILL TECHNOBLADE CAN'T DIE STOP**

*"S so- loud-" Techno rasped as the panicked father came with multiple others. "Tubbo-"*

*"Stop talking! Save your strength!" Tubbo commanded, panting heavily, "Rumina! Rumina get these roots out of him!" He screamed as he and Punz finally laid the ~~dying~~ injured piglin*

*on the nearby bed.*

*The female piglin with crystalized ghastr tear earrings snarled at him, tone filled with worry and frustration, "They're too many-" The Tears Sage exclaimed.*

*"I DON'T CARE JUST HELP HIM!"*

*Phil and the piglin healers, sages and priests get to work. Enchanted shears cutting through root after root but it's no use. The growth is rapid and Techno is losing more and more blood as flowers and bugs started to bloom from his skin. Rumina pours potion after potion both into Techno's mouth and wound, the wound is easiest as Techno rasps and coughs- he can't eat golden apples his stomach was **gone**.*

*If the Crimson and Egg couldn't have someone then what was the point of letting them live?*

***STOP IT STOP IT HE'S OURS CAN'T DIE NO NO WRONG WRONG ABOMINATION DEATH TO THE ABOMINATION TECHNOBLADE DON'T DIE HE CAN'T STOP IT***

*Chat is still screaming as Tubbo hangs on to Techno's hand for dear life.*

*There's desperation in the air, it's palpable and sickening.*

*Techno mumbles something and Tubbo leans in, trying to encourage his mentor to keep strong- keep living but he freezes when he listens.*

*"T..mmy... Come... home..."*

***HOME HOME TOMMY TECHNOBLADE LIVE LIVE LIVE TO SEE TOMMY HOME HE'LL COME JUST LIVE***

*"Chat's right! Please Techno keep on- you'll see Tommy home! Just fucking live!" Tubbo breaks, sobbing and clutching Techno's hand tightly.*

***TECHNO TECHNO LIVE LIVE STOP DON'T DIE TECHNO TECHNO HOME TOMMY LIVE LIVE LIVE LIV-***

*Chat goes silent just as Techno stops breathing, his chest unmoving and Tubbo stares. The roots are still moving, they're wrapping around Techno's still body before they too, stand still.*

*"... He's dead." Rumina whispers and Philza falls to his knees. Screaming into the nether brick ground.*

*Tubbo is still and silent. Just like the Chat.*

*"... I will prepare the pyre. He will have a warrior's funeral." An old Priest, Magma? Whispers and Tubbo-*

*Tubbo lets go of the hand.*

*Chat stays silent as Tubbo stands.*

*He has another funeral to plan.*

---

A couple of days pass for everyone in both the SMP and L'Manberg.

It's been relatively peaceful, they think to themselves as they continued to mine through the stone.

Even with the appearance of the 'future duo' as people have been calling both Toby and Theo, it's been mostly peaceful.

No one has really seen Theo around though, they certainly haven't, not since the elections.

There were rumors that he'd appeared a couple of days ago but, they weren't there to see him.

Maybe they'll go see him at some point, they were curious about-

*hello*

"Huh?" They tilt their head, hearing the whisper.

*hello hello hi*

"Hello?" They call out, frowning. They break another block and stop. "Well hello there." They greet quietly, entranced as red vines slithered out of the hole they just made. "What are you doing here?"

*scared hungry scared lonely*

"Oh well that's not good. Do you want to come with me?"

*yes yes yes come feed hungry*

They smile, they feel a bit dazed but they were fine. They let the vines curl around their arms as they picked up the poor thing. "Okay, let's get you something to eat. What do you want?"

*meat meat hungry listen obey hungry feed meat*

"Okay, steak sounds good right now anyway. I can mine later."

They leave with their precious new friend.

---

## Chapter End Notes

*MOAR*

[AGAIN by TheEclipticArts](#)

they made another piece! but this time it's their take on the enchantment tattoo!! :DD it's big and sparkly and pretty for something so horrifying haha!

i've wanted to delve more into toby's connection with chat as well delve into the piglin factions for a while. i actually wanted to do it in earlier chapters but it just couldn't fit well- until now!

how many times will i remind you of techno's death?

as many as i can!

i'll probably do the same with dream's death

maybe

# Loyalty

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

Over the next few days, things were peaceful on both sides.

Somewhat at least. Toby was definitely fairing better than Theo.

On Toby's side, at Wilbur's behest, he started bringing Wilbur with him to his meetings with Quackity and Schlatt. The four of them discussing what was best for L'Manberg- there were a few spats between Wilbur and Schlatt but Toby had gotten between them, mediating through their arguments and trying to keep them both in line. The vote for the walls were still being counted but it really did seem like most of L'Manberg wanted the walls down much to Wilbur's dismay but unlike the Wilbur that Toby had known before he died, Wilbur just begrudgingly accepted the vote and moved on.

Things were progressing fairly well, Schlatt was less of an asshole this time- though he was suffering a bit with some alcoholic withdrawal. Thankfully they weren't really severe since Schlatt wasn't as heavy a drinker as he was in Toby's future. Now that he thought back, Schlatt had really lost himself to drinking just half-way into the war. There was rarely a time that Toby had remembered Schlatt without a drink, either drinking from a flash, a glass or straight from the bottle like at the end.

Quackity was still unsure whether or not he wanted to stay vice-president, he didn't want to at first but he and Schlatt had been working just fine. He'd been surprised when Toby revealed the fact that he'd been president before and Quackity had been his vice- they weren't perfect at the top but they did what they could. He'd like to say they got better over time, getting over their mistakes and trying their best to overcome the problems. Quackity had matured to be a good vice-president, especially in the time of the Crimson. It gave Quackity something to think about. If he didn't want vice-presidency then Toby was thinking of letting Wilbur take it, he'll admit he hesitated on thinking it but with how things were going on now, he doesn't think it would be a bad idea.

Wilbur on the other hand just wanted to help, help his country that he had built and fought for. He didn't really care for presidency or even vice-presidency anymore. Admittedly he was still iffy about Schlatt being president but he trusted Toby's decision, even after the whole, 'Toby was President and he exiled Theo' drama. He... didn't know how to feel about that, he certainly didn't approve of Toby's choice but understands that what happened, happened. Course he got angry at Schlatt when he found out that Schlatt had thought of exiling both he and Tommy- he could've understood himself but why *Tommy*?

He was indeed at Wilbur's side, helped him with his campaign and was aiming to continue to be Wilbur's right hand man but he was still just a *teenager*. Why exile him?

"Your brother would have followed you anyway Soot, even if I said he wasn't exiled he would've gone with you regardless." That was Schlatt's reply and as much as Wilbur and Toby disliked it, they knew it was truth.

Tommy was loyal, he would've followed Wilbur into exile anyway. He followed Wilbur into war, much to his brother's regret now, and he would've followed him right into exile with or without Schlatt's verdict.

It pained Toby to think about that because Theo was still loyal, he just wasn't loyal to them anymore. He was loyal to the man who took him away.

Meanwhile on Theo's side, he and the Dream Team have mostly been staying in the Stronghold and trying to think of ways to help Dream and Theo. The two masked men who were at the center of a lot of problems, including each other.

Theo showed them how Dream's eyes would change, it- it didn't end particularly well as Theo finally showed the three of them the blue on his back. But Sapnap and George could now definitely believe and understand Theo's 'leaves, grass and poison' analogy and description.

---

"My eyes change color shade?" Dream questioned incredulously, glancing between George and Theo.

It was a couple of hours after Dream and Sapnap returned to the library to George and Theo, they were all calm again. No crying, no dissociating- they had taken a much needed break to recuperate but they had to get back into discussions. Theo had unpacked a lot of things and they had to go through it whether they liked it or not.

"Apparently yeah." George replied, snorting when Sapnap leaned in close to Dream to look at his eyes.

Sapnap squinted at Dream's eyes as Dream gave him a deadpanned look, "How? I mean, I can agree with Dreamy's eyes being like leaves. That's actually a pretty accurate color for them now that I think about it, but still. Changing color shade?" He frowned then squawked when Dream finally had enough and shoved Sapnap away. "Hey!"

"I think it's a side effect from Dream's heritage? I don't know, I- I may have made it up. I don't know. I don't even know if other people can see his eye colors changing or if I've just been hallucinating it to accommodate Dream's change of personality whenever a Fragment influences him." Theo admitted quietly with his eyes aimed at the table. It could be possible, he's hallucinated worse things before.

Dream scratched his head awkwardly, "Well, what if uh, what if you proved it? I kind of want to know myself now, if my eyes can change shade." Theo blinked at him, looking shocked while George and Sapnap shared a look.

George crossed his arms, "Well... we could try? How would we even trigger the change anyway?" He questioned, glancing at the others.

Theo hesitated but spoke up, "I uh... I might have an idea?" He offered, shrinking back a bit when all three of them looked at him. "I just- mmm, okay. This isn't going to be fun, but yeah I-I do... have an idea on how to trigger the uh, change." He just needed to provoke Owner Dream to turn his eyes from leave to grass. It really wasn't going to be fun, but if it could prove that maybe, Theo wasn't hallucinating the change of eye-color, then he'd do it.

Proving his sanity wasn't really important as long as Dream was alright but it'd be nice to know whether or not he's been making up the colors all this time.

It wouldn't really change anything though, the Separation and Fragment was a real thing. Theo hadn't made it up, he hadn't even known until the Warped Priest told him and Dream about it.

"Can I-" Theo starts but Dream just gives him a nod. Theo felt apprehensive, this was *stupid*, this wasn't- this wasn't going to be great, he knew this. But he just- he needed to know. The blond took in a deep breath, looking regretful and hesitant before he spoke to Dream with George and Sappnap looking at Dream intensely, making him uncomfortable but he sat still, waiting for Theo to speak. "Dream, I-I- I'm *not* your weapon." He winces, the back of his neck sparks and the static pulses rapidly as soon as the words leave his mouth. "I'm not- I'm not- *your tool- I don't belong to you-* *You are you are his tool you belong to him you're worthless otherwise stay loyal what are you doing stay loyal stay loyal do not defy your owner he'll leave you alone friendless useless-*

The effect was instantaneous, Dream's eyes sharpened into a dark grassy color and to Theo's horror there were flecks of *poison* in his irises and Dream abruptly stood up, slamming his hands on the table, his frown turning into a sneer. George and Sappnap made startled noises, having seen the shift since they were staring so intensely. "*What.*" Dream hissed in a familiar menacing tone, he hasn't heard it in *months* but it instantly triggers something visceral in him.

Theo's gave a shuddering gasp and he flinched back as the static **screamed** at him while his neck *burned*. He cried out, falling off his chair and trembling on the floor. "*I'm sorry! I'm sorry I'm sorry I was wrong Dream please I'm sorry you are my owner you are I'm your weapon, your tool I belong to you I'm loyal I swear I swear I'm sorry I'm loyal so loyal only to you!*" He curled into a fetal position on his knees, hands behind and below his head, pressing futilely against the burning blue at the base of his neck, gripping at his hoodie tightly to the point of tearing the fabric a bit. "*I'm sorry please please Dream don't leave please I'm loyal-*"

*Tommy scratched at the back of his neck, crying out as the burning sensation heightened. "Dream! DREAM! PLEASE I'M SORRY PLEASE COME BACK!" He screamed, the static scrambling his head, burning words into his mind. Loyal. Loyal. Stay Loyal. You are his Tool. You are his Weapon. You are his Friend. He is your Owner. He is your Mentor. He is your Friend. Without him you are alone. "DREEAMM!!" The Stronghold is silent, Dream had gone off in his anger, eyes burning and swirling with poison and Tommy suffered within the cell in the Stronghold. Blue mixed with red as he kept scratching, trying to somehow stop the pain while the static tried to drown him.*

*He doesn't know when but he passed out, but when he comes to. The pain and burning is gone. The static is calm. And he's in his bed in his room on his stomach, his back hurt around*



*the base of his neck. "Tommy? Tommy shit!" Dream? He looks panicked, regretful, his eyes are leaves Tommy can't help but think, feeling so tired. His entire body ached, especially his throat, his hands and his back. "Fuck fuck what was I thinking? I'm sorry Tommy, I left you-" "Don't leave." Tommy rasped, a shaky but desperate hand reaching out to grab Dream. His voice hurt but he had to say it, had to say it to Dream. "I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm loyal I'll stay don't leave me alone please I'll stay I'm sorry-" Dream's face contorted before it was wiped into a satisfied smile. Leaves turned to grass turn to poison. "Good Tommy. I won't leave you as long as you won't leave me." Tommy cries, Dream is kind enough to give him water for his sore throat and dehydration.*

"Theo! Theo! Theo it's okay! THEO!!"

The pain and burning ebbs away, the blue calming down along with the static. Theo sucks in a deep breath of relief, shuddering with inhale and exhale of breath that passes through his shaking lips. He's trembling, still curled on the floor- thankfully he's not crying. His eyes are wet but he wasn't crying like before. "Theo? Theo- are- are you okay?" Sapnap?

Tiredly, he glanced over to Sapnap who was kneeling beside him, looking concerned. "I-I'm good." He mumbled, slowly, he let go of his hoodie- it's torn. Shit. Not good. "I'm- I'm okay. I'm loyal. I didn't mean it, Dream, I'm still your weapon. Your tool. I belong to you." He mumbles to himself, just to make sure the static and blue are calm as he shakily got on his feet.

He looks up.

Dream and George look so very horrified and Dream's eyes are leaves. "Did you- did the colors change? For you two?" He asked both Sapnap and George. Hesitantly they nodded and he sighed in relief, he wasn't hallucinating it then. Other people could see the color shade changing.

"Yeah it- it did." Sapnap confirmed, though he looked very disturbed and concerned. "What- are you okay Theo? You were... It looked like you were in *actual* pain there. What happened?" He asked and Theo froze at the question. "It didn't look like a regular, y'know. Panic attack. It *really* looked like you were in actual pain. You kept clawing at your back- your *hoodie* is torn." He pointed out. It wasn't that bad, but he was right, there was a torn hole underneath the hood of his hoodie. Ripped apart by his own, aching hands.

Theo grimaced, "I'm gonna have to fix that later." He mumbled, scratching at his sleeves nervously. Should he tell them about the blue? Dream hadn't exactly said he shouldn't tell anyone about the blue, he didn't like telling anyone about the blue.

About the mark.

The enchantment.

The one thing that Theo suspects is why Dream fragmented early.

The one thing that might make everyone lose it, he knows it's bad in a way. Dream had said so, tried to do something about it but had died and couldn't do anything.

"Theo?"

He looks at Sapnap and George, then at Dream. They all looked so concerned, and Dream- Dream looked *shameful*. There's conflict in him, but the shame is familiar and a bit satisfying to Theo even if at the same time, he felt guilty for making Dream feel that way.

"I... You guys have to promise me something. I- no matter what, after I tell and show you this, you two," He points to both George and Sapnap, "Remember your promise to me. You won't leave Dream, you'll stay by his side. Dream- Dream, *you*, didn't do anything. Don't- don't throw me away. My Dream did this okay? He did this, you didn't. Don't- don't think about anything else but that. Please. Just-" He took in a deep breath and tugged his hoodie over his head. He lifted his shirt up, all the way up- he didn't take it off completely, unlike in Tubbo's house, he made sure the shirt was above his back, right around his neck.

He turned around. Flinching at the shocked gasps that he heard from them.

---

Enchanting.

It was one of the most useful and powerful things to do in their world. Tools and weapons were much more powerful with certain enchantments. Everyone knew this and everyone used it.

Everyone knew that some items could be enchanted while some other items couldn't. And some enchantments clashed against others so you can't put the two enchantments on the one item.

Only inanimate objects and tools could be enchanted. Just swords, shovels, axes, books, hoes, armor- only inanimate objects could be enchanted.

At least, that's what everyone else thought. That's what *he* thought.

Sapnap stared at the glowing, blue mark on Theo's neck. It shimmered on its own, no doubt a real, actual enchantment. It wasn't just a tattoo of an enchantment, it *was* legitimately an enchantment. Written in enchanted script, it stared right back at him as he stared at it. Shock, awe and dread mixed together in his stomach as he watches the familiar shimmer and shine come off of the tattooed script.

"What. The. *Fuck*." Sapnap says aloud and can only feel more dread as Theo flinched *again*.

Theo tugged his shirt back down, but he didn't turn around. "It's uh... Loyalty." Theo mumbled, "Loyalty Three."

A flash of realization came soon overtaken by fear and denial, *Loyalty III*.

"Dream- he, ah, he really didn't want me to leave his side. Got really angry when I said I wanted to go back to Tub-Toby, to say sorry for blowing up L'Manberg. About, three and a half years ago. It was a good call though! Blowing up L'Manberg, there was- there was so much Crimson underneath the city..." Theo turned back, clutching his red hoodie to his chest,

looking so unlike the teenager Sapnap originally knew him as. Or even the man he met just a few days ago. He was pitiful, shamed, quiet and submissive.

Submissive.

Loyalty III.

*Dream-*

*BAM*

***CRASH***

"*Theo don't!*" Sapnap screamed as everything had moved so fast. Sapnap clutched Theo's hand still, trying to pry the netherite axe from his grip. Theo's other hand was pinning the wheezing George to the wall while Dream groaned on the side, clutching his cheek. Theo's eyes were wide and gone was the pitiful, shamed, quiet and submissive man just seconds earlier. There was a near-manic look in his eyes as he stared down at George.

The moment George had punched Dream in the cheek, Theo had charged him, axe in hand about to swing- Sapnap had gone after him.

George stared back at Theo, there was a little fear but mostly the look in his eyes was regret and sympathy. "Sorry Theo- I just- I couldn't help it. Dream deserved a punch."

"Not this Dream." Theo replied tightly, but he let go of the axe. It clattered on the ground. "He didn't- he didn't *do anything*. My Dream- he was the one who did this to me. Don't, don't put shit on *your* Dream for shit my Owner Dream did... I could've killed you George. I could've- you can't hurt Dream like that around me. I'll kill you if you do." He whispered sadly as Sapnap carefully let go of his hand, it fell limp against Theo's side as Theo stopped pinning George against the wall. "I'll hurt and kill anyone who hurts Dream. I'd die for him."

Dream took in a deep shaky breath, getting to his feet. "And if I said you don't have to? If I said I don't want you to die for me?" He asked, his eyes shifting shades.

Theo shook his head, motioning to his back. "That won't work. If anything that'll just hurt me. I can't stay away from Dream for too long, I'll go insane- there's static in my brain and the blue starts to burn but not burn. It hurts... The months after Dream died were the worse months I've ever lived. Including my exile. I was useless. Alone. Ownerless- I can't live without Dream. I literally can't, not sane at least. The only reason I managed to get through those months were the promise that I'd see Dream again, the portal to the past was my only hope for living without going insane. Because I'm not allowed to die, Dream said so."

*"Tommy. You're not allowed to die. You're not allowed to kill yourself, you hear me?" There's desperation mixed with anger in Dream's words and Tommy could only nod. Those words bite him in the ass after Dream dies and Tommy can't follow after him, alone within the Stronghold with nothing but his own mind and the static. Remember the plan. Philza and Fundy were going to make a portal to the past. Tommy could go to that Dream, be loyal to him. Dream was Dream after all.*

"I'm Loyal." Theo whispers and the phrase takes an entirely new take for the Dream Team. "I'm Loyal to Dream... And thanks to that, Dream's Fragmented. I think the blue triggered his Fragmentation early."

It was tense in the room before Sapnap broke it, "You know. I kind of wish your Dream was here." They look at him in surprise, "I'd love the beat the shit out of him. Knock some common sense into that head of his- Dream, you'd let me do that right?" He asked Dream who stared at him.

"... Yeah, definitely."

Theo didn't know how to feel about that.

---

"Uhh, which way now?" He asked with a confused tone. Looking around the forest they were currently in. "Pretty sure... Uh, hold on." He took out his book, flipping through the pages and sighing in relief when he found the page. "Okay, so... this way! I think. Yeah?"

*'Yeah...'*

He paused and looked at him, looking concerned. "Are you okay Ghostbur?" He asked, watching the transparent man float about. It looked like he was in a gloomy mood again. The trench coat was there and it was kind of bloody, which meant something. He flipped to another page- it meant that Ghostbur was remembering something bad. "What are you remembering this time?"

Ghostbur hummed sadly, *'I remember... hurting my little brother. I was- I was such a bad brother Ranboo. No wonder Tommy hated me.'* He said quietly, ethereal blue liquid dripping down his eyeless eye sockets. They disappeared before they could even hit the ground.

The enderman hybrid frowned, "Maybe he didn't really hate you though, maybe he was just really really sad about what you did?" He asked back softly, closing his book and putting it away. "Tell me again about Tommy, you said he likes discs?"

Ghostbur perked, smiling a bit and the trenchcoat was looking a lot less bloody. *'He does! He loves them. He has two favorite discs, Chirp and Mellohi. He loved listening to Mellohi the most and as a child he'd always listen to me whenever I did Mellohi on my guitar-'* The ghost prattled on, floating forward with the smiling enderman hybrid following after him.

They were getting closer to L'Manberg, Ranboo couldn't wait to get there. He's heard so much about it and the people from Ghostbur.

And he wanted to help his friend reunite with the people there. Or was it the past people?

It didn't matter, Ranboo's objective was to get to L'Manberg with Ghostbur.

---

## M O R E F A N A R T

[By Teh Lil Fox](#)

[By Deyageka \(HugoJuno\)](#)

first one is another version for theo's enchantment!

second one is \*looks at it\* *THEY DREW THEO AND TOBY AND THE SCENE AT CHAPTER 1 WHERE THEO ALMOST BUT NOT REALLY HITS TOMMY! AAAA!*

someone finally drew toby! YES!! i love the comparison between theo and toby with tubbo and tommy! also short pony-tail theo? short pony-tail theo. i will neither confirm or deny it but i rly love the concept now.

thank you so much for the support and the amazing art you guys! it really makes me happy that people enjoy my writing and the amount of screaming i do whenever i see someone giving me links to fanart. aaaaa.

ALSO *20 chapters, 20 fucking days.*

that's how long i've been doing this. i have updated this story for 20 days *in a row* and each chapter is at *least* 3k words or more long, a total of 85k words right now.

11 more days and it'll be a month. *5 more days* and this story will breach 100k words. my mind is blown.

i never intended for this to happen.

it just did.

and yeah theo's dream is a right bastard. i wasn't expecting to reveal the loyalty iii here to the dream team just yet but it happened and now we're here.

and yes! ghostbur is with ranboo, present ranboo :) what will they do? how did he get there? who is the egg's new friend? we'll just have to continue on and hope for the best

EDIT: realized people were mistaking ranboo for his future counterpart from theo and toby's timeline; i will make it clear. this is present past ranboo. aka the ranboo that hasn't met ANYONE aside from probably niki, from the smp and l'manberg.

# Go Back

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

"You know, this isn't that bad." Dream mused to his friends who nodded in agreement, Theo could only grin at them as he let himself bob up and down in the lava pool.

All four of them were in the lava pool, each having more than enough splash potions to last a while.

Things had been certainly tense over the couple of days ever since he revealed the blue on his neck. The Dream Team had been besides themselves while Theo was just hoping they'd stick together this time, he was also feeling guilty because he thought he was making things worse. Maybe he shouldn't have revealed the Loyalty enchantment? But then the revelation later would've had a different impact and Theo wasn't sure if that impact would've been a good or bad thing.

George and Sapnap had to be the ones to ground Dream, this Dream, their Dream because Theo knows he wouldn't be able to do it himself as much as he wanted to. The fact that the Loyalty enchantment had caused Dream to fragment early was bad enough, the knowledge that poison Dream was somewhere in him was terrifying and Theo would've probably made things worse if George and Sapnap weren't there for Dream.

"Guess you really need us now huh Dreamy-Dream?" Sapnap muttered once Theo told them that, he certainly felt complicated over the whole matter but one thing was for sure; he wasn't going anywhere. "You're really stuck with us now!" For all the disgust and dismay he felt for Dream, Theo had pointed out that *his Dream*, his best friend, had yet to do anything. Not anything drastic like what Theo's Dream had done at least. And Sapnap had to remind himself that his best friend wasn't the Dream that made Theo into who he was.

Their Dream actually had a chance to become better.

It was the same for George who apologized for punching Dream so suddenly, he'd just been so overwhelmed and the urge had been there.

Dream merely shrugged it off, "I don't exactly blame you for it. What I- what *Theo's Dream* did was and *is* fucked up. I would've let you punched him if I could." He replied while pressing some ice against his bruising cheek. And honestly, Dream privately thought he deserved that punch because the moment he saw the enchantment, the 'possessive' side of him was so... disgustingly pleased.

He didn't want to feel that.

So really, he felt like he deserved that punch regardless. It helped snap him out of that state to feel both nauseated and appalled at both himself and Theo's Dream.

Himself for feeling so pleased at the sight of the enchantment and Theo's Dream for *doing that* to Theo.

No wonder Theo was so weird around him, and because of that enchantment, Dream had fragmented early.

It had been awkward the following days afterwards, the Dream Team had been carefully trudging around Theo much to his irritation and annoyance.

"Don't treat me like I'm fucking glass." Theo told them, finally snapping after Sapnap asked if he was okay for the nth time while Dream stayed on the far side of the room with George. "I know what I've been through, I know what the hell happened- I'm not some *fragile fucking child*. Give me some respect, I made it through the bullshit, I *got here* after everything that's happened. Sure, you can be careful all you want but treat me like the man I am. I've been through too fucking much to be treated like glass, it's just- it's disrespectful and honestly I want to punch your ugly face for that."

He wasn't going to *break* every time Dream was in the room with him, he wasn't going to end up crying. He was done with crying and he wasn't going to let it effect him in a bad way. It's *insulting* for them to assume that just because he'd shown them his vulnerability, he was liable to end up that vulnerable and broken time and time again.

Theo will admit, there will be times where he might end up like that again but he didn't need them to coddle him. He appreciates the sentiment but no.

If they wanted him to be relaxed and at ease around them, if they wanted him to help *them* help Dream- they better give him the treatment he deserves and he certainly didn't deserve to be treated like he'd shatter the moment Dream does something offhand.

They can be careful, they can watch, what they can't do was make *assumptions*. If he ends up crying again or freaking the fuck out -something he will do his best to avoid- then *maybe*, and that's a big maybe, *maybe* they can ask if he was okay.

He was fine.

He's actually never felt better in a long while.

Theo has taken steps to ensuring Dream would be grounded, now that George and Sapnap were by his side and helping Theo help Dream- Theo actually felt better from that alone.

Suffice to say, he got his point across after he literally kicked Sapnap in the ass, told George he was a bitch boy and a twat and stole Dream's diamonds from his chest, turned them into blocks and 'decorated' the Stronghold with them.

Of course he apologized to them afterwards, Dream especially as he quickly took down the diamond blocks and gave them back to him, but they got the point.

Theo was still Theo, he was the Tommy that came from a fucked up future, he survived wars, suffered through exiles, became Dream's property, fought against a monstrous Egg and ended

up with them through hard damn work. He had been on his last life in the future and he has fucking *survived*. With help yes but he still managed to end up with them through blood, sweat and tears. He may be dedicated to the Dream Team and was Dream's tool, weapon, friend- but he still had some *dignity* and a warped sense of self-respect.

With that thankfully out of the way, the four of them settled back to how things were- somewhat. The Dream Team were still somewhat careful with him, but not in the sense of coddling him. George and Sapnap made sure Dream was aware of his words and were already doing a good job in grounding Dream and Dream himself was more careful with what he said or did to Theo.

He no longer asked for anything from Theo, not unless he really needed it. Like information.

Theo still gave him things regardless but Dream at least rejected it half the time, only keeping it when Theo gave him reason to. Same went with George and Sapnap.

So things settled down between the four of them and today- Theo managed to convince them to relax with him in the lava pool.

He and his Dream had used to do it, back when Dream was uninfected and whenever he had leaves in his eyes. Sometimes he'd even have grass and he'd come stay with Theo in the lava pool for a while.

*Tommy felt ridiculously happy that Dream was joining him in the lava pool, seeing his mentor, friend, owner across from him looking relaxed- he wished they could just stay there and be at peace like this forever. Unfortunately the Overworld was getting worse and Dream was getting more stressed. At the very least, Tommy would treasure the moments of peace and relaxation like this.*

Those were one of his favorite moments with his Dream.

And then Dream got infected and he couldn't bear being so near to lava anymore- the roots were too sensitive. Even with the fire resistance potion. He still occasionally helped Theo nap in the pool though, but of course it grew infrequent as Dream's infection got worse.

And then Dream died.

And Theo was alone, with no one but himself.

Not anymore though.

"It really isn't." George agreed aloud with a content sigh. Feeling the warmth that surrounded him- it almost felt like a hot tub really. But kind of better? They weren't wet at all and could enjoyably relax in the usually death-inducing magma.

Sapnap stretched leisurely, groaning as he sunk into the lava. "Okay I'll admit, we should've tried this earlier... It sucks that we have to use potions after like, eight minutes." He complained lightly and inadvertently reminded them of the time limit they had- which wasn't



much. However Theo had them, he threw a couple of splash potions in the air which hit them all just in time. "Thanks Theo." He grinned as Theo sent him a thumbs up.

"No problem. I'm just glad I finally convinced you pussies to enjoy a dip with me." Theo replied with a smile, remembering their hesitance and protests just earlier on.

Dream snorted at that while Sapnap stuck his tongue out at him. George however, let his mind wander and a question came to mind that he couldn't help but voice. Couldn't help but *ask*.

"Theo do you want to go back to your family?"

The relaxed atmosphere freezes over completely at the question and George almost regrets asking.

Almost.

"What are you talking about Gogy? I don't have a family." Theo answers, sitting up in the lava and no longer floating in place.

George frowned at him, "Theo..."

"I don't." Theo insisted with dull eyes- they'd looked better earlier on. Brighter actually. But right now, the familiar dull eyes from when Theo first showed them his face was there. "Like I said, I don't have a family here. Both of my brothers are dead while my father and nephew are in a fucked up future- I don't even know if they're alive right now. And I haven't considered them family for a long time." He hadn't. Not since Ghostbur disappeared, not since he realized how fucked up their family actually was while he was with Dream.

Sapnap's lips pursed and he gave him a look, "I'm not really hearing a *no* from you..." He trailed off, watching Theo's face twist.

"No. There. Happy? *No*, I don't want to go back to my 'family'- they're not even my family. I don't get why you're asking this from me." Theo scowled, hands clenching tightly in his lap within the lava. "And before you even ask, yes Dream didn't allow me to go back to Toby and my family but he took it back days before he died. I could've gone back to them if I wanted to. But I didn't. *So there*." He declared, crossing his arms and giving them firm glares.

He really, could've gone back if he wanted to.

But he didn't.

It wouldn't be right and he didn't want to go back anyway.

There was nothing to go back to, everything's changed and what would even be the point? Theo was Dream's anyway so he stayed, right where he was until now.

Dream's lips thinned into a grimace, he shared a look with his friends as Theo stubbornly looked into lava.

The three of them had discussed on what to do with Theo, what they could do to help him- one thing that came into mind was reuniting him with his family. And Toby.

The Dream Team could now understand why Toby seemed to hate Dream so much, and no doubt he'd told Techno and Phil what happened. However they did wonder if Toby even knew about Theo's enchantment, to which Theo had said no when they asked earlier on. Toby didn't even know about the Separation and Fragmentation. No one but them and the Warped Priest knew about it.

George, Sapnap and especially Dream, were hesitant and still unable to decide whether or not they should tell other people about the Separation and Fragments. It was rather personal and Dream was already feeling uncomfortable as it was acknowledging its existence and the fact he was going through it, and would they even believe it anyway? Maybe. Theo on the other hand didn't care, at the very least he thought Toby would still hate Dream nonetheless.

"Well... Even so, it'd be a good idea to at least visit L'Manberg to see them. They're still our allies for the sake of the Egg." Dream pointed out carefully, reasoning with Theo. He wasn't going to order him to do it, but it seems like a good idea nonetheless to at least try to get Theo to reconnect with them in some way. "We still have to warn a few people about the Egg anyway- Bad and Skeppy need to know to stay away from it."

They couldn't tell absolutely *everyone* in L'Manberg about it. They either wouldn't be believed or it'd cause a mass hysteria which is something they'd rather avoid.

They were planning to tell their friends about the Egg- even planning to get more Soul-Fire Aspect books.

Which meant a whole fucking lot of soul sand and soil.

Theo grimaced but reluctantly nodded, "I... guess..."

"Theo... Do you- do you hate them? Toby and like, your family?"

The blond turned to George, "... No actually." He answered, surprising them. "I don't hate them, I hate what they did. Maybe I hated them before- but I don't them specifically now. I certainly don't like them though. I don't need them and they don't need me. Toby-" He hesitated, taking in a deep breath and throwing some more splash potions in the air. "I don't like him. He's not my best friend anymore, and he hates Dream. He needs to get it through his thick head that I'm not coming back to him."

Theo could've gone back to him. To them. Within that future.

Be with them, and not be alone in the Stronghold.

It probably could've helped, *they* probably could've helped.

But he didn't.

Why?

Hell if he knew. Maybe because it felt wrong to come back to them. Not just because he was Dream's, but because he was broken. He's hurt them. Time and time again, he's hurt them just as they hurt him.

Maybe he didn't come back because he felt like he didn't deserve to come back.

Maybe it was because they hated Dream that he didn't come back.

Maybe he was tired of thinking he could go back to them in the past.

Maybe it was everything he just said, but it didn't change anything.

He didn't want to go back.

He'd rather stay where he was. He was done of thinking of going back.

He'd done enough thinking of it in exile, done enough thinking of it with Dream.

He was just done.

He just wanted to stay.

With Dream.

And now with George and Sapnap too.

But Dream had a point, Toby, for all he hated Dream, was still his tentative ally when it came to the Crimson and the Egg.

As long as Toby did nothing to Dream, then Theo would tolerate the visits.

It'd be just like before, during their Truce because it *is* their Truce. Only this time they weren't in constant danger in the Overworld.

---

L'Manberg so far has been pretty nice, Phil won't deny it.

Technoblade was behaving within the nation despite being an anarchist and Toby was doing a good job in reigning in the man who was suppose to exile his sons. Which Phil certainly wasn't happy about.

Techno didn't like the government but at least it wasn't a tyranny, if that had been the case then his hybrid son would probably have Schlatt's head as soon as possible. So now Schlatt had to watch out for another man possibly out for his life.

Aside from that, he and Techno had finally decided to make a home- they didn't build it within L'Manberg though. Just on the edge, close enough to get to L'Manberg where Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo lived if they had to. They even offered to let Toby move in with them, it was the least Phil could do for Toby. Tubbo had offered the same but Toby wasn't sure who to accept, or if he should make his own house.

He used to just bunk with a man named Ranboo, an enderman hybrid that they would meet in a couple of years. Perhaps sooner if Toby can get in touch with him somehow.

Toby was still thinking on it, but for now, he took residence in Tubbo's guest room.

"We should make another house in the tundra." Techno suggested, having heard of his 'retirement' plans from Toby. He and Techno stood in their unfinished house, just having the frame of it finished. "It'd give us a base of operations where the Crimson won't be able to get to."

Phil looked thoughtful, "Sure, but first we should finish *this* house. We can look for the tundra afterwards later, Toby should remember where the coordinates are." He said making Techno nod. It would do well to plan beforehand, having a base in the tundra would be beneficial.

Also it kind of reminded Phil of when he and his boys lived in a snowy biome. He smiled sadly at the memories of his children playing in the snow, oh how the years go by...

Now his sons were scattered, with an alternate future version of his youngest being the furthest from him.

*"I'm not your son."*

Phil sighed, feeling his heart ache from those four words alone.

"Phil." He glanced over to his son, wondering why Techno had called out to him. His hybrid son nodded out the window, looking tense and frowning darkly. "It's Theo."

Phil's eyes widened and he looked out the newly installed window, opening it to see that Theo was indeed outside their house. He was accompanied by Dream, George and Sapnap again but he didn't pay them any attention. Phil was heading for the doorway in an instant, only stopped by Techno.

"Techno-" "We don't know what they want." Techno interrupted, looking hesitant and reluctant to even face Theo.

*"I'm not your brother."*

Phil gave his son a comforting hand on the shoulder, giving him a reassuring look. "Then we should go find out. They're outside, we can't ignore them." Can't ignore Theo.

Techno frowned but sighed, nodding reluctantly. "I'll message Toby."

Just what did they want?

Maybe to talk. They weren't wearing armor after all.

Phil opened the door, feeling a bit apprehensive as he sees them outside. His son, still wearing Dream's mask which made his stomach curl and chest ache but he gave him a warm smile nonetheless. "Theo."

Theo tilted his head in greeting, "Philza."

It's stoic.

It stings.

But Phil keeps his warm smile.

Despite Theo being different from the Tommy he knew. Despite Theo saying he wasn't his father.

Theo was still his son.

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## Chapter End Notes

:))))

woke up this morning to find the power out for the whole day

it just came back and you know the first thing i did?

i rushed to get this chapter done because like HELL i was gonna lose my writing streak to no power

i am DETERMINED to continue this streak for as long as i can

this chapter was brought to you by; a couple of hours of writing through pure spite and determination with a few minute breaks and one long break for dinner. so if the chapter seems weak that's probably why.

the dream team gets to relax for a bit, they deserve to have some time for themselves after the emotional stress and drama they just experienced. also! theo has been convinced to head back to l'manberg and talk more with toby and his family! first stop; phil and techno.

which wasn't planned. this chapter wasn't planned, i just wrote this with no plan whatsoever after a day of no power.

# A House And Home

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*Technoblade messaged Toby\_: Theo Dream Sapnap and George are at Phil and I's unfinished house.*

*Toby\_ messaged Technoblade: excse me WHAT*

*Technoblade messaged Toby\_: Yeah theyre here, Phil let them in and now we're hosting them*

*Toby\_ messaged Technoblade: im comign over*

*Technoblade messaged Toby\_: Please do this is awkward as hell*

---

This was going to be awkward as hell, Theo could already tell as he, Dream, George and Sapnap came through the doorway of the unfinished house.

It was certainly bigger than Techno's old house in the tundra.

He wonders if they were still going to make that house later on. At the very least, they should have a base in the tundra. It would just make sense, keeping a base in one of the places the Crimson and the Egg couldn't go.

Hell, he wonders if Toby was going to reunite the piglin factions in the Nether again. It didn't seem like he had approached the Warped Priest any time soon, neither Techno nor Toby had really liked the old hog. They certainly respected him because of his rank as the oldest and most respected piglin in the Nether. But personally they'd rather avoid spending any unnecessary time with the Priest.

Like how Theo wanted to spend unnecessary time here, with Philza and Techno.

Yet here he was, sitting down on make-shift chairs while Philza went to make some tea. Techno leaned on the wall not too far from them as he typed into his communicator, eyeing them warily, Theo tensed when he gave Dream a glare but was forced to calm down by Sapnap who sat by his side, nudging him when he noticed how tense Theo had gotten.

Philza didn't take long to come back with some steaming hot tea. It smelled great, he'll admit, but still. "So." Philza started, a pleasant look on his face as he gave them each a cup of tea. He smiled softly at Theo when he accepted it with a terse nod, it made Theo feel uncomfortable but he hid it well, moving his mask up a bit so he could sip the tea.

It tasted...

*"Bleh!" Tommy exaggerated, sticking his tongue out at his father who laughed. "It's bitter! How can you drink this stuff?"*

*Phil shook his head, exasperated and fond. "You get the taste for it. I have some more sweeter brews if you'd like Tommy." He offered, Tommy shook his head, stubbornly sticking to his tea*

*cup. Phil laughed at his son's stubbornness, smiling sadly at Tommy. "Mm, Wilbur didn't like this tea either." Tommy froze at the mention of his now dead brother and he gripped his cup a bit tighter. "Techno though, doesn't mind."*

*Of course, Tommy thinks quietly to himself. Obviously the reason why Phil called him over was...*

*"Tommy where did Techno go?"*

Bitter.

Still, he kept sipping. Swallowing the bitterness with ease. Both from the tea and from the unexpected memory. He was used to it. It just reminded him why he didn't want to be here.

But he had to, because Dream- The Dream Team was here.

"What did you boys come here for?" Philza finally asked as he sat down with his cup of tea.

Theo withheld a snort when he saw Sapnap's face scrunch at how bitter the tea was, "Oh! Well, we were just passing by and we saw that you were building a house here." George answered. He was telling the truth.

On their way back towards L'Manberg, they had seen the house through the trees and went to investigate it.

They certainly didn't expect it to be Philza and Techno building a house right at the outskirts of L'Manberg. Near the wall and such. Theo had immediately wanted to leave but the rest of them had seen this as an opportunity for Theo to be with Phil and Techno. A chance to reconnect if possible. Philza made it easier by inviting them in for some tea, but the Dream Team realized how difficult it was going to be to actually get their plan of helping Theo into action.

Techno was definitely still very wary about them, Toby must have told him about Dream which was not ideal.

At least Philza was being amicable. And he made them tea!

Honestly he could've been like Techno or worse but he was being polite. Which was good. And a bit terrifying because they had no idea what was going to happen from this man who they've definitely heard about before.

Philza had been one of the greatest adventurers out there, exploring the world, living on his last life- he's made some great achievements. His combat skills could rival Techno's, which in turn rivaled Dream's.

Provoking two combat skilled fighters wouldn't do them well, even though George and Sapnap were fairly good in combat and Theo was Dream's protege so he was very skilled himself. And was very willing to fight his former father if it came to it.

But thankfully it didn't seem like it was going to come to it.

Hopefully it would stay that way.

"I see." Phil hummed, "Yeah, Tech and I decided to live out here. Not quite in L'Manberg but close enough to visit the boys if we have to." He said, looking over at Theo who didn't react to the look whatsoever. "What about you Theo? Where are you staying?" He asked curiously.

Theo gave him a deadpanned reply. "With Dream of course." Phil frowned while Techno grunted in disapproval.

"And where exactly would Dream's house would be?" The hybrid questioned, giving him and Dream suspicious looks.

Dream sweated slightly and hesitated in replying, he still didn't like anyone else finding out about the Stronghold. Theo knew because he lived there now, George and Sapnap were his best friends, but Phil and Techno? "It's far from here." He told them, which wasn't inaccurate. It really was far from where L'Manberg and the SMP was. "Very very far from here."

Techno makes a face at that, for a moment, he looks distracted before he turns back to Dream, "Dream, do you even have a house? I've never heard of anyone saying anything about your house." He said and Dream goggles at him.

"Wha- I *do* have a house. It's just really far from-" Dream started but Techno continues on, looking for too amused to the point of it being kind of vindictive actually.

"Are you *homeless*? Do you not have a house?" Techno asked, riling Dream up while George and Sapnap choked on either tea or air. Theo on the other hand sighed deeply.

"I'm not *homeless* I have a house!" The Stronghold counted as a house right? And he had other bases littered around the land, hidden away.

But Techno didn't know that, and he was being an absolute asshole right now. "Do you sleep outside Dream? Is this- Does he even have a house George? Sapnap? Does he really? I can't ask Theo because he'll just agree, he's compromised-" Theo sent him his middle-finger which Technoblade snorted at. "Oh, oh, real mature. Well? Does he have a house?"

"I *have* a house! George! Sapnap! Tell him! You've both been to my house, we were just there!" Dream exclaimed to his best friend, feeling frustrated at Technoblade's accusations of him being homeless. He wasn't! He didn't have a normal house, but the Stronghold counted. Right? Theo had said he was living with Dream, and Theo lived in the Stronghold so it was now their house. Their home. That was- actually that was nice.

George couldn't help the snicker that bubbled from his throat, "I mean- yeah? It's not really a house but-" It was underground and secret. The Stronghold was like, the ultimate secret base for Dream. Could it be called a house?

Techno grinned, "*Aha!* So Dream *is* homeless!"

"*I am not!* George! What the hell! You were literally at my house-" Sapnap interrupted out loud, "Could it really be called a house though?" It was a legitimate question. "*Sapnap!*" The



man grinned sheepishly at Dream's offended tone of voice.

Theo couldn't help but slip his hand underneath his mask to press a hand against his eyes, he's mostly heard about this argument before. His own Techno had done the same.

*"Do you even have a house Dream? Where the hell are you and Tommy living? I swear, my brother better have somewhere to stay Dream." Techno threatened during one mission. Tommy groaned as Dream took offense to the accusation.*

Phil on the other hand was concerned, "Do you not have a place to live Theo?" He asked. Concerned about *him*- Hah. Theo could laugh. But he won't.

"I have a place to live Philza. Dream *does* have a house- it's more of a base really but it's home." Theo replied testily. This was not what he was expecting at all when he and the Dream Team came in for tea. Had he known it would devolve into this- he'd forcibly dragged them to L'Manberg. At least Toby would be properly get through things. He had to wonder where the hell the man was, Techno should've contacted him by now right? Where was he?

"Oh yeah? Where *is* this house or base huh? Take us to it." Techno declared, wanting to see just where his alternate brother's home was. If it wasn't up to par then he shouldn't be living there. He shouldn't be living with Dream period.

He should be somewhere else, maybe even here, with ~~he~~ and Phil.

"We're not going to take you to my base!" Dream exclaimed, outraged and appalled. The Stronghold was a special place! He wasn't going to let anyone else besides Theo, George and Sapnap into the place he had found by himself and made into a home!

Never mind the fact he hadn't even considered it a home until recently after he had spent more time there with his friends and Theo.

"Phil this guy doesn't have a house-" "I have a house!" "He *owns* the land- he *owns* the SMP and-" "I have a house!" "And he never built his own house!"

George and Sapnap at this point were laughing their asses off. Too amused by the banter and argument between two of the best fighters in the lands. Technoblade and Dream.

Arguing whether or not Dream had a house.

"All he does is be an ominous threat or something-" "I have a damn house it's just far away from here-" "Oh yeah you wouldn't know my house it goes to another school!" Techno roared with a shit-eating grin while Dream fumed at him.

Theo downed the rest of his tea, "Do you have anything stronger by chance?" He asks Phil who was watching everything with only some amusement. Phil looked apologetic but shook his head making Theo sigh as Techno and Dream continued.

So much for any serious talking at the moment.

*"It goes to another school!" "Technoblade what is wrong with you?!"*

"Ender make it stop my bladder-" Sapnap wheezed against the stoic, done Theo while George was badly trying to stop his laughter.

"You guys are the worst! Except you Theo, you did nothing wrong and I'm glad for that." Dream added, that- that made Theo smile.

Techno irked at the smile, opening his mouth, about to either continue to say something else when all their communicators beeped together just as there was the faint distant sound of *something*. Theo froze at the sound, recognizing it easily.

All of them straightened and made startled noises at the messages their communicators provided.

*WilburSoot blew up*  
*The\_Eret blew up*  
*Nihachu was slain by Toby\_*  
*Toby\_ was slain by Nihachu*

What the *fuck*?

---

Coughing, Tommy waved away the smoke, panting rapidly at the adrenaline in his veins. "Tubbo? Wilbur?! *Toby!*?" He called out frantically, looking around the blown up street. He was relieved to find his best friend groaning nearby. "Tubbo! *Tubbo are you okay?!?*"

"I'm- I'm good!" Tubbo stammered only to wince after he tried to stand up, "No wait- my leg- I-I think it's broken!"

Tommy cursed but scrambled to help his best friend up. "Where's- Where's Wilbur and Toby? Where-" He froze as he sees the amount of items on the ground. Heart dropping at the sight of them all.

Fuck.

He checked his communicator.

*WilburSoot blew up*  
*The\_Eret blew up*  
*Nihachu was slain by Toby\_*  
*Toby\_ was slain by Nihachu*

Shit.

---

we got MORE FANART YEAH

[by Mitsukinii](#)

ehehehe, i like cloaks as much as i like hoodies. very much.

another power outage happened. is this a sign? must i really take a break from this story?

fine. okay. i'll take a few days off and break my *22 day writing streak* frankly it's a miracle i managed this far as it was.

but i was so close to doing a whole month!

eh, this is satisfying as it is enough.

anyway yeah, the reason why this is so late is because another power outage happened and i've spent the next hour speedrunning another chapter. i can already feel the burn out happening. so i'm going to take a break from updating for a couple of days. maybe a week at most. hopefully less.

also yes, basically this chapter has techno bullying dream about his house or seemingly lack thereof and there's a mysterious explosion that took wilbur's second life and eret's third life while niki and toby's lives were taken by each other.

things are happening- this may be the shortest chapter i have in this story (only about 2k) and i just wanted to update one last time before i take my break but i am going to CLIFFHANG ALL OF YOU while i go rest.

TILL NEXT TIME EVERYONE.

# Mellohi

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*Technoblade messaged Toby\_: Theo Dream Sapnap and George are at Phil and I's unfinished house.*

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---

Toby had actually just been enjoying his day before Techno had messaged him.

Schlatt and Quackity were doing fine as they started counting the votes and discussing other things, Wilbur and Fundy were spending time together as father and son, Tubbo and Tommy were off being teenagers as they should be and he was-

Well, he was visiting an old place he hasn't visited in a long time. Not since the fall of L'Manberg. His L'Manberg.

He stares at the bench, stares at the jukebox that sat next to it and tentatively... He sits down. Feeling the oak underneath him, tracing the wood lines and filled with so much nostalgic pain he might just die from it alone.

It's just him on the bench, but if he pretends. If he lets himself imagine...

There's a certain blond sitting right next to him, smiling brightly and being loud. Tommy.

Tommy, not Theo.

He's young, bright and cocky. He's the Tommy that Toby longs for, what he still somehow hopes to get back.

Tommy who would blab and babble, being as loud as he could with his bright blue eyes and blond hair.

Tommy who would lean forward, laugh so hard he starts coughing and clutch his knees

For a moment, he's Tubbo.

Tubbo, not Toby.

He's young, happy and content. He's the Tubbo that Toby had long forgotten until now, meeting his past self who he's envious of.

Tubbo who would smile back, beam and laugh at the loudness that got rid of the silence.

Tubbo who would lean back against the bench and gesture wildly to his Tommy, who gestures back just as wildly.

For a glorious, short moment.

Tubbo is happy. Tommy is there. And there's a painfully familiar song in the air.

The moment fades and reality sets in.

Tommy is Theo and he's gone.

Tubbo is Toby and he's right here, alone.

Toby smiles ruefully, pressing a hand against his face as he leaned back against the bench. "Ahh, this is pathetic." He mumbles to himself with his eyes closed.

"What is?"

Toby jolts, opened his eyes to see both Tubbo and Tommy behind him looking at him curiously. "*Ender's fuck!*" He swears, pressing a hand against his chest. "When did you two get here?!" He exclaimed, trying to calm his beating heart. Had he been so immersed in his little fantasy he hadn't noticed the two coming up? Ender, his Techno would be so disappointed in him for not keeping guard.

He couldn't exactly help it though, things seemed so peaceful during this time.

The Overworld was safe and unconquered by the Crimson, and Chat wasn't there to warn him about the dangers that lurked at every corner.

"Ah, we got here just about now! Sorry for startling you there Toby." Tubbo apologized, smiling wryly at him.

Tommy on the other hand was snickering, "Oh man, that was priceless!" He laughed as he went around the bench to sit down.

Toby immediately made space, going right at the edge so Tubbo could sit by Tommy.

They ended up sitting with Tommy situated right at the middle and Toby couldn't help but stare at them both as they got comfy on the bench.

That.

That was what he'd been imagining about not even a minute earlier.

Tommy smiling brightly, Tubbo grinning contently, the two of them together as friends on this bench. All the jukebox had to do was play a song and it'd be complete.

It hurts.

To see them like this.

Envy nipped at his heart, a type of jealousy he's ashamed to feel as he feels like an outsider looking in to something he can't have- No. Something he *had* before but couldn't possibly have ever again.

He could easily imagine *them* in his head, young Tommy and Tubbo, best of friends just sitting together on their bench and listening to one of Tommy's discs. Enjoying a moment of precious downtime where they could just relax and almost forget about everything in their lives. A moment of private happiness between them where they were just Tommy and Tubbo.

Tommy and Tubbo, best friends forever.

What he couldn't imagine was him and Theo doing the same.

He had tried before. Tried to imagine Theo sitting down beside him, on the bench with the jukebox. Tried to imagine himself sitting down with him, the two of them together.

Instead of a sense of relaxation and happiness, there's a tense air between them. They're not laughing, or talking. Just sitting down in silence, looking off into the horizon.

Theo isn't smiling, or laughing or anything. There's a porcelain mask that covers his face with a carved a smile, the face of an enemy they had both sworn to be against in their youth and yet Theo wears it proudly. Obsessively really. But even without the mask his eyes and hair are shades too dull and he's wearing a hoodie that was too much like Dream's. He was Dream's in all sense that mattered and Toby hated it.

In his mind, the sit in silence that is far from peaceful and Toby can't imagine a peaceful air between them if they sat together on a single bench.

He can't imagine them both sitting down empty-handed. They'd both be holding on to a weapon, him a sword and Theo an axe.

He can't imagine them both sitting unarmored. They'd both wear enchanted netherite, ready for an attack either by each other by someone or thing else.

He can't imagine the peaceful surroundings. It'd be red instead of green. There'd be movement in the background and they'd both tense, ready for to defend or to flee.

He can't imagine them sitting unharmed or just clean. They'd both be scruffed or injured in some way, and their weapons would be smudged with ominous iron-smelling liquid. Blood. Something that Toby unwillingly craved in the throes of intense battle.

Toby can easily imagine the past, it's something he's done plenty of times before. It's something he craves to have. But he can't imagine the present, too embroiled with how things were. With how Theo acted and the things they both did and the lives they both lived.

He wants that to change though.

By Ender he wants it to change, he wants to be able to imagine him and Theo sitting together as adults. Smiling, laughing just like in the past. Wants to imagine it freely without it being ruined by *something*. Like Dream's mask and underlying presence that loomed over Theo like a permanent ghost. Like the Crimson that would shift in the background, turning the grass and trees red and threatened the peace by just existing. Like the blood that would stain them both, Toby especially as he is forever tied to battle in a way thanks to the Trials.

He wants it so much.

And it hurts to want. It hurts and he's scared to acknowledge the very real possibility that no, that that little fantasy of his will never happen and all he'll ever have is the faint golden memories of his youth and the envious scene of both Tubbo and Tommy sitting beside him living that memory but *better* because they will never have to go what he and Theo did. They will be better, they'll be *great* and he...

He'll be there.

Watching them and making sure of it.

He's envious, he's wanting, but he's determined and protective.

"Toby?"

Toby blinks, seeing both Tubbo and Tommy give him peculiar and concerned looks and all he can offer them is a weak and empty smile. "I'm fine." He says, finally looking away, realizing just how uncomfortable he must be making the two of them. Just sitting besides Tommy, silently staring at them with whatever face he'd been making while lost in his own head. He shifts and moves to stand, "I'll leave you two here-" He starts, heart throbbing as he moves to leave *their*, not his not anymore, bench.

They don't need an old warrior intruding them like this.

Except Tommy grabs his wrist, he stops him from leaving. His brows furrowed and a set frown on his face as he looks up to Toby. "You can stay. For a bit." He says and Tubbo looks hesitant but he nods, both teens now looking adamant.

"I-" Toby starts to protest but his younger self interrupts him. "You must miss this place. You can stay and sit down with us. It's your bench as much as it's ours." He says with a reassuring grin as Tommy tugs him to sit down again.

And Toby finds himself too weak to protest anymore. He thinks he'll be too weak to say anything against Tommy and Tubbo now, which is funny because of how things were but seeing the brace-filled smile of Tommy and hearing his younger self's soothing words- he caves and just sits down. Perhaps it was very weird to anyone else but it seems that's just how things are now for Toby.

Weak to the past.

Or maybe that's how it always was for him, he's longed for the past so much, for *so long*- and now that it was here, now that *he* was here... he just can't help himself.

So he sits down besides Tommy, a weak but happier smile on his face.

"Okay so I've got Chirp here we can listen to," Tommy said happily, the music disc appearing in his hand after he takes it out of his inventory. Toby eyes the disc, face scrunching in thought, "Toby? What's wrong?" The young blond asked him, "Do you... not want to listen to Chirp?"

Toby hesitated before shaking his head, surprisingly though there's a small smile on his face. "No, not really. Hang on, I've got something better we can listen to." He said, suddenly placing his Enderchest down in front of him. Tommy and Tubbo could only watch as Toby rifled through the chest but they finally gasped as they see the item that Toby retrieves from the chest.

It's old, a bit scratched but it's unmistakable.

"*Mellohi!*" Tommy exclaimed with a wide grin and stars in his eyes. "You have it?!" His Cat and Mellohi discs were still in Dream's possession, Toby remembers with a strained thought but he gives him and Tubbo a warm smile and nod.

"Yeah- I don't have Cat though. Just Mellohi." He thumbs the black surface of the disc. "I... When Tom- When Theo was exiled, I was given Mellohi to keep. And I've kept it, by Ender I've kept it." It stayed in his Enderchest, even after Theo and Dream asked for it. He kept it away from them, unwilling to part with one of the only items he had left of Theo. Of his Tommy. Of the Tommy he had known before Dream took him away.

One half of the reason for *everything* that's happened really. All from two little discs.

"Where's Cat?" Tubbo asks quietly and all it takes is the pained look in Toby's eyes for him to realize. "With Dream?"

Toby sighed heavily through his nose, "Should be by now probably. Theo probably gave it to him now that he's with Dream."

"That's just not fair!" Tommy shouts, fists clenched and eyes brimming with anger, "Why would he- why why- they're *his* discs- *my* discs why would-" He struggled to string together a coherent sentence, too incensed and emotional to construct a full sentence but Toby knew what he was trying to say.

It's been a while since Theo had spoken like that, as far as he knew it anyway. "Because he's with Dream now. Of course he's going to give Dream one of his discs, he considers him his '*friend*' after all." Toby spoke with gritted teeth but soon he shakes his head and offers the disc to Tommy, "It's been a while. Since I've listened to Mellohi- ages really. Was too busy to listen to it and too scared of losing it to pull it out of my enderchest. And since your Cat and Mellohi are... still with Dream. We can listen to the Mellohi I have."



Tommy looks at the offered disc, sees how old it was- there's a few chips on the edges and it's just a bit scratched but it should be able to play with no problem. Carefully, he accepts it. Tubbo looking over his shoulder to look at the disc with him. "Thanks Toby." He said, grinning brightly at him and Toby smiles back, nodding at him.

The young male stands from the bench so he could quickly shuffle over to the jukebox that stood to the side, a grin on his face and his eyes bright. Toby, for all the strength he had in combat, couldn't possibly withstand that look on Tommy's face. Or the look that Tubbo was giving him, his younger self seemed to have- well, not exactly *forgiven* him for his actions but he's certainly not hitting Toby in the fact again.

Mellohi slides into the jukebox easily, the slow tune plays after a moment and Tommy quietly cheers before quickly returning to sit between Tubbo and Toby, leaning back against the bench to enjoy the familiar music that he hasn't heard since he gave Dream his discs. Tubbo tilted his head, closing his eyes as he too, listened to the tune.

Toby looked up at the sky as he listened, watching the clouds lazily float by.

It's a peaceful moment.

And it's almost perfect to Toby, almost.

He doesn't think about what's missing though. For now, he relishes in the moment, in just sitting on this familiar bench, in this familiar setting, listening to this familiar song and for a moment.

He's content.

Far more content then he's been for a *long* time.

It feels like ages until the jukebox finally stops playing, the disc sliding back up to either be pushed down to play again or be taken out of the slot. Though the three of them make no move to do anything. Just relishing in the peaceful moment.

"Ahh, I missed- Ender, I missed that song." Tommy says, breaking the silence and sounding wistful. "Wish we could listen to Cat too."

Toby closes his eyes and he sets a new goal- well, a very old goal made anew actually. "You will one day." He says aloud and gains the attention of both younger males. "You're going to get both your discs back from Dream. I'm gonna help you get them back." It was them against Dream after all. It was about time someone went against Dream again. Theo wasn't going to do it, and like hell he was going to let Tommy go against him alone. Not again. Not anymore.

They both gape at him before Tommy whoops, practically jumping from the bench. "Fuck yeah! I'm gonna get my discs back! Fuck you Dream!" He shouts out loud. Laughing into thin air while both versions of his best friend, both young and old have identical looks of exasperation and fondness on their faces.

It's only then that he gets the message from Technoblade. He hears his communicator beep and he takes it out of his pocket, a startled noise escapes him at the message that Technoblade sends him. Beside him, Tubbo leans over and sees it as well as Toby frantically types back.

*Technoblade messaged Toby: Theo Dream Sapnap and George are at Phil and I's unfinished house.*

*Toby messaged Technoblade: excse me WHAT*

*Technoblade messaged Toby: Yeah theyre here, Phil let them in and now we're hosting them*

*Toby messaged Technoblade: im comign over*

*Technoblade messaged Toby: Please do this is awkward as hell*

"Theo, Dream, George and Sapnap are at Phil and Techno's house!" Tubbo exclaims to Tommy who screeches.

"*Whaaat?! We have to get there! Like right fucking now! Who knows what the hell they're up to!*"

Unknown to the three, Technoblade and Dream would soon start to bicker and argue about Dream's apparently lack of house with George and Sapnap absolutely losing it, Phil being amused but concerned and Theo just being absolutely done with everything and actually hoping Toby would come soon to end the nonsense.

But right now, they had no idea what Theo and the Dream Team were doing at Phil and Techno's unfinished house nor did they know what they wanted.

"Toby, here!" Tommy exclaimed, grabbing Mellohi from the jukebox and handing it back to Toby who gave him a thankful smile. He places the disc back in his enderchest and soon enough, all three of them were leaving the bench.

Phil and Techno had told them where exactly they were going to build the house, right outside of L'Manberg's walls on the outskirts. Unfortunately between the bench and where Phil and Techno was- it was a long sprint there, since they were on complete opposite ends.

On the way however, Wilbur spotted them just as he had finished spending time with his son who had run off to do an errand. "Tubbo?! Tommy?! Toby?!" He called out as he ran after them, "What's wrong?! Why are you running?!"

"Theo and Dream are at Phil and Techno's house!" Tubbo called back making Wilbur pale, and readily enough, he joined them in running towards where his father and older brother were supposed to be.

However as they ran, Toby suddenly skidded to a halt. Kicking up dirt as he forced himself to stop, confusing the three males who had been following after him and forcing them to stop as well. "Toby?" Toby's eyes were wide, eyes practically pinpricks as he seemed to have realized something. "Toby? Toby what's wrong now? Toby we have to get to Techno-" Wilbur tried but Toby didn't seem to be listening.

Toby's head turned to the side and they turned with him just to see what he was looking at.

From afar on another nearby street, Niki and Eret were there, seemingly just talking to each other with pleasant smiles on their faces. It all looked almost perfectly normal.

Almost.

In Eret's hands was a bouquet of eye-catching and startlingly *red* flowers. All kinds of red flowers. But they were all a bright shade of *red*.

*Red.*

Toby knew that shade anywhere.

He's fought through a forest of that shade of red. Of those shades of red flowers, he *recognizes* that bright fucking red anywhere.

"To-" Tommy's sentence is cut off as Toby suddenly sprints once more- but not towards where Philza and Technoblade's house was supposed to be.

No, he sprinted towards *Eret*. A look of grim determination on his face as he ignored the shocked shouts behind him.

The supposed King of the SMP was startled to see the time traveler running straight at him-

*BAM*

Toby knocked the bouquet out of Eret's hands and *stomped* on the flowers, causing the shaded King to cry out in shock and outrage. "*My flowers-*" He was silenced by the sudden sword to the neck.

Toby's eyes were menacing and dark as he aimed his sword at Eret who held his hands up, "*Where did you get these?*" He hissed, grinding his boot on the now ruined bouquet.

Underneath his boot, the flowers writhed unnaturally.

They weren't normal red flowers.

They were Crimson.

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## Chapter End Notes

i've taken my break  
it's been a few days  
and here we are!

honestly over the whole break ive been itching to write more but i feel a bit better so the break was good, also i took a few times to write this chapter bit by bit and not all at once so that was nice. ive got the next chapter just started too, so tomorrow i'll hopefully

update *again* and restart my daily update schedule! however i might not, who knows. i just finished this chapter and decided to update again :)

we're starting emotionally guys gals and nonbinary pals- i've wanted to make this chapter for a *long* time. where toby, tommy and tubbo just sit down and listen to toby's mellohi with toby just being a nostalgic and emotional man while somehow his younger self and young tommy are just being so much better at emotions than he and theo ever will be.

i've got a lot of things planned for the future of this story everyone. i just hope i can write it well.

so all in all... im back ;)

p.s. would it be childish to ask for someone to draw toby and theo sitting down on the bench like how i wrote? either they're happy or tense, idc. i just want to see them sitting down, on the bench, two grown men. maybe a contrast to tubbo and tommy sitting down together. or maybe even all four of them sitting together.

look i just want my boys to sit down on a bench, either its a happy moment or a terrible one. just these poor boys/men sitting down. on a bench. with the jukebox.

# Red Flowers

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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They immediately ran out of the unfinished house towards L'Manberg.

Theo had no idea what the hell happened but the fact that *Niki* of all people had killed *Toby*- you can fucking bet it wasn't going to be good.

The masked blond ran as fast as he could alongside the Dream Team and his former father and brother. The six men bounding past the walls, past buildings and people, sprinting through the streets while trying to find where the damage was and where the incident occurred.

Thankfully it doesn't take long to out where the explosion and apparent battle had happened, they find Tommy and Tubbo huddled together on the side of a street with a crater, Tubbo sitting on a wooden plank while Tommy was making a makeshift splint for Tubbo's broken leg.

"*Tommy! Tubbo!*" Philza cried out, sprinting over to the boys. Tubbo's face was contorted with pain as he bit into a stick to muffle the pained noises he was making while Tommy dealt with his leg. "Oh boys- what happened?! Wilbur-" Had *died*.

In a type of *explosion*.

Phil's breath hitched before he snapped out of it when Theo spoke, "What the *fuck* happened here?"

Part of the street was blown up, along with the side of a stray building, there was the smell of gunpowder, ash and *iron* in the air. Items were littered all over the ground, no bodies though- no one had been on their last life here. Not even Toby, he had all three lives back. Two now. Theo's fist clenched but he focused when Tubbo started talking after taking out the stick from his mouth.

"Eret and Niki-" Tubbo started briefly interrupted by a groan and flinch from the pain of his broken leg- He made a startled noise when a golden apple was thrown his way from Theo, he fumbled to catch it and cried out when it jostled his leg.

"*Oi!*" Tommy snapped at his older self, "Fu-"

Theo was impatient and snapped back, "Eat the damn apple, we don't have time for your fucking pain here. What. The hell. *Happened?*" He stressed- didn't they know just how bad the situation was right now? Four people had died, two to an explosion and the other two to each other. And one of them had been *Toby*- he wouldn't just *die* so easily.

Something had happened and they needed to know what.

---

"Whoops, I have to go. Got a few things to do dad." Wilbur smiled nodding to his fox hybrid son, "I'll see you later! Say hi to the others for me!" Fundy exclaimed, waving before jogging off to do whatever errand he had to do.

"I will! Be careful Fundy!" Wilbur calls after him, watching him leave.

He sighed, rolling his shoulders and stretching a bit, feeling- well, he hasn't felt this relaxed in a long while.

Wilbur really hadn't realized just how much stress and tension he'd been carrying since the start of *everything*. Founding L'Manberg, fighting for independence, gaining independence, starting an election, losing the election, time travel, Toby and... Theo...

He'd really been running on fumes hadn't he?

It was only when Toby forced him to slow down, to set down everything he'd been working for- not permanently, he doesn't think he can set them down permanently just yet- just to relax and ground himself in the present did he realize just how thin Wilbur had been stretching himself to be. Just how he'd been acting had been affecting everyone around him. He and Fundy hadn't talked as much ever since L'Manberg's independence, he'd felt so betrayed when Fundy tried to run against him but he realized that Fundy just wanted his dad back.

And Wilbur wanted his son.

L'Manberg was supposed to be a place that was safe for his family, granted it had started as a joke with him and Tommy brewing potions and calling them 'drugs' before things started to get out of hand. Especially when actual people started to flock to them and their camarvan, reinforcing the idea of creating a nation in their heads.

Wilbur had been swayed by those ideas, by his own fantasies to the point he'd forgotten that Tommy and Tubbo were just *children*. Teenagers. They were years younger than him and yet he had accepted them into his side of a war that they shouldn't have even fought in. Ender, just what had he been thinking? He had roped his baby brother, his dearest son and his brother's best friend into something dangerous-

He had felt guilty.

Still did actually.

He doesn't think he'll be rid of that guilt but he can do nothing else but move forward and try to make amends.

So he listens to Toby, spends time with his son, promises to *properly* look after Tommy and Tubbo.

He wasn't going to let Dream anywhere *near* his brother now. Not when Dream took both of Tommy's lives *and* the threat of the future, of Dream taking Tommy away permanently.

"*I'm not your brother.*"

Wilbur wasn't going to lose his brother.

Not Toms.

The green motherfucker can suck it.

Shaking his head, he started to walk back to Tubbo's house.

Only he sees Toby, Tubbo and Tommy sprinting and at the very sight of them running he immediately sets off after them. "Tubbo?! Tommy?! Toby?!" He shouted as he ran, worry already clenching around his heart, "What's wrong?! Why are you running?!"

Tubbo thankfully replied to his shout, glancing back, "Theo and Dream are at Phil and Techno's house!"

Wilbur paled- the implications alone were enough to get him running with them as well. Just what were they doing at Phil and Techno's house? What did they want? Did something happen? *Was something happening?* So of course Wilbur ran with them towards where Phil had said they were making their house, right outside L'Manberg. It was more for his brother's peace of mind Wilbur knew, Techno didn't really want to join L'Manberg or live in it but that was fine. They were close enough with them just living at the outskirts.

Wilbur's just glad they were here period.

Questions and theories flew off in his head but it all disappears as Toby suddenly stops, the older male skidding to an utter halt. With the man in the lead suddenly no longer in the lead, he, Tommy and Tubbo were quick to stop as well. "Toby?" Wilbur questioned, worried as to why Toby had stopped in such a crucial moment. "Toby? Toby what's wrong now? Toby we have to get to Techno-" Wilbur tried to gain his attention but the other didn't seem to be listening.

His eyes were worryingly wide and a look of grim realization was set on his face as he straightened and looked back to the side. Wilbur looked with him.

Wilbur's own eyes widened at the sight of Niki and Eret talking together- What was *Eret* doing here in L'Manberg? And why was Niki talking with *him* of all people? Granted, she wasn't there for his betrayal but Eret was still listed as a traitor to their nation. He was the King of the SMP- a pretty figurehead for *Dream*- he was with *Dream* for fuck's sake! So why was he here in L'Manberg?

He then noticed the startlingly red flowers that were in Eret's hands. They were red. Really, really *red*. An eye-catching type of red that Wilbur hasn't actually seen- it was a shade brighter and different than the red on Tommy's shirt. It would draw the attention of lots of people once it was actually noticed.

It was certainly noticed by Toby.

"To-" Tommy tried to shout only for Toby to suddenly start running, however it wasn't towards the direction they were originally running at. Towards Phil and Techno's location, but towards *Eret and Niki*.

"*Toby!*" They shouted after him, shocked as to why he was running towards *them* instead of running to where Theo and Dream supposedly were.

They followed after him and only stopped when they saw Toby smack the bouquet of the unnaturally red flowers out of Eret's hands. "Wha-" They watched as Toby furthered his actions with a cruel stomp, enraging Eret- but only for a moment. "*My flowers-*" He quickly held his hands up and quietened when Toby aimed his enchanted sword at Eret's neck, hissing in a tone so harsh with a face so grim.

"*Where did you get these?*" He hissed, the boot on the ruined flowers ground them harshly against the path and Wilbur would've protested because they were *just* flowers Toby why were you-

But then he notices the way the flowers were *writhing*. Petals wriggling weakly even after a few petals were detached from the flowers themselves, leaves were waving and stems crookedly moving against Toby's foot either to try to escape the harsh pressure or to wrap around the foot itself. The sight horrified Wilbur and faintly he hears Tommy and Tubbo gasp as they too, saw the state of the moving floral plants.

Toby's boot twisted against the ground as Toby growled at Eret who was certainly looking pale with the sword aimed at him. "*Where?!*" The man demanded, sounding just as angry whenever he mentioned Dream. If not maybe just a bit angrier. It was quite honestly hard to tell.

However Wilbur's gaze glanced towards the person behind Toby, the one other person that had been with Eret the entire time. Niki.

She looked *horrified*. Her eyes were wide, her jaw was set as her teeth gritted together- it was an angry type of horrified. Her gaze... were on the flowers.

Why were they on the flowers? Wilbur could've understood the horror, but the anger- his eyes widened as a sword appeared in her hands- "*Niki no!*" He cried out, managing to interfere before the sword struck Toby in the back- her diamond sword collided with his iron axe and Wilbur gritted his teeth together as he tried to fend off the sword. He had a sword, unfortunately it was deeper in his inventory and he had to react fast, so he used his iron axe instead.

"*Niki?!*" Tubbo and Tommy chorused together, stunned to have seen their big sister figure suddenly try to attack Toby who looked back with the same shock- unfortunately that costed him as suddenly Eret's own sword clashed against his- diamond and enchanted as well.

Wilbur stood back to back with Toby, a bead of sweat sliding down his face as he looked at the enraged look on his friend's face. "*Niki- why?!*" He questioned, struggling against her strength- had she always been this strong? Or had he been laying off of his own training? Either way, diamond clashed with iron for Wilbur and Niki.



"Those flowers *were for Eret!*" Niki exclaimed, her eyes flecked with red and shining and behind her ear, was one single red flower. "*They're hurt! That man hurt them! You're hurting them! Stop hurting them!*" She shrieked glancing down and Wilbur can't help but glance down with her- he was stepping on a few of the red flowers. The petals weakly tugging themselves underneath his shoes. He faltered at the disturbing sight of them and Niki took advantage of that, giving a furious yell while pushing against Wilbur who yelped-

Only Toby was suddenly grabbing his shoulder, tugging him away from Niki- the woman yelped as she and Eret nearly collided as Toby moved back towards Tommy and Tubbo with Wilbur. "Ender dammit, *Niki?*" Toby hissed roughly, eyes narrowed at the two before them. Niki glared at him but worriedly looked over the flowers on the ground. "Fuck how she- *fuck!*" He swore while Niki gently picked up the ruined bouquet, hushing at the flowers, cradling and caressing them as if they were either a pet or an actual baby.

"What's- What the fuck is going on?! Why is Niki- Niki why?! What the hell are you doing?!" Tommy cried out, he and Tubbo now wielding their own iron swords. Wilbur quickly switched his axe for a sword as well, gripping it tightly as he stared down his long time friend.

"What am *I* doing?!" Niki retorted angrily, "What about *him*?! He attacked Eret! He ruined my friend's poor flowers! They worked hard for these flowers! He *hurt* these poor sweethearts!" She cried out, pointing her sword at Toby who grimaced at her. In her hands, the bouquet of red flowers straightened and wriggled,

Tubbo gawped, "Niki- wha- *Niki those are **flowers**!* Flowers that are *moving*! That's not right!"

"These flowers are pretty, and they're *alive*. Why wouldn't they be moving?" Eret questioned, picking up a few petals that quickly attached themselves to a flower that was wrapped around his wrist. Had it been on his wrist the entire time? "You've hurt them pretty badly, I thought violence wasn't allowed in L'Manberg?"

"Wh-" Toby interrupted Tommy through gritted teeth, "Don't bother trying to reason with them right now. They're both under the Egg's control- as long as they have those flowers they'll be unreasonable when it comes to those things. We need to get rid of them." As soon as he said that, both Niki and Eret looked furious. "*Wilbur, here!*" Wilbur was suddenly handed Toby's sword, much to his, Tubbo's and Tommy's confusion.

"Normal swords aren't going to get rid of the Crimson, you need specific a enchantment! Use my sword- I've got an axe with the enchantment to use for myself." Toby quickly explained as Wilbur gripped Toby's sword in his hands. Toby got out an enchanted netherite axe, now wielding it with serious look on his face.

"What about-" Tommy was just about to ask, what about he and Tubbo? They only had normal iron swords. However as soon as Wilbur had been handed the sword, both Niki and Eret had moved. Niki attempting to flee with the bouquet while Eret shot forward to attack. "Look out!"

Toby dodged out of the way, "I'll get Niki, deal with Eret!" He exclaimed before sprinting after the fleeing mind controlled woman.

Eret snarled, about to turn after him but was forced to hold off Wilbur who swung at him. "I don't have *time for you!*" Eret shouted, using all of his strength to shove Wilbur back just so he could turn on his heel and run after Toby and Niki.

"Wilbur!" Wilbur grunted as Tommy and Tubbo were quick to catch him and set him on his feet. "Quick! After them!"

With Toby's sword in hand, Wilbur shot off with Tommy and Tubbo right behind him.

---

*run run run! CATCH HER TOBY CATCH HER! don't let her escape!! BURN THE FUCKING FLOWERS!!*

Niki was a fast runner, Toby would give her that. Though she may be fast and was younger than Toby, Toby had been running for *years* and was far more experienced than her. Chat roared in encouragement as he was sprinted past her, gripping the axe in one hand he stopped and *swung* at the bouquet she kept close to her chest-

*CLASH!*

Only for it to collide harshly against Niki's sword which had unfortunately came just in time to protect those damned Crimson flowers. On the bright side though, Niki cried out as she stumbled back from the sudden action. Toby stood in her way of exit of the streets, glaring right at her. She glared right back, eyes dotted with red. Internally it made Toby cringe at the sight of his friend being mind-controlled.

Niki had never been controlled, not his Niki. She had stayed in the Nether, being in charge of the people alongside Quackity.

His grip on his axe -he didn't like using his axe often, reminded him too much of Theo and Dream- tightened and he steeled himself for a fight.

If he could just get those flowers as well as the flower behind Niki's ear, then things would be so much better.

Niki couldn't even put those flowers in her inventory. The Crimson was considered an 'entity' like the Egg, as long as any part of the Crimson was alive. You couldn't put it in your inventory. The charred and dead remains of the Crimson however could easily get into one's inventory.

And he was determined to make those flowers fucking *burn* and *die*.

Coming quickly from behind, Eret, Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo were coming close.

"*Niki!*" Eret shouted, running closer with Wilbur on his heels.

Niki's eyes gleamed and suddenly the bouquet went flying in the air. "*Eret!*"

"*NO!*" Toby shouted, about to shoot forward only for Niki to come running at him. Diamond clashed with netherite as Niki started swinging rapidly at him, her movement agile and forward as always.

*BURN THEM! FUCK NIKI NO!! ERET STOOOP!!*

Behind her, Eret jumped to catch the bouquet, about to run off with them but unfortunately he was then surrounded by Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo. All three males glaring solely at him. "Eret," Tommy started with a wild grin, clutching his iron sword. "You fucked up."

"Come at me then gentlemen."

Toby had nearly forgotten just how good Niki had been at sword fighting. Toby's Niki had busied herself with taking care of the people and staying in the Nether, she delegated with the piglin factions and typically left the fighting to the front liners like him, Ranboo and the others. He'd nearly forgotten that before all that, Niki had fought in a war and was very adept at fighting herself.

Their blades clashed together as Niki aimed to kill him with each strike, Toby was hesitant to kill her- she was *Niki* for fuck's sake. But hesitance was something he really needed to stop doing as Niki sliced a small part of his arm. Staining his sleeve red and taking first blood.

*stop holding back and FIGHT WARRIOR!!! she has all three of her lives! FIGHT TOBY FIGHT!! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING! make her bleed.*

Toby gritted his teeth and shifted his stance, breaking through Niki's skillful but rampant swinging and returned the slice she gave him for two of his own.

Chat was right.

Niki had all of her lives right now, and he couldn't afford to hold back, not when she was under the Crimson's influence and was trying to *kill him*.

He had to take this seriously.

But before he could even try-

***BOOM!***

The shockwave of the sudden explosion almost knocked both fighters off their feet, Toby readjusted his stance and quickly looked to see the smoldering crater where Eret, Wilbur, Tommy and Tubbo had previously been and his eyes widen in shock just as his communicator beeped.

*WilburSoot blew up*  
*The \_Eret blew up*

"Wha-" His shock was interrupted by a searing pain right through his chest and he looked down to see Niki's sword pierced right through him. Right by his heart.

She smiled at him.

***NO KILL HER BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD MAKE HER PAY KILL HER KILL  
HER SHE MUST PAY BLOOD FOR BLOOD DEATH FOR DEATH***

Fueled by a sudden influx of bloodlust and using the last of his strength, he jammed his axe right into her skull.

His last thoughts before blacking out was how pathetic it had been, to be killed so easily.

Technoblade would've been so disappointed.

*Nihachu was slain by Toby\_  
Toby\_ was slain by Nihachu*

---

"The flowers... *blew up*?" Techno repeated with disbelief after Tommy and Tubbo recalled what happened.

They along with Wilbur had been fighting Eret, along the way, Wilbur had managed to hit the bouquet with Toby's sword. The flowers burst into blue flames but shortly afterwards they just seemed to explode. The blast killed Wilbur and Eret together while Tommy and Tubbo had been knocked away, Tubbo suffering from a leg injury from hitting a block along the way.

Both teenagers nodded, looking grim and a bit shocked themselves. They hadn't expected it- no one did.

No one except Theo that is.

"*FUCK!*" Theo screamed, startling everyone as he kicked at a nearby lamppost. The wooden lamppost broke easily from his misplaced aggression. "I thought we had *time* I thought we had-" He let out an enraged scream.

Sapnap and George were quick to get by his side, "Theo! Theo- calm the hell down, what's wrong?!"

Theo clutched his hair in clear frustration. "The Egg made Pop Flowers. *Of course it made Pop flowers because why not?! Fuck! This is way too early!*" He shouted, about to kick something else before he was interrupted.

"Theo!" Dream snapped, silencing Theo in a heartbeat. "Calm down. You need- Please explain what the hell are Pop flowers."

Theo took in a deep breath and clenched his fists.

This was too soon.

Had he really fucked things up by not being able to kill the damn Egg?

---

Niki cradled the Egg carefully, looking sadly over the wonderful garden that her friend had made. "We have to go. They'll try to look for us. For you. Come on." What a waste to a good garden.

*hurry hurry protect protect me make new flowers hungry hungry bones flesh powder?*

"After we find a new place for you, I promise I'll feed you."

*good good yes hungry love obey protect me*

"I will. I promise."

---

## Chapter End Notes

we got *f a n a r t*

[by Dancing\\_In\\_A\\_Burning\\_Room](#)

[by ImJustTrash](#)

these people drew our boys on the bench! i am ridiculously happy :D THANK YOU SO MUCH EVERYONE!

also for eret's pronouns- i'll shift it every few chapters. for now it'll be 'he', next time might be 'they' or 'she'. it'll be easier to stick to one set of pronouns for a while before shifting.

also also, most of ya thought huh. that eret was the one who found the egg.

did i do good? did i lead everyone to think that? well, i know i didn't, a few of you suspected niki- POINTS FOR YOU GUYS YOU THOUGHT CORRECTLY! THE PRIZE IS nothing i can't really give you guys anything other than another update which is slated to be either tomorrow or the next day. hopefully tomorrow. day 2 of updating again complete. i'm curious if i can last to 22 days of straight updating again. maybe even beat that record. who knows.

final also; well damn. the egg is part of a canon timeline and bbh is going evil... hmm... welp continuing on!

:)

pretty flower go BOOM

# Respawn

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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When a person dies, loses one of their three lives, they disappear in a puff of smoke.

A death message would come to everyone's communicators, everyone within a certain radius that is. People who have died too far from civilization will die without a message as they disappear from the world.

The items in their inventory drop to the ground and their body vanishes without a trace before it respawns in the last place they slept. Their most common anchor is their bed, but if the bed they had previously slept in was destroyed, they would appear somewhere else, the last place they had slept that was *not* a bed. Either there, or perhaps a respawn anchor if they had one and used one.

Any injury they had, be it fatal or not, heal completely- but the fatal injuries have a chance of leaving a lasting scar, the chance grows if a person dies to an enchanted weapon. Previous scars stay before they die of course. Their body will be sore however, and they will be entirely sluggish for a set amount of time.

On their third and final death, their body lingers for a few hours before they disappear completely for one last and final time.

During those few hours someone could retrieve the body and burn it to keep the ashes forever. It's what most people do, or at least try to whenever there *is* a body left after their final deaths.

Using an Undying Totem will not use any of your lives, but only if you have it on your person and not deep within your inventory.

This was how death worked in their world, no one really questioned it, those that did had no answers as to why it was as it was. The knowledge was common and hammered heavily to every human and hybrid.

Because only humans and hybrids had three lives. No other mob had more than one life, but any mob could still use the Totem of Undying.

Without the Totem, a person only had three lives to live.

Three lives.

Once the two were done, your third was your final.

At least, that's what supposed to *be*.

---

Toby inhaled sharply when he suddenly woke up in a bed, staring up a wood ceiling with a sore body and an aching chest.

His first thought is, *why am I alive?*

The answer came quickly as he forced himself to sit up; he was no longer on his third and last life. Traveling back to the past gave him two extra lives somehow and he had *died*. He used one of his lives.

A quick check to his wrist confirmed it. One heart was gone, two hearts were left.

The exhaustion that seeped from his bones was familiar, along with the ache. He's died a lot of times but was saved from a final death by Undying Totems.

*Tubbo stared at the small chest filled with hand-sized golden figures with emerald eyes. "These are..." He trailed off, looking back up to the two masked men. His fists clenched as Dream nodded, a slight air of smugness around him.*

*"Undying Totems." The smug bastard replied, he motioned to the chest. "Consider it a gift, to our new... alliance. It wouldn't bode well if any of you died so suddenly when you're at your last lives, we need all hands on deck. But don't go too crazy with these things. If you use all of them up immediately- you won't get a new supply of them until about next month, maybe two. Getting these weren't easy and we have to save the rest for Tommy here." Dream said, curling an arm around Tommy's shoulders. Tommy said nothing and Tubbo wished nothing more for him to either say something or get Dream's arm off of him.*

*"Tubbo." Niki warned, looking so tired, understanding but firm. Tubbo inhaled sharply and exhaled deeply, reluctantly, he nodded. "Thank you Dream." She says and those three words were like grating noise in Tubbo's ears. "You and Tommy will no longer be targeted by us."*

*Dream tilted his head and Tubbo just knows there's a fucking smile underneath that mask of his. "Great. Things will be much easier between us now that we have to focus on one crucial thing... survival. Isn't that right Tommy?" He asks, looking over to his protege.*

*Tommy immediately nods, "Mn. Fighting amongst ourselves with how the Overworld is right now is stupid. Enough people have died, we need to focus on surviving and living. We can't afford even more careless death anymore." Tubbo empathizes with Tommy's words. He really does. But the fact that Tommy only spoke after Dream asked a question- it's getting under his skin and he absolutely hates it. Hates Dream. Tommy would never stay silent until spoken to.*

*Dream pats Tommy's head like he's a fucking dog and Quackity grabs his arm to stop Tubbo from doing anything rash. "Well said Toms." He called Tommy Toms that- "I think it's time for us to go. Message us if you need us for a raid or exploration or such." He says and he and Tommy turn to leave. Passing the 'borders' of their territory within the Nether, stone bricks turning into netherrack and soul sand.*

*Tubbo pulls his arm free, taking a step forward. "Wait! Tommy!" Tommy pauses, for just a split second.*

*"Come on Tommy. We're done here." He immediately continues walking and Tubbo stares as they leave, their speed increasing thanks to the enchantments on their boots and the soul sand and soil underneath him.*

*Niki and Quackity come to his side, looking pained and concerned. "Tubbo-" Tubbo cuts them off, turning on his heel.*

*"I'm going to check on Ranboo and then train with Technoblade. If there's a raid, tell me."*

Fists clenched on the blankets at the sudden memory.

However it's pushed aside as he remembers something crucial.

"Wilbur." Toby breathes before he throws the blanket off of him, stumbling out of his bed and out of his room. His entire body protested against his movement, but that was familiar enough to ignore. "Wilbur? *Wilbur!*" He exclaimed, remembering that Wilbur had *died* and that his respawn point was within Tubbo's house from the fact he and Tommy stayed with Tubbo.

He barges into Wilbur's room, breathing roughly and he looks at the poor man on the bed.

Wilbur was pale and sweaty, curled on his side as he looked tiredly at his wrist. One heart. Wilbur was on his last life.

The man's eyes glance from his wrist to Toby and he smiles weakly, "Oh hi Toby." He greets, trying to push himself up.

"Stay down." Toby replied firmly as he came to Wilbur's side. He dragged a chair with him so he could sit by Wilbur's bed. "Ender, Wilbur..." He whispered, seeing the new marks on Wilbur's body.

Burnt scars.

On his palm and cheek, Wilbur had burn scars that were healed after he died. Wilbur had gotten the chance to be scarred by his death and the sight reminded Toby too much of his own scar that laid underneath his chin and covered his upper torso. His Wilbur hadn't had these scars, Toby thinks to himself. There had been a scar on Wilbur's back, from the arrow that pierced and killed him back during the elections.

He doesn't know if this was better or worse.

"I'm fine." Wilbur waved off, clearly not fine. His body was tired and he was now permanently scarred. Wilbur forced himself up, yelping when Toby forced him back down on the bed. "Toby! We have- Tommy and Tubbo are-"

"Alive." Toby interrupts him, fishing out his communicator. "We both died with Eret and Niki. No message about Tubbo and Tommy dying." He'd lost it if Tommy had actually died, not Tommy. Not this bright, life-filled Tommy. "You need to lay down and rest. You died."



Wilbur gives him a narrowed-eyed look. "You died too- you should be resting yourself." He points out and Toby snorts.

He was used to dying. Or at the very least, the exhaustion he felt was different from the exhaustion that dying with a Totem felt. This was legitimate respawning, something that he shouldn't be able to do anymore. Not when he was previously on his last life. Key word was previously here.

Toby sets down his enderchest, taking a few golden apples from the storage, "I should've gotten these out sooner. Probably would've helped." He muttered to himself, scowling over his careless mistake. He should've been more prepared. And he should've worn his armor. But he'd been so focused on getting to Theo and Dream with Phil that he hadn't thought about it much. "Here." He gave Wilbur one, biting into the shiny apple and feeling the effects of the apple already working on his sore body.

Wilbur looked into the apple and sighed, biting into it, groaning in relief when he too felt better thanks to the apple. He notices though, as Toby gets his enchanted armor set out of the chest and starts on. "Wha- Toby? What are you doing?" He felt stupid for asking, Toby was putting on *armor* it was obvious as to what he was going to do. "You just respawned- you can't go back out!" Even with the apple, Wilbur felt like total shit.

"Staying here is wasting precious time. I managed to kill Niki, but she'll still be under the Egg's control. Maybe Eret too- that explosion that killed you. It came from the flowers right?" Toby questioned with a severely somber look on his face.

Wilbur paused and shuddered as he remembered- "Y-Yeah. I- Eret and I were fighting, Tubbo and Tommy were helping me and- they distracted him. I managed to stab the flowers but just as they were set aflame, I heard this hissing noise and then-

*Finally! Wilbur thought as the enchanted blade pierced the bouquet- the tip dug into Eret's arm. He let out a pained scream, watching with horror on his face as the flowers burst into blue flame. Soul Fire. Toby had said his weapons had been enchanted to deal with the Crimson, this was what he meant. The flowers writhed in the blue fire and Wilbur sweated at the heat but stubbornly kept hold on the sword.*

"YES!" Tommy cheered, he and Tubbo backing away from the seemingly victorious fight.

***Hisssss***

*Wilbur's eyes widened at the familiar sounding hiss, and within the flames, several large flower bulbs grew twice as big before they-*

***BOOM!***

"Pop flowers."

Wilbur looked at Toby who held a sour, almost angry look on his face. "The flowers that were in the bouquet and exploded- we called them Pop flowers. It's a misleading name but, it was easier than to regularly call them '*bullshit exploding flower bulbs*'. The Crimson, The Egg-

sometimes it can make flora that can do just *more* than move about and infect shit. At some point it began to mutate, we think it's because it ate like, fucking gunpowder and creepers. The bulbs are living Tnt, or just very passive creepers until you set them on fire. It was something the Crimson tried to use to deter us from setting it on fire with Soul flames." Toby explained as he adjusted his chest plate and arm guards. He paused and clenched his fists.

"*It's too early for it to be able to do that though.*" Toby hissed through gritted teeth. "Niki-fuck, Niki must have accidentally fed it gunpowder or something. Shit. *Shit.*"

Wilbur's heart dropped to his stomach, and he shifted on the bed, ignoring the aches to grab Toby's arm. "Niki- She- She and Eret- are they- fuck. Toby are they infected?" Even if it was *Eret*, he doesn't think he could bear with both of them infected. Niki especially. Toby's brows furrowed and he carefully pried Wilbur's hand off his arm as he answered.

"Possibly but not very likely." The time traveler replied carefully, looking thoughtful. "They're definitely under the Egg's control though. Niki especially- you heard her. '*Those flowers were for Eret*'- she *gave* him those flowers. She had to get those flowers somewhere."

The brown-haired male paled as he connected the dots. "She has the Egg." He whispered quietly, Toby's confirming nod. He bit his lip, "What do you mean, possibly but not very likely?" He couldn't help but question, the reply confusing him just a bit.

Toby sifted through his Enderchest before picking it up and putting it away. "It means that possibly the Egg hasn't infected her. Maybe it *can't*- not yet. It's small. Just one block. It had the opportunity to infect Sapnap, to infect George and- and *Theo*. But it didn't. Why?" There was a silver lining in everything Toby supposed, even if things were still incredibly shitty. But it didn't change the fact it was a silver lining that they'd *need* and would *definitely* take advantage of. "Maybe it didn't know how to yet. Maybe it's still learning. There was a flower, wrapped around Eret's wrist and a flower tucked behind Niki's ear. There's a good chance it doesn't know it can infect people yet."

Despite how hopeful Wilbur looked and probably felt, Toby could only feel apprehensive over that fact.

Because when *would* it learn that it could infect people?

It only started infecting people just a handful of years ago for him. But right now, it was capable of creating *explosive flowers*, which was a flip from when it learned how to infect *then* create those types of flora.

They were flying in half-blind into this whole situation here.

But one thing was for certain.

Toby had to destroy the Egg and save Niki and Eret.

"*Wilbur!*" "*Wiilburr! Toby!*"

A muffled shout came from downstairs, both Toby and Wilbur recognizing it easily.

"Phil? Tommy?" Wilbur murmured as rapid footsteps and voices came quickly from downstairs to upstairs to right outside his door and-

"*Wilbur!*" The old man exclaimed once he barged into the room, looking relieved seeing his son having respawned safely. The father quickly came to Wilbur's side, looking over his son, cringing a bit at the sight of his burnt cheek. "Oh Wilbur- your face! Ender."

Wilbur smiled reassuringly at his father, feeling warm at his concern. "I'm fine dad I swear."

Toby smiled at the sight though he snorted when Tommy, Tubbo and Techno came into the room as well and with Techno coming Chat was quick to start shouting.

*TOBY!!! TOBY YOU DIED! that's not good. Thank Ender you've got extra lives! almost convenient you could say. IT IS UNACCEPTABLE THAT A STUDENT OF TECHNOBLADE COULD DIE!! TECHNOBLADE NEVER DIES AND SO SHOULD TOBY!! TOBY NEVER DIES! calm down you guys niki got very lucky. The whole event was chaotic!*

Tommy brightening at the sight of he and Wilbur doing fine. "You're both okay!" He cheered, though he faltered a bit at the sight of Wilbur's cheek. "Well, mostly okay- but hey bro, manly scar there!" He said, trying to be supportive.

"We were scared for a moment that you'd be gone." Tubbo admitted to Toby quietly who chuckled quietly, "I remembered that you had one lift left *before* the whole, weird, extra lives bit." Toby had told them earlier on, him and Techno telling their theories about it before swiping it aside for more important matters. "I'm glad you're okay Toby." There's something nice, being comforted by your younger self. Though he noticed Tubbo's wrapped up leg.

"Are you okay?" He asked worriedly while Tubbo waved him off.

"I broke my leg, but I'm good! Ate a golden apple, it only just stings right now."

*hot future tubbo definitely needs to be retrained. STOP CALLING HIM THAT! he died so he needs to get better! TOBY NEVER DIES! Ender damn that was intense though. A DEATH FOR A DEATH! at least he killed her before he died that was cool! He shouldn't have died in the first place. do better next time, another death would be disgraceful.*

"You definitely need more training." Was Techno's words of comfort accompanied by the scoldings and heckling of Chat, Toby could only laugh sheepishly. "No student of *mine* is going to just *die*."

Toby kept his sheepish smile up until Tommy bounded up to him and offered him the things he had dropped after he died, he had already handed everything of Wilbur's. "Here! We got your stuff for you."

"Thanks Tommy." He thanked, ruffling the young blond's hair much to his protest. He laughed at the indignant look on Tommy's face and for a moment, it's a nice little reunion.

But only for a moment.

A loud, rough knock took everyone's attention. Toby glanced over and inhaled sharply at the sight of Theo at the doorway, also in full netherite. "Time to get serious. Good, you're armored and you have your weapons back. Let's go." Theo said stoically, motioning Toby to come with him. "We've got an Egg to destroy." Toby didn't see Dream behind him, but he just knew the man was nearby somewhere.

He grimaced but ultimately nodded, putting away his weapons in their slots. However his attempt to leave was halted by the protests of others. "Wait! He just respawned, he can't just leave to fight again- he should be fucking exhausted!" Tommy gripped his arm, trying not to look worried but failing.

"Respawning takes a lot out of a person, even with golden apples, he needs to rest for at least a day." Phil agreed, helping Wilbur stand up right.

Theo crossed his arms, "A day is all it takes for someone to escape completely. Niki is probably already making her move, Eret as well. We need to go. Now. The Egg has to be destroyed and whatever flowers it made- they need to be dealt with. Toby has died before- don't give me that look, he died with Totems. Multiple times. He can handle a simple respawn. Can't you big guy?" He drawled and Toby frowned but nodded.

"I'll be fine." Toby reassured the others with a look, though he couldn't exactly find it in himself to smile. He'd be fine. Theo was right. He's died multiple times and survived with Totems, he had fought on fumes and drowned in exhaustion before. Respawning would be no different. "He's right, we have to reach Niki before she flees with the Egg."

"Then we're coming with you!" Tubbo chimed, looking determined with Tommy nodding in firm agreement.

"You're not." Toby and Theo chorused together, and it's surprising for a moment. There were still rare times where they would agree on some things and those moments usually made Toby just the tiniest bit happy. Like the time they both talked back to Schlatt when they first came, that had been funny. "Your leg is still healing. And Tommy you're on your last life like Wilbur and Phil. You don't have Undying Totems which-"

Theo sighed when he saw Toby's look. "Dream and I will work on that. Our supplier doesn't exactly *know* us right now." Ah. That might be a chance for Toby to learn just *where* Theo and Dream kept getting their totems from.

"But you can't just leave us here! So what, Dream, George and Sapnap are just going to be your back up?! I don't trust them!" Tommy declared, scowling at his future self who was, as expected, unaffected by his younger self's scowl.

Theo tilted his head, "You don't have to. But you can trust the truce Toby and I have with each other. It's been going on for years now, and it will be as long as the Egg still exists." He replied in a matter of fact tone. "Now come on Toby. We need to get moving."

Toby nodded, carefully prying Tommy's hand off of him. "We'll be fine. I don't trust Dream, George or even Sapnap but they're good fighters." He said with some reluctance. Everything

had to be pushed aside for the sake of the future. Even his grudges and reservations for *certain people*.

"Good fighters hm?" Techno questioned with an unimpressed tone, "Well they didn't seem to be much when we found them underground days ago." Theo tensed slightly at the reminder of his own failures.

"They weren't prepared and that's my fault." Theo replied with an even tone, forcefully relaxing himself as he faced his former brother.

Techno narrowed his eyes at him, "Sapnap was easily taken over by that Egg, sounded like George was too. Better switch one of them out with someone who can really do some damage without worrying about the mind control." He said, staring right into the mask that Theo wore.

"Someone like you?" Toby questioned with a worn smile. Ah he should've known. Techno didn't want to stay behind and unlike Tommy, he had a good chance of coming with them really.

"I'm just saying, sounds more tactical and logical to bring me along."

Theo stayed silent before clicking his tongue in apparent irritation. "Fine. I'll talk with Dream and see who's staying behind. You can borrow their armor and weapons- *borrow* them. When we come back you're giving them back to their rightful owner." He said as he started to walk away from the room. "Should've gotten your own shit from the start actually. Way to be prepared Toby."

Toby sighed at the insult, but he knew Theo was right. He should've tried to arm Techno at least with Soul-Fire enchantments and such.

Either way.

It looks like they were finally going to go after the Egg together.

*IT'S A TEAM UP! theo's still so mean. Do you think we could arrange a little something for Dream along the way? there's still something very off here. theo might actually go nuts if we tried anything with dream. A TRUCE IS A TRUCE! make her pay for killing you toby. BLOOD! it's niki though! NIKI STILL KILLED TOBY! shiny. SAVE NIKI DON'T KILL HER! we won't kill her right. SHE KILLED HOT FUTURE TUBBO HOW DARE SHE. toby already killed her back for that though. NOT ENOUGH!*

That was actually a good question that Toby's been avoiding to answer. Hopefully, he wouldn't have to kill Niki again or worse.

Make sure she permanently died.

i'd fucking dance if i could but i'm a shit dancer so i'll just sit my ass down but we got MORE FANART

[by Hakkuryun](#)

[by Jelly\\_world](#)

first one is toby, i'm happy we're getting more fan art with toby :D

second one, another bench scene! loving it so much!

fleshing out the death system within this story. might be nonsensical but hey it's minecraft and canon lives. i'm working on it as i go. i think it makes sense if i put it this way right? that way, the fact that everyone believed that tommy 'died' in his exile but had no death message or body made sense. that always kinda seemed to me so now there's an explanation that I think makes sense to me. dunno about the rest of you though.

but we're getting good dadza- he was still a bit neglectful in his days but he's slowly getting there. techno too.

everyone is slowly getting better... at different paces. toby and theo need more work with each other though...

ALSO HOLY FUCK ITS 100K WORDS NOW OH MY GOD.

not even a full fucking month and i'm at 25 CHAPTERS AND 100K WORDS without the break, that would've been 25 DAYS.

I AM ASTONISHED.

THANK YOU EVERYONE WHO'S BEEN READING THIS STORY FROM THE BEGINNING OR JUST JOINING NOW. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING HOLY FUCKING SHIT.

man

i just

i'll see you next chapter

# Team Up

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

"Whaaat?!"

Theo rubbed his face underneath his mask at Sapnap's petulant tone. "I need one of you to stay behind and lend your armor and weapons to Technoblade. He's coming with us and he needs equipment." He tells him and George. "Don't worry I'll make sure he gives back your things. Worse case scenario, you might just get new armor and weapons in the end."

Dream was unsure about the decision of having Technoblade join them but unfortunately it made *sense*- he was also immune to the Egg's influence. Thanks to Chat apparently. But they were already having *Toby* on board and Dream was healthily wary about that man who veritably hated his guts.

For somewhat good reasons. Not that Theo would agree with him on the matter.

Having both Sapnap and George there to buffer between them would've been ideal really, but Theo obviously didn't want anyone who didn't have enchanted netherite armor and Soul-Fire aspect enchanted weapons coming with them.

"We could just make him a diamond armor set for him to use!" Sapnap suggested, not wanting either him *or* George to be left out from this 'expedition'. He had some unfinished business with the damn Egg that controlled him after all!

Theo shook his head, "Waste of resources and time. We're already wasting enough time talking about this- I know it's not ideal. But at the very least if we bring only *one* of you with us there would be four immune people that can hold you back should the Egg try to control you. I don't think you'd like to be knocked out again huh Sapnap?" He questioned, almost snorting at the grimace Sapnap made and the way he grumbled and rubbed his nose. "I mean, you can come if George wants to stay."

George had a complicated look on his face, he cringed when they looked at him. "I..." He had been fully intending to go beforehand, but now that there was a chance that he could sit this one out...

*Bright red vines wrapped tightly around his limbs, a voice distorting whispering in his head while George screamed, staring at the gaping mouths that were on the Egg, edging where the tentacles were emerging -help me save me obey don't let me die feed me love me keep me safe listen -*

He'll admit, the Egg fucking terrifies him. That one encounter with it has him utterly afraid of it. But he couldn't let Dream and Theo go alone with just Toby and Theo and between them both, Sapnap was definitely the one who was more susceptible to the Egg's control. He

couldn't let his best friend face the thing again only to be controlled once more. "I'll go." George replied firmly, giving Sapnap a certain look that has his friend tensing before deflating. "Sapnap, stay here- in L'Manberg at least."

Besides, having Sapnap be the buffer between both groups didn't seem like the best idea.

"Ugh. *Fine*." Sapnap whined as he started taking off his armor, "This blows." He muttered, setting his armor aside as well as the enchanted sword with the Soul-Fire Aspect. He sets them on Tubbo's couch as they were all within Tubbo's living room at the moment. "Next time- *if* there is a next time, I'm *so* going with you guys." He declared, glaring at the three men.

Theo huffed through his nose behind the mask, "Hope there won't be a next time. Your want for revenge against the damn thing is understandable but it's for the best that we get this done and over with as soon as possible. But who knows, our luck's been shit so far. You might get your chance." He replied pessimistically. For as much as he hoped this would be the last time they'd go after the Egg, he knew better than to stake it all on this one encounter. He did that before with the Dream Team, he'd rather not do it again.

It was a 50/50 chance here, they could either be done with the Egg for good or the Egg could escape *again*.

If it escapes again...

---

"Not bad." Techno rumbled, adjusting the chestplate over his torso. "Could use some better enchantments but not bad."

Sapnap scowled at him, "I better get my shit back or else." He threatened, impatiently tapping his arm, annoyed that he couldn't go with the others. But unfortunately, he could see the logic of staying behind at the very least. And despite all his bemoaning on how he had wanted a shot at the Egg, he too hoped that this would be the last time they'd go after it.

"Or else what?" The hybrid questioned back, genuinely curious as to what Sapnap could possibly do.

The man opened his mouth but Theo was quick to interrupt, "Let's go. Sapnap you'll get your armor and sword back, if not then I promise I'll get you a new better set." Sapnap made a face but sighed, nodding reluctantly. "We need to leave. Now."

They had spent enough time in Tubbo's house, who knows where Niki was now.

"Be careful. All of you." Phil told them as they left, predictably Theo ignored the words while Toby and Technoblade reassured him that they'd be fine.

They met Fundy on their way out, the fox hybrid had seen Wilbur's death message in his comms and panicked. He messaged his father and was relieved to find that he had respawned just fine, however he heard the reason why he and Toby died along with Eret and Niki. He almost couldn't believe it himself, but unfortunately it was the truth. Fundy had a complicated



look on his face when he saw the five of them but only nodded in greeting towards Theo, Dream and George before telling Toby and Techno to be careful and good luck before dashing off to meet with Wilbur, wanting to personally check on his father.

"Has Fundy asked to look at the portal yet?" Theo couldn't help but ask Toby as he watched the fox hybrid leave.

Toby looked surprised before he nodded, "Sort of. Wilbur said he was obviously interested, I'll let him check on the blocks when we get back." He was actually curious whether or not Fundy would be able to figure out how his future self and Philza made the blocks.

...

He hoped Fundy and Philza, *his* Fundy and Philza were alright. It had been so chaotic in the lab...

*"TOMMY!" Tubbo screamed, seeing the figure in red disappear into the hallway. He gripped his sword, about to run off when Fundy grabbed his arm.*

*The hybrid look panicked, "Tubbo we have to go!" Around them, the lab shook, a small earthquake happened right underneath their feet as the Crimson continued to try and force their way into the building.*

*"But Tommy- I'm not leaving him! Go Fundy, you and Philza have to go- Tommy and I- we'll go through the portal!" Tubbo exclaimed, prying the fox's arm off of him.*

*Fundy's eyes widened, "That's insane! We don't even know if it'll work properly or even what time you'll turn up!" He replied, he opens his mouth to scream more at Tubbo, try to convince him to leave with them but he and Tubbo stumble as the quake grew stronger and in the background there was the sound of something breaking- a wall. Tubbo doesn't waste any more time, he runs and Fundy screams after him. "TUBBO!"*

*Tubbo gritted his teeth together and ran as fast as he could. Sorry Fundy, but he wasn't going to let Tommy go. And if the portal worked, then like hell he was going to let him go back to the masked bastard again.*

Could Fundy and Phil get the portal working again?

"Let's go."

Toby shook his head, clearing his thoughts with a grim look on his face. That would have to wait because right now, he had to focus all he had on hunting the Egg down and getting to Niki. Eret could be dealt with later, Niki was the bigger threat right now since she had direct contact with the Egg.

Together, the five men sprinted off towards Niki's bakery. It was the first and most obvious place to check for her whereabouts.

Predictably though, she wasn't there. The bakery was empty, there wasn't even the smell of fresh bread or any other pastry that could be smelled in the air. It didn't seem like Niki had

baked anything as of recently within her bakery which was odd because usually, there was almost *something sweet* within the air. Something delicious smelling.

But there was nothing, nothing at all.

"We'll have to check more later." Toby says as they exited the bakery, "She might've planted a few flowers here under the bakery but right now we're after her and the Egg. The flowers can be dealt with later, we go after the source first." He got nods of grim agreement. Later on, it would be confirmed that there was indeed, a horrifying red garden underneath the bakery.

"But where can we even find her now?" George asked. He was never that close to Niki and had no idea where she actually lived or if she made any bases anywhere. Dream was in the same boat, he hadn't really thought to keep an eye on Niki since she was usually a person he considered level-headed. She wasn't a troublemaker like Tommy had been and so she was completely off of his radar and he had no idea what she's been up to until now.

Nothing had to be said about Technoblade's side, he hardly knew who this woman was, only hearing mentions of her from his brothers.

Luckily however, they had two time-travelers who knew her very well. One of them being the Ex-President who stepped down from his power to let Niki step in as his replacement. "If there's one place she'll go, it'll be to her secret city." Toby said aloud, glancing over to Theo who nodded at him.

"Secret city?" Dream repeated dryly with a hidden narrow-eyed look.

"Niki's been building her own secret city since before even the Pogtopia and Manberg war started." Theo explained to him, "Just after L'Manberg got independence, she started out digging out her own little city. It was her secret project just in case something else happened. By now, she's probably only got it started and it definitely wouldn't be as big as it was back in our future but it's one of the places she always went to when she had the chance."

*"You made a secret city. Right under my nose." Dream stated, his face no doubt unimpressed and displeased underneath his mask. Tommy tensed by his side while Tubbo and Ranboo stared at her in surprise. The five of them surrounded a map that belonged to Niki.*

*Niki didn't even flinch at the displeased tone, she smiled wanly at Dream, "Yes. I did. It was my secret project just in case L'Manberg ended up not working out. It was hard and slow, but it was mine..." She took in a deep breath, her eyes hard and her mouth set. "The city is located here," She pointed at a specific place on the map. "Underneath the hills underground. It's stocked with supplies, food, blocks, ores- we need to get those supplies."*

*"That area is overrun with Crimson." Tommy can't help but point out, he glances at Dream who nods slightly at him- he relaxes and continues. "It's probably fully taken over by now."*

*"If there's a chance that we can get more resources in one go, we should take it." Ranboo argued, turning to Niki, "Just how much resources are there Niki?"*

*Niki's smile was full of teeth. "Enough for a small city. I don't have everything obviously, but I was preparing like mad for something big to happen and to unveil my secret project... It's a waste now, my beautiful city but we're not going to leave those resources at the hands of the Crimson. I have the exact coordinates for a good nether portal, with enough manpower and help, we can raid the storage area and salvage whatever we can from my city."*

They had lost people during that raid, a raid that Toby couldn't even join because he had to train more for the trials. But they had gained so many resources, enough for them to stabilize themselves within the Nether. It hadn't been perfect but it was enough for them until they started properly terraforming the Nether.

"Since it's before the war then the city shouldn't be that big." Toby said as he tried to remember the coordinates for where the city had been, "Come on. We have to hurry."

---

*EGG HUNTING! we're so gonna destroy the hell out of that egg! BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! DESTROY THE ABOMINATION! Save Niki while we're at it! egg. be wary warriors, do not let your guards down. BREAK THE EGG! BREAK THE EGG! are we going to stab dream afterwards? TEAM UP POGGG!! hot future tubbo and tommy together to save the future! You need to stop. FIND NIKI FIND THE EGG AND BREAK THEM BOTH!*

Technoblade skillfully ignored Chat as he and the others sprinted through the trees. It was easier to do thanks to the fact they had to focus on heading towards the coordinates of where Niki's secret city was supposed to be. Which was impressive considering Dream didn't even know it existed despite being the one to own the lands.

Dream himself was...

Technoblade doesn't know him personally. He's fought against the masked man before and won, he had respected him for his strength and the ability to adapt to his surroundings and was smart during his fights.

Dream was one of the people aside from Phil who could easily match him in PvP, and he was definitely someone Technoblade had respected. However that respect goes down the drain when he learns that Dream prompted the exile of his baby brother and then brainwashed that alternate version of his baby brother into a man Techno could hardly recognize. That Dream had a hand in his not-actual-twin's insanity, goading and providing him with TNT. Now Technoblade knows he was never the best brother, he knows that Wilbur was far closer to Tommy than he ever would be but he was still their eldest brother, despite his reservations for familial affections and showing those affections directly- he still loved his family. His brothers. Phil, his father.

They were his faction.

His family.

Dream messed with his family.

It was from a future that would never be now but the principle and fact still stood. Toby and Theo stood as proof to Dream's machinations, of the tyranny Dream had over them- Toby's understandable hatred and malice towards the masked man and Theo's unnatural loyalty to him in contrast. Dream had done something to them both, Theo especially.

If there was something that Technoblade hated absolutely, was a tyrant.

The only reason Schlatt and L'Manberg was considered alright in his book now is because of the lack of tyranny going on. Mostly thanks to Toby. Techno has opted to forgive Toby's past as a president and the unsuccessful attempt to kill him, it seemed fair enough from how Techno had killed Toby and destroyed L'Manberg the first time.

Technoblade believed Toby's claims of brainwashing. He believed and understood on a vague level on Toby's hate for Dream. It made sense, the Tommy they both knew wasn't the type to bow to the masked man, especially from how he's heard about their current relationship.

The hybrid hasn't forgotten the fact that Dream took both of Tommy's lives and was the sole reason why his brother was on his last life, living precariously on the edge like Phil. He was too young to be on his last life, only a teenager, not even an adult. Wilbur's sanity had clearly already thinned when he let their baby brother duel against a PvP warrior like Dream on his own, betting his second life and the independence of a nation that Techno didn't really care about.

Those factors alone, wracked some negative points for Dream in his books, enough to justify a stab or two.

Theo on the other hand, was probably enough to justify a *murder*. Not that he would- not because it wasn't right or because he couldn't- he very well could. However Theo was compromised and wouldn't stand Technoblade attacking Dream. He'd defend the man with his lives, that much was clear. That protectiveness stretched on to both George and Sapnap, Techno noted.

Techno believed Toby's claims of brainwashing, he disliked Dream to the point of possibly wanting to kill him but he didn't hate the man. Not yet at least.

There were things that Techno's noticed, things that Toby was missing, either willfully as he was blinded by his emotions for the masked man or because he wasn't looking for it.

Theo's loyalty to Dream was unnatural. Very unnatural. And he's definitely noticed the ominous warnings coming from that one voice that seemed far older than the rest. More matured, controlled. They had a point, things were more complicated than they were. That point was proven when Theo revealed a thread of why he was loyal to Dream; Dream saved his life from a parasitic monster vine egg thing. *That* could garner trust and loyalty.

Or at the very least, a favor.

But the type of loyalty that Theo had was... fanatical. Complete and utterly subservient. If Dream told him to jump, Theo would already be in the air when he asked how high.

Technoblade doesn't know Dream enough to look at his personality and think, but he's noticed the way that Dream acts around Theo. Though his face was covered, his body language and the air around him told tales. Sometimes smug. Sometimes regretful. Dream had Theo on the palm of his hands and had no actual idea what to do with him. Theo was the one who was leading him and George at the moment even though, by all means and expectations, *Dream* would be the one to lead. To give orders.

He wouldn't be complacent to the orders of a man who was so loyal to follow him.

There was something more to this and Techno would learn about it.

At another point however, seeing as they were all busy with confronting Niki and the Egg.

"It's here."

A hole in the ground and a small dirt tower. Surrounded by normal-looking flowers. Techno eyed the red ones warily, wondering if they were the 'pop' flowers that Theo and Toby had told them about.

"Doesn't look like she planted any flowers above ground." Toby says, noticing the wary looks and giving him a reassuring look- it was ruined by the grim gaze Toby had as he looked down into the hole. "We'll have to be careful here."

"No shit." Theo snorted, glancing at him then to Dream and George. "On your guard. Run if you have to, but stay close for now. George, if you hear anything *tell us*."

George looked pale, there was trauma in his goggled eyes, probably from his first encounter with the Egg. But he nodded, looking determined and clutching the enchanted sword tightly.

Techno took in a deep breath, he and Toby ignoring Chat's loud murmurs as they descended into the hole.

It was time to see what the Egg was all about.

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## Chapter End Notes

askjdshueihurfi we got more *good shit right here everyone*

[by Peregr1ne](#)

they drew theo with the loyalty enchantment AND the scars he has!! someone drew the root scars!!! :D

[THIRD TIME by Galaghiel](#)

bruh its the third time you appeared and you come back with more banging art i'm so happy- they drew theo and toby on the bench! ahh, one day that might happen. but for now, we get these two idiots being the angst duo.

[by Jas\\_Thyme](#)

they drew doodles of theo and toby and dream! they're adorable and great :3  
three fanarts! new record XD

honestly? not my best chapter. surprisingly had a hard time writing this, which is why it's so late and i already broke my writing streak. damn.

really had troubles writing this out when other ideas kept popping up but the timing wasn't good because right now, we're after niki and the egg we can't do the other cool ideas i have in my head yet. we're only halfway done with this story- i cant implement any of those ideas yet!! im going feral here because i WANT to do it but i CANT YET. if the chapter seems rushed and off pace then that's the reason why, i'm trying to get to the other ideas because i have little self restraint and the impulse of a spastic dingus who's flinging stuff at the wall just to see which things stick.

and i've been distracted with other story ideas. one involving both toby and theo but in a very different situation. VERY VERY different situation. about three ideas involve BAMF as fuck tommy tubbo and ranboo being a badass clingy trio, though two within that three involve them being traumatized, the third not so much and also kind of involving fundy? haven't thought much into it. you have no idea how much i want to write these ideas down but if i do i just KNOW i'll be fucking swamped and just end up dying underneath the writing work load i subjected myself to. it's very tempting, but i'm exhausting what little self restraints i somehow have but definitely don't actually have for this.

also??? holy fuck??? someone else joined??? the dream smp??? and he's a fucking totem shark hybrid???

i literally DID NOT KNOW THIS until i saw a clip of tommy getting his ass scared by this man. i had no idea who foolish was and was VERY confused on the comments that mentioned him. i just- oh my god. i don't know who this guy is but i already like him. i might have to tweak my plans a bit to include this hilarity.

also i have no idea what the hell niki's underground secret city looks like. i've been trying to find it but no luck :(

so what's the next best solution?

*making it all up*

thank god this is like, before the now non-existent manberg vs pogtopia war. i can bullshit as much as i want for niki's uncomplete secret city

# Scarlet City

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Red.

That's the first thing that pops into Dream's head as soon as the hole they're in extends *way* out. Giving them entrance to Niki's secret underground city that Dream had previously *no idea* about. ~~How dare she~~ *It's impressive really.*

Red.

The man-made cavern was big, and almost empty if it weren't for the sprawling red overgrowth that spanned nearly the entire cave and whatever structure that was within it. The growth and unnaturally red flora only stopped right before where Dream and the others were standing. A twisted garden of red plants that swayed as if there was wind within the cave. There wasn't. They moved on their own, there was a faint sound of whispers in the air that came from a few of the sanguine plants. It almost smelled sickeningly sweet, but there was a scent of iron and ash in the air.

There were vines that hung off the ceiling and the sides of unfinished buildings, too many groups of red flowers were growing together, some groups whispered among themselves. Scarlet mushrooms, different from their normal red originators, were on the walls- they almost looked like eyes. Crimson shrubs and leaves decorated the windows of Niki's buildings, and Dream could even see a couple of red trees here and there. Growing out of place, but holding flowers and vines off its branches.

The amount of unnatural red flora within the cave was almost nauseating to look at. Even George could see how unnaturally red everything was despite his Protan colorblindness. It was just *that* red- it was almost maddening.

Dream glanced at his best friend, just to see his reaction. Just to see how he was doing.

George is wide-eyed and pale, a look of pure shock and terror that Dream could easily see even with his goggles on. He jolts when Dream lays a comforting hand on his friend, squeezing his shoulder. George gives him a weak, shaky smile for the action but then he looks over to Technoblade, Theo and Toby. Dream does as well.

Technoblade certainly looked shocked as hell, whatever he was expecting from the 'Egg', it probably wasn't this. And honestly, Dream could relate. He hadn't expected *this* either. But then again he expected nothing that happened over the past week or so. Especially not the Egg. *abomination*

Dream almost shivered at the slight whispers in the back of his head. If there was one thing that could get both his fragments to agree was the fact that the Egg, the Crimson, was that it

was an abomination and shouldn't exist. Especially not after it tried to take his ~~tools~~ *friends* away from him. Especially after it did just that in a fucked up future that Dream was determined to not let happen.

While the piglin hybrid looked shocked at the unexpected sight, the two time-travelers that came from the future weren't shocked at the sight of it at all. They...

They both looked bleak. Grim. Whatever you want to call it- there was a haunting weariness in Toby's eyes that Dream knew Theo had as well underneath his mask as they both looked upon the 'sea' of red that grew within the artificial cavern. Both of them were tightly gripping their weapons, a new found sense of steel in their spines as they straightened them.

This wasn't a new sight for them to see. Dream thinks somberly to himself.

This was something they had seen on the daily in their future.

A world of unnatural red that stained their Overworld, overtook it and kept taking. It threatened their lives, it took over *his SMP*- killed so many people like *his friends*.

Well, it wasn't going to do *shit* now.

"Theo." Theo turns to look at him, Toby as well- Dream cringes at the look of disdain on the man's face. "Are there any crimson plants we should be wary about?" Dream eyes the weird, eye-like mushrooms, the bulb-shaped flowers that Dream thinks are the Pop Flowers that Theo had told them about, the curling vines on the walls and ceiling and the small whispering flowers that were grouped together on the ground before them.

"Oh I don't know Dream, why not *all of them*?" Techno drawled his answer, motioning to the fucked up flora that filled the cave.

Dream frowned deeply at him, "Well yeah but- I'm talking about *really* wary about Technoblade. Shut up. There's exploding flowers in there in case you forgot but what *else* is in there? And where do you think Niki and the Egg are?" He retorted back at the hybrid. Annoyed by Technoblade's drawl, also he was still very much ticked by Techoblade's 'homeless' remarks earlier on.

He had a fucking *home* thanks very much.

Dream had to wonder if it was just a family trait at this point, to be a certain kind of annoying. Tommy was definitely annoying, Wilbur had been a type of annoying with his want for independence and now Technoblade was a different type of heckling annoyance.

At least Phil had been *polite*.

"Do you really think they're here?" George added his own question quietly, gripping his sword tightly in his hand and looking wearier and wearier as the minutes passed.

Toby frowned, "Technoblade's right. Just be careful with every red plant you see." He answered shortly and Dream wondered if he only answered that way because he was actually



agreeing with Technoblade or because he didn't really want to answer Dream's question. It was probably a combination to both.

*Arrogant.*

*Understandable.*

Thankfully Theo was inclined to answer with a more thorough answer, "Those bulbs over there are Pop Flowers, be careful if you stab them with the enchantment. They'll blow up after a couple of seconds, use those seconds to get away or cushion the blow with water. With our armor on it won't be as bad. The vines will try to grab and either restraint you and or strangle you if you get close or you're distracted. Those flowers there are Whispering Riots, they'll try to tempt you to pick them up, ignore them. The eye-looking mushrooms are Vision Shrooms, or at least a prototype, doesn't look like they're the vision shrooms that Toby and I know yet. The flowers in the trees look like dewdroppers. They'll drop red sap if you get underneath them, it'll poison you. Everything else is just standard Crimson shit, they'll move and if you touch any of them you'll hear the Egg." He explained diligently. "There might be other plants here, but essentially yeah, you have to be careful with every red motherfucker you see growing out of somewhere."

He lifted his enchanted netherite axe, aiming for the patch of bright red flowers that was nearby them, "As for if the Egg and Niki... Let's find out." He swings it sideways, the blade of his axe cutting through the wriggling stems like butter and in the next second the flowers were set aflame.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Just like that, there was the sound of screaming. A cacophony of screams that they *all* could hear. High-pitched and many, the screams came from the Whispering Riots and a few other plants that writhed. However, among the screaming, there was a familiar screech that Theo, George and Dream recognized paired with a feminine scream that they all sans Technoblade recognized as well.

"NOOO!!!"

The Egg and Niki were here within the secret city after all.

Toby smiles a harsh and gloomy smile, a look of bloodlust in his building in his and Techno's eyes while Chat cackled and chanted in both of their heads, encouraging and fanning the internal flames for battle, blood and violence. "Found them."

Theo rolled his shoulders, gripping his axe in hand. "Stab and slice every plant you can, be careful with the pop flowers. We're burning everything to the ground."

George took in a deep breath, trying to calm the trembling in his body.

Dream squeezed his shoulder once before letting go.

*Burn it all to protect what's yours.*

*Burn it all to protect your friends.*

He couldn't agree more.

---

"Eww, what is this stuff?" Bad questioned with a grossed out face, examining the transparent red looking slime thing that was smeared on the wall. It looked both slimy and dry at the same time, which was very weird. "It smells nasty." It smelled like blood and faintly like rotten flesh that was set out in the sun to dry for *months*.

Skeppy shrugged, looking around the small pocket of space that had been mined out. "No idea Bad, but this place gives me the creeps. Let's get out of here." He said with a frown, eyeing the black charred outline of *something* that was on the ground. Looked like something had been burnt very badly, whatever it was, it was long.

The demon looked over to his human, tilting his head, "You were the one who wanted to check this place out Skeppy. You already wanna leave so badly?" He wasn't complaining or anything, he'd like to get out as well but Skeppy had been so curious about the coordinates that he'd badgered him into finding the area with him and checking it out.

They'd both been curious about the whole, 'stay away from this place exactly' that Dream, Sapnap and George had said to them. Not to mention Theo who they *still* haven't met yet. They both wanted to meet him- they had seen Toby in L'Manberg and wanted to meet *him* as well but whenever they were in L'Manberg they either missed him or he was busy with something else. They had yet to meet either of the time travelers.

When they asked the trio about Theo they'd been rebuffed and told that Theo currently didn't want to see anyone else at the moment.

*<Dream> Some things came up okay? You can meet Theo another time, he's not feeling to see anyone else right now.*

It was incredibly disappointing but Bad didn't want to be rude and demand to meet Theo, he even kept Skeppy from stubbornly asking about the man. It seemed that whatever happened was important because George, Sapnap and Dream pretty much disappeared for a few days after that. Only answering a few messages at the time.

The coordinates were something that Skeppy couldn't get out of his head and was too curious for his own good, which lead them to now. In a weird mine that seemed to had its fair share of mysterious adventures. There were tunnels that lead to nowhere, a couple of them connected to each other but that was it. In the not-really large open space, there was that smeared wall of *something* as well as the char shadow on the floor, all in all it was very creepy and Skeppy's curiosity was more than satisfied now.

"C'mon Bad let's get out of here." Skeppy insisted, grabbing the demon's hand and tugging. He *really* didn't want to stick around anymore. There was just... something *off* about this place. He really, really didn't want to stay any longer than they've already had.

"Okay okay! Calm down Geppy, we're going." Bad soothed, squeezing his hand comfortingly as they both ascended through the only entrance and exit. "Are you okay?" He asked, worried for his bonded human and platonic soulmate.

Skeppy shrugged, glancing back to the weird mine and then up forwards where they were heading. "Yeah- I just- Yeah, it's just really weird okay? I don't like that place. My curiosity's satisfied, I'm good, let's just go and never come back." It was weird, and Skeppy kind of felt embarrassed for feeling that way but being around that area just... It sets him off, triggers him in a way that he finds very uncomfortable.

It was like he was expecting something there, which was weird and disturbing but he and Bad hadn't really found anything which was even *more* weird and disturbing.

It was a complicated feeling and he'd rather forget it entirely now.

"Okay, we're not going back down there ever again." The demon agreed, smiling reassuringly at his diamond-loving human. He too, felt like something was off. He doesn't know what or why, but he definitely felt like he'd been expecting to find something there. Maybe something important? It didn't really matter now, what mattered was that his precious human was feeling off and seemed to need his comfort. Bad was more than willing to give it, he cared for Skeppy and loved him with all his being.

Skeppy sighed in relief, smiling back at Bad. He felt better now. Actually he felt even *more* better the moment they weren't underground anymore. "Whew." He stretched slightly, giving Bad one of his usual happy smiles. "Okay! Now that that's done, where do we go now? Should we head back home?" He hadn't really thought on what to do after they checked out the coordinates.

Bad hummed in thought, "Maybe? Oh! We could stop by L'Manberg to buy a few things, I'm craving a bit for Niki's cookies." He admitted, smiling widely.

"Oh! Oh! And her cake! Yeah! I hope she's there this time." Skeppy replied, thinking back to when he and Bad had visited her bakery a couple of days ago. She hadn't been there and the shop had been closed unfortunately, it had been strange but Niki must have been out doing something important. Hopefully though, she was there now and they could get some of her baked goods to go.

With that said, the demon-human pair set off towards L'Manberg.

The nation had been quite nice so far despite the war that had happened for its independence just months ago. Also the drama seemed to have mostly disappeared now that the elections were done. It was actually a somewhat peaceful time that Bad and Skeppy were starting to enjoy, minus the whole, travelers from the future and the time traveling debacle.

It was certainly interesting and both wanted to know more at some point but ultimately, it wasn't entirely their business now was it?

On their way to L'Manberg however, they ran into something interesting.

Someone interesting.

Two someones actually.

---

Soul-fire was an interesting type of fire.

Only attainable by setting fire to soul sand or soil.

The blue flame acted like normal fire, however it had several attributes that not a lot of people knew of.

The most common attribute that most people knew however, was that piglins stayed away from Soul-Fire. Torches and lanterns made with soul sand or soil, that burned with the light blue flame were effective ways to keep piglins away and piglins rarely ever went or were even seen by Soul Sand Valleys.

Piglin hybrids were wary about the flame, but not to the extent of their fully piglin brethren.

That was common knowledge.

What wasn't common knowledge was the reason why they avoided the soul fire like the plague. Running away the moment the flame appeared via torch, lantern or just a block of soul sand or soil set aflame.

They knew the true dangers it held, this hauntingly beautiful blue flame that only made by the soil and sand made of souls.

And instinctively, so did the Egg. The Crimson.

Surrounding Theo was a landscape of blue fire mixed with screaming crimson flora. The plants writhed in clear agony, trying to put themselves out from the harmful flame that was killing them all. The Whispering Riots were certainly living the last part of their name, rioting and no longer whispering, screeching just like the Egg now. The red grass underneath him contorted underneath his netherite boots. No doubt if Theo hadn't had his boots on, they'd sharpen into literal blades if they could.

Or maybe the Egg hadn't learned to do that just yet.

It was young, it had no idea what it was actually doing yet. And the thought made Theo *smile*.

Surrounded by a mystical flame that came from his and everyone else's weapons, by blue consuming red- Theo felt *satisfied* by the burning destruction of one of the most dangerous things to ever exist.

He's been waiting for a moment like this for a long time.

The Crimson in the future was so much stronger than the Crimson and Egg right now. It had felt pain with each burnt plant but it hadn't fallen apart like it was right now, it had powered through the pain, focused on its mission of consuming the world. It had the capability of putting out the fire itself with some of its flora, it would never be totally immune to Soul-Fire but it had manifested and grew ways to make sure it could put out its weakness. Not to mention its infected and controlled servants.

But right now, with the Egg young and inexperienced. It was so fucking small and weak. It couldn't infect anyone and only had Niki under its direct control right now. It was learning fast sure but it would mean nothing if they got to it first and burnt the fucker down to smoldering smithereens.

Theo could feel a hope growing in his chest, and for once he was hesitant to crush it.

Nonetheless, he does because he reminds himself that it wasn't over until the Egg itself was burnt to hell and back.

He stabs the ground with the tip of his sword, watching calmly as the red grass shriveled and turned black underneath the Soul-Fire enchantment of his sword. He steps back, switches from his sword back to his axe and *swings*- cutting the red vines on a nearby wall. Dodging the trembling and now fiery tendrils that attempted to reach out towards him.

He turns and *throws* his sword into a pile of Pop Flowers. Watching the bulbs expand and *explode*. The explosion is large, but he has a water bucket ready for himself and his armor is more than ready to protect him.

"You- really seem to be enjoying yourself." George comments from the side, him and Dream sticking by- Toby and Techno had gone another direction, trying to find Niki while spreading the Soul-Fire as well. Theo looks over to George, he seemed very pale and though he's been setting fire to a few plants, it was clear that the plants' screaming was really getting to him. Dream kept close to George's side because of that, and thus Theo did the same.

Theo nodded, "You have no idea how happy I am right now, seeing everything like this." He says with a smirk, arms wide and open as he gestured to the blue fire that surrounded them- they had no fear for the fire. Their armor was more than enough to deal with Soul-Fire, and Theo of course had fire resistance potions. He sets his arms down as he steps a bit closer to George and Dream, "Are you two okay? George, how's your head?"

George smiled weakly, pressing a hand against his forehead. "Filled with the screams. I- Ender, I'm going to have nightmares." He shivered, flinching as he heard a new set of screams and screeches within his mind. The clawing, desperate please that he tries to ignore - *HELP ME HELP HURTS HURTS PAIN AAAAAA HUNGRY OBEY HELP HURTS BAD BAD HELP PAIN PAIN PAIN*- to the best of his abilities.

"Better to have nightmares instead of being eaten or controlled." Dream joked, it was weak but it was enough for George who snorted at it.

Dream and Theo could ignore the noise easily. Theo with practice and the static that surrounded his head and Dream with his fragments who aggressively protected his state of mind- if anything was going to influence Dream's head, it would be them at the very least. Toby and Techno had Chat who drowned out the screams with their own.

George was the only one vulnerable to the screams, and though he was capable of ignoring them, he could hear them clearly in his head.

Actually, scratch that.

There was one other person who was vulnerable to the screams.

*"HOW DARE YOU?!"*

The three men's head snapped up to see Niki on top of one of the unfinished buildings. Cradling the Egg in her hold, streams of tears going down her face with a manic look in her red-flecked eyes. She looked haggard and pained, entirely effected by the Egg and Crimson's screaming in her head and ears.

Theo smiled underneath his mask.

"Finally, took you long enough to get out of hiding bitch."

The Egg writhed in Niki's hold, affected by the intense flames that was killing off the garden it made. Tentacle vines flailing about, mouths open and -AAAAAAAAAAAAA PAIN PAIN HUNGRY HELP HELP BAD HURTS SO MUCH HELP ME HELP ME FRIEND HELP HURTS HURTS SO BADLY- screeching.

"There she is!"

From the side, Toby and Techno came, apparently having followed Chat's directions to find them all.

Five men stood on the ground of a burning secret underground city, a woman holding a monstrous Egg stands atop one of the burning buildings.

It was time to end this. Once in for all.

---

## Chapter End Notes

the eggpire really be growing ain't it.

in the smp i mean.

it's growing a bit in the story but the boys are on it :)

i managed to write bad and skeppy a bit more into the story! they're feeling the effects of not meeting the egg in this timeline, i'd say it was an important enough event that they would've felt *something* off.

sorry niki, but we're burning down your secret city! it's for the greater good!

five men versus one woman and an egg- an incendiary battle is about to commence! a final showdown to end this egg's non-existent tyranny! to a prevent a future from ever happening.

see you next chapter :)

# Fiery Takedown

## Chapter Notes

okay *damn* AGAIN

dream smp going forwards while i'm trying to keep up my own pace for this damn story  
holy fuck

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

It's awkward within the house. Within *his* house.

Kind of.

It's all going fine, somewhat- Fundy had come to check in on Wilbur and worry on the fact that his adoptive father was on his last life with Phil. And together, they all worried for the men that went off to find Niki and the Egg. Tubbo, Tommy, Wilbur, Philza, Fundy and Sapnap.

Yeah Sapnap was in Tubbo's house again.

Though instead of being unconscious or half-dressed, he was fully conscious and was fully dressed. Thank goodness. As funny as that had been it was also awkward to remember that Sapnap had been unconscious in a bed within his living room and had been stripped of his shirt right in front of them all- not to mention he was friends with *Dream*, the one person that no one else in the room saw in a particularly good light at the moment.

"I'm staying here until they get back, easier that way." Sapnap had said after he went into the kitchen to get something to drink. "Just let me stay for a bit, I'll go as soon as they come back."

Now, Tubbo could have kicked him out. It was *his* house after all, and he could see how uneasy everyone else felt around Sapnap who was trying to hide how uneasy he felt around *them* in turn. It was a good effort but Tubbo was pretty sure he noticed it when Sapnap decided to just, drag one of his sofa chairs to the corner of Tubbo's living room, sit down and just read one of Tubbo's books from his book case. He also toyed and fidgeted around with his communicator from time to time, didn't seem like he was typing anything into it though so he wasn't messaging or talking to anyone.

Not only that but Tubbo knew that Sapnap was just as worried as they were.

Worried about George, Dream and Theo.

So that was one of the reasons why Tubbo hadn't really tried to kick him out of his house. Which again, seemed to be very popular now. Phil, Wilbur and Fundy were sat on the couch, Wilbur looking far better than he did just hours ago after he respawned. Tommy sat by Tubbo, but was leaning towards where his father, brother and nephew were sitting, babbling and talking at them, feigning casualness to hide the fact he was just as worried about Wilbur as Phil and Fundy were. Tommy had even faked complaints as he stood up briefly to swiftly go get Wilbur's glasses from the room Wilbur was staying in within Tubbo's house.

Should he just offer Wilbur and Tommy to move in with him at this point? Tommy hasn't gone back to his base over the week, same with Wilbur. He had offered the guest room to Toby as permanent residence, the idea of living with yourself from future that won't be anymore was weird but Tubbo could make it work. He was both disappointed and relieved when Toby said he'd think about it, sounding just as unsure Tubbo had been when he made the offer.

Anyway, back to Sapnap.

Another reason Tubbo let Sapnap stay was...

Well because he wanted to talk to the man.

Sapnap was Dream's friend, and by proxy he was able to talk with Theo easily.

Tubbo wanted to talk to him about Theo, and by extension Dream he supposes. Right now, Sapnap was one of his solid leads and direct connections towards the two masked and enigmatic men Dream and the now called TheoInnit.

If Tubbo could find out more about Theo from Sapnap, or maybe even get Sapnap to let Tubbo talk to Theo *himself*-

*"I'm not your best friend."*

Tubbo gripped his pant legs slightly before he forced himself to let go.

He wanted to talk to Theo.

He just-

*"I'm not your best friend."*

Tubbo needed to talk to him. He really did. He needed to know. He just- He needed to talk with Theo.

When Sapnap stood up to go the bathroom, Tubbo waited a few minutes, chatting with Tommy before he stood up to 'get a few things' from his room. Excusing himself from the living room, Tubbo sought out the third member of the Dream Team. Waiting patiently outside the bathroom, an intrusive thought passes his head on how he should barge in for his answers but he quickly waves it off and continues to wait.



Thankfully it doesn't take that long for Sapnap to come out of the bathroom, "Sapnap." The man jolted at the sight of him, surprised to see Tubbo waiting outside the bathroom for him.

"Uhh, hey Tubbo?" Sapnap greeted back awkwardly, scratching his cheek and no doubt wondering what he was doing and why he was there. "What's up?"

Tubbo opened his mouth to continue but was interrupted by some loud muffled knocking from his front door, he groaned, "*Tommy can you get that?!"* He shouted loudly, not wanting to leave without asking Sapnap his questions first. What terrible timing. Sapnap snorted as his shout, as well as the loud, "*YEAH OKAY!"* That came from the young blond that they both knew.

"Sapnap." Tubbo said seriously afterwards, Sapnap's amusement shifted into weariness at that. "I wanted to ask you something."

Sapnap shifted from one leg to another. "What is it?"

"It's about Theo-" Tubbo started causing Sapnap to tense, wary for whatever question Tubbo would send him however Tubbo was once *again* interrupted. Not by a knock this time.

"*AAAAH?! WHAT THE FUUUUCK?!"*

But by Tommy's *scream*.

Instantly, both Tubbo and Sapnap were off towards the front door where Tommy should be. "*TOMMY!?"*" Tubbo chorused with not only Sapnap, but Phil, Wilbur and Fundy as well. Fundy helped Phil steady Wilbur as they all hurried from the living room.

They all scrambled towards the front door, only to freeze at the sight before them.

---

George would say he was good at PvP.

He had grown up with *Dream* and *Sapnap*, of course he'd be good at PvP. When they were younger, they'd spar against each other all the time with him and Sapnap visiting Dream and getting taught by Dream's mother on how to wield swords properly, how to use shields and axes. When they got older, they started fighting for real, especially after Dream lost his family. Had lost his mother, sister and father to extremist hunters who had sought out Dream's lineage as an Active Admin Descendant.

Dream had never really been the same after the loss and threw himself into combat, to become stronger and to protect what was left of himself and his life.

He'd fought, and fought, and fought and fought with both George and Sapnap fighting right by him. Supporting him when he needed them and cheering him on when he was on his own.

Dream adapted into his newfound life, his combat skills skyrocketing through the roof and suddenly Dream was winning championships and gaining a reputation. The extremist hunters disappear without a trace and George looks the other way when Dream throws the last of his past into lava, he and Sapnap comfort him when Dream breaks down afterwards.

George and Sapnap had their own reputations as well, they were Dream's friends, together the three of them were the Dream Team. The original trio. Bad and Antfrost had joined them briefly, they had become friends before Bad returned to Skeppy's side permanently and Antfrost went off to look for his own calling.

His masked best friend had only lost a handful of times in the last few years, and one of those times was to Technoblade in an official tournament. And Dream had lost to the hybrid piglin. It had been surprising to hear then, he and Sapnap had heckled on his loss and Dream took it in stride.

After Dream managed to gain a big enough reputation, he came back to the lands his family had left him in their will. Taking ownership as he had deserved and invited them into his lands, where they could finally make a permanent home, somewhere safe and sound.

And then Technoblade's little brothers came through and settled down. Dream had been curious about them, and let them stay.

The two brothers became the eyes of a hurricane no one saw coming. George found himself helping Dream with a war that slowly changed them all and from there it escalated like a small snowball rolling down a hill and gaining more and more snow. More traction. The war lasted for a year, shedding more blood than necessary and ending with a young teenager's two lives taken by his best friend and a new nation in Dream's SMP lands.

L'Manberg's first election goes tits up and suddenly time travel was involved. TommyInnit, the boy who tried to go against Dream head on was now a broken man who followed Dream like a duckling and was overly protective as him and Tubbo, the boy who loved bees and was Tommy's best friend was a scarred man that hated Dream with a burning passion.

Then the Egg happened, and that Egg despite being one block high had been *scary*. George wasn't ashamed to admit that, the Egg scared the shit out of him. Sapnap got controlled then hurt, Theo revealed the root scar he had and they all came back to Dream's base for reprieve... Only they immediately got into another clusterfuck as Theo called Dream his friend and *owner*.

Then they went to the Warped Forest. Met the Warped Priest.

And then it's revealed that because of Dream's heritage, he was slowly going insane himself. He had the potential to turn into the Dream that made Theo scream with fear and pain and marked him down with a Loyalty III enchantment. To turn into the Dream that made Toby, who was once one of the nicest males in the land, despise him.

George wouldn't have believed it if he and Sapnap hadn't seen the way Dream's eyes had darkened into 'grass' with a few 'poison' flecks, using Theo's terminology.

That had been both horrifying and terrifying to see for themselves, paired with Theo's pleas and the reveal of the enchantment...

He shouldn't have punched Dream, not his Dream at least but he couldn't help himself. Even with Theo nearly killing him, he felt both regret and satisfaction from punching Dream.

Dream even forgave and consented, but George wished he could've punched Theo's Dream in the face. Preferably without Theo there to see him punch the man.

When Theo asked for help, George will admit. He almost hesitated.

Almost.

But Dream was still his friend and like Theo had said, there was *time*. They could help Dream, prevent him from ever becoming the Dream that hurt Theo so much. They could help Theo heal.

They just needed to deal with a few things first.

Which brings George back to the present, to *now*.

The Egg.

The fucking loud as *hell monster Egg* that created some sick twisted red garden that was all types of horrifying in its own right. A garden filled with moving plants in all shades of unnatural red, filled with plants that screamed as they burned, filled with plants that could easily kill or influence him if he let his guard down.

The Egg created the Crimson Garden, a garden of horrors that should've never been created in the first place.

And now it was burning, thanks to the special enchantment of their weapons. George has a new favorite flame-making enchantment, and it was called Soul-Fire Aspect. He was never going to lose or break this sword, he was going to keep it by his side at all times.

Around him, the Crimson Garden was lit aflame, screams of *-HELP HELP BURNING HURT HURT BAD HUNGRY FEED HELP PROTECT ME HELP AAAA BAD BAD BURNING HELP-* the Egg echoed in the cave and in George's head and it took all of George's will to stay still and just clutch his sword tightly like it was his last and only life-line.

The voice in his head was horrible, shifting from a child to a woman to a man- it never stayed the same as it continued to beg and plea for its life. It bounced around in his head, clawing at his moral compass and humanity, slamming against his mind for access that George would not grant. He was both glad and regretful that he had come instead of Sapnap, on one hand there was a crazy fucking Egg trying to control him but on the other hand if Sapnap was here...

George made the right decision. No matter how traumatic it seemed to be.

*"Whatever you do. Don't listen to anything it says George."* Theo told him before he went wild and set everything red and moving on fire. *"It won't hesitate to kill or use you the moment you let your guard down. You can hang back if you want, just stay alive for Dream's sake."*

George was only there for support, to ground Dream and be the buffer. They didn't really need him in terms of combat, not with both Dream *and* Technoblade there paired with their

respective future proteges.

George could confidently say he was good at PvP. He's trained with Dream, sparred against him from time to time and has been through a lot of fights.

But he could also say with no shame at all, that he opted to sit this one fight out and watch from a safe distance. Supporting from afar, and trying to keep his wits in a burning, secret underground city. Protecting himself from the begging and the screaming - *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA*- in his head and doing what Theo told him to do;

Stay alive.

That's all he had to do and by fuck was he going to do that.

So he stays back, he doesn't join the fight as instantly, the four men started speed building up towards Niki who quickly moved- she was dressed in enchanted diamond armor, her chest plate and boots were netherite though. The Egg shifted in her arms and suddenly it was no longer in her arms, but on her back. Clinging to her and if things were more sane, if things weren't as fucked, George would have thought Niki had a really bright red backpack on.

But things were *insane* and were *fucked* all George can think when the Egg switches to her back is '*Fuck that thing needs to die soon.*'

Niki jumps off the building, landing in quickly placed water on the ground, Theo, Toby, Dream and Techno were quick to follow. "*BLOCK THE ENTRANCE GEORGE!*" Dream shouts as he and the three men go after her.

George jolted at the shout before he rushes to do just that.

Sprinting through the fire, running past the screaming -*HELP HELP BURNING HURT HURT IT HURTS PLEASE IT HURTS BAD BAD HUNGRY HELP*- plants, George arrived to the small tunnel they had entered from and quickly mined some stone to block off the entrance- just in time as he sees Niki running at him full speed. "*George!*" She cried out maniacally, eyes wide and hair frizzled, a vine wrapped loosely around her neck.

"Shit!" George yelped, about to run away just as Niki reached out for him-

***SHWIN-CRACK***

Only for a netherite axe to interrupt, burying itself between him and Niki. Niki's boots skidded to a halt while George went off running- towards Dream and Theo who came from the side. "George! Are you okay?!" Dream quickly asked, stopping by his side even though Theo continued on. It was Theo's axe that had been thrown obviously.

"I'm fine! Theo-" George started only to swear as he remembered Theo had thrown his sword into that pop flower patch- since it was netherite it wouldn't have been destroyed so easily but still! "*THEO!*" He shouted as the masked blond dodged the rampant swings coming from Niki, he was trying to get to his axe but Niki came swinging at him. The Egg was even

contributing its help, swinging spare tentacles and screeching loudly that George was sure if it went any louder his ears would start to bleed.

Theo kept on dodging, trying to get to his axe but unfortunately there's only so much a man can do when he's dodging not only the attacks of a mad woman but the lashes of vines from a monster Egg that was determined to catch him. Theo finds himself strangled once more by the Egg's vines, Niki lashed out at him and Theo choked as her sword clashed against his chest plate and tore his shoulder a bit.

"Stay here!" Dream ordered George as he was about to charge in- only to stop when he heard twin war cries.

From almost out of nowhere, Toby and Techno arrived, wearing mirroring looks of blood lust and vigilance. With ease, Toby's sword sliced through the tentacle that was around Theo's neck while Techno's own blade made a gash *on* the Egg. The gash steamed as the starting embers were quickly put out by the Egg's own blood that gushed from the open wound.

AA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

A blood curdling scream escaped the Egg while Niki screamed similarly but with horror and panic. George groaned, pressing his palms against his ears tightly in a futile effort to block the vicious scream. Theo gasped for breath, coughing violently while clutching his throat. Toby was by his side, hand on his back and seemingly trying to comfort Theo, Theo shrugged the hand off him, stepping away from Toby who looked disheartened by Theo's subtle but obvious rejection.

The Egg's tentacles lashed out randomly, dark red liquid seeping out of the gash Techno had made. It was no use though as Technoblade effortlessly sliced through each vine, causing more screaming. The vines burst into flames as they were each sliced off, falling to the ground and joining the rest of the burning crimson flora around them.

George closed his eyes tightly, faintly he feels something wet stain his palms as well as someone holding him steady as his mind felt like it was being rattled.

Niki was full on sobbing by now, clutching the now vine-less, screeching Egg to her chest protectively, unintentionally coating herself with the dark red ichor that came from the Egg. She had dropped her sword to completely hug the Egg, keeping it close, trying to protect it completely. *"No no no no please- kill me if you have to but not it. It's good so good don't kill it! It's so hurt, can't you hear it screaming please please-"* She begged, George cringed, hearing her only slightly from how loud the noise in his head was along with a ringing that felt like it *shouldn't* be a *sensation*.

"Niki. Let go of the Egg." Toby said quietly, stone-faced and serious. He, Techno and Theo have her cornered to the wall, it's honestly a bit disturbing to see three grown men cornering a woman, but said woman was clutching a monstrous screaming Egg all the same.

*"No no no no-"*

Theo pries his axe from the wall, "Let's just get this over with." He rasped, scowling underneath his mask. He raised his axe in the air only to have Toby grab his wrist.

"We can't just *kill Niki!* She'll be on her last life! *Chat please shut up, we'll get rid of the Egg but we won't kill Niki!*" Toby hissed, both to Theo and the unheard Chat that only him and Technoblade could hear.

"I'll admit, I don't see the merit of killing a crying woman. The screaming Egg is helping but she's crying pretty badly." Technoblade admitted, face scrunched as Niki hugged the Egg tighter in her grip.

"Fine, we don't have to kill her. Sorry in advance Niki, you can still bake with one arm yeah?" Niki choked on her sobs, looking at Theo with wide, panicked eyes.

*Theo what the hell.*

"*Tommy!*" Toby snapped, looking horrified over what Theo said.

"Oh shut the fuck up, this is our chance, what we've wanted from the very beginning! I don't care who dies, as long as the Egg is gone-" "Oh so you'd kill Dream or George if it would get rid of the Egg!" "Wha-*NO!* I would *never-*" "Then you're not killing Niki! She's just as important as Dream-" "*No one* is as important as Dream you take that back you motherf-" Toby and Theo were head-to-head, practically snarling at each other.

"*Enough!*" Techno intervened, "Just get the freaking Egg already! Pry it out of her arms and stop fighting!" He exclaimed, "At this point she's gonna-" Whatever he said was interrupted by Niki's wild howl as she threw herself at Techno, surprising the hybrid piglin as she had let go of the Egg- it had *finally* grew out new tentacles, though they were thin and probably weaker than its original ones but it could *move* again thanks to the tentacles.

"*NO!*" Toby and Theo chorused together, watching the Egg skitter along the wall again like the hell spider it was trying to be, trying to escape once more. Techno cursed as he subdued the woman that tried to futilely attack him.

*escape escape hurt hurt ow aaa help help hungry esca-*

***SSFFFW-CRACK!***

"*NOOOOOO!!!*"

*AAABURNINGBURNINGHURTSHELPH  
ELPAAAABADMENBADNONONOHELPBADDYINGDYINGHELPMEHELPMEHUNGRYH  
UNGRYFEEDOBEYHURTSSOMUCHHELPPDYINGI'MDYINGHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AA*

The Egg slid down from the wall, its bright red exterior cracked and lit aflame from the netherite sword that had pierced it. Dream huffed, an unconscious George collapsed by his side. Blood leaking out of his ears.

There was silence in the underground cavern the held a burning, smoldering city. Three men stared in disbelief, one woman and one man passed out, while one man stared with satisfaction.

"That's what you get for hurting my friends you damned Egg."

And like that.

It was over.

The Egg was gone. The Crimson writhed in silence, no longer having a voice to scream with. No control over its actions without its source.

All of their communicators beeped at once as they processed what happened.

---

<Sapnap> yo guys youmight wanna come back rly soon like

<Sapnap> right now

<Sapnap> hope ur all doing ok please come back safely

---

<TommyInnit> TOBY TECHNO GET YOUR ASSES BACK HERE ASAP THERE'S A GUY CALLED RANBOO HERE AND

<TommyInnit> WELL YOU REALLY GOTTA COME BACK

<Wilbur Soot> I have no idea what's happening but you should probably come back.

<Ph1lzA> please be okay and come back soon

<Tubbo\_> ghtstur is a lot diffrent from what u said toby

---

## Chapter End Notes

yeah niki versus five pvpers? dream *and* technoblade *and* their future proteges? not to mention george is pretty good as well but he's a good man and just stays out of the way from the four men wanting to fight. niki may have a monster egg but it baby and it's not as powerful as its much older and bigger counterpart, it made good effort but against two men who are VETERANS to its machinations plus two MORE men who are practically pvp combat gods, it ded.

the fight wasn't going to get drawn out as much as it already was. tried to make it as exciting as possible though. this egg is DEAD, the crimson lingers, and the story moves on...

the first arc is done.

time for the second :)

but like seriously HOLY FUCK THE DREAM SMP IS WILD RN

i can't wait to see what's next

we got GHOSTBUR AND RANBOO IN THE HOUSE BABEY WHOOOO  
hopefully i ended arc 1 alright and that you guys enjoyed it. tried my best, didn't really  
expect this egg to die so early BUT we're going with it because i want to get to arc 2  
along with ranboob and ghostbur and THEN  
we get to the END of arc 2 :)  
now *that*- that i have a lot in store for you guys and i'm sure you'll love it ~~hope~~  
p.s. new SAD-ist animatic pog?? *the angst i love it i'm gonna use it for inspiration =>*



# A Ghost of Your Future

## Chapter Notes

i think i've confused a handful of people about ranboo.  
this ranboo with them right now is NOT from the future. this is present ranboo. a ranboo that has not met the others yet, he's met niki before and was accompanying ghostbur to l'manberg.  
future ranboo is still in the future with everyone else.  
sorry to confuse anyone but hope that's cleared out now.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

A lot of things have happened in the span of time that Phil has been staying within the Dream SMP and L'Manberg.

They met with the alternate, future version of his youngest son's best friend who informed them of a horrible future that involved a lot of things including a monstrous Egg plague virus thing, his youngest son defecting and denouncing his family ties and siding with a masked man who brainwashed him, his oldest son dying, his middle child dying by *his* hand and-

It's been a long week for Philza. A very long week.

And it's going to be even longer he realizes faintly as he stares at the ghostly counterpart of his middle child.

At the Wilbur Soot who died by his hand.

*His future counterpart's hand-* Phil has done *nothing* to Wilbur and he now very much will *never will*. He feels like destroying the sword he has in his inventory, like throwing away every sharp blade he owns to his name, even the nostalgic precious swords of his youth he had stashed away in their old home that was millions of blocks away.

There's a stab wound, in the middle of Wil-Ghostbur's yellow sweater. It's entirely blue, but it's still clearly a *stab wound*.

Phil feels sick.

Ghostbur's face is soft, sad and dazed as he kept close to the uncomfortable-looking Tommy, a spectral hand on his shoulder as he floated on the side. His eyes are almost completely white, it almost looked like he had no pupils or irises anymore.

Phil feels *sick*.

Wilbur is staring at his own ghost with wide eyes and the *look* in his gaze, the true, realization that another time. In another place. In a wretched future. Wilbur had asked Phil, his own beloved father, to kill him.

And Phil granted his request, killing him, taking *his last life*.

Phil has taken the last lives of many people over the years. It was inevitable, especially when Phil had been adventuring and some people were pesky pricks who tried to kill *him* first. But never before has Phil even *considered*, taking the last life of his own *family*.

*Phil feels sick.*

"So..." Finally breaking his gaze from the ghost of son's alternate future that will *never come to be*, he glanced to one of the other guests in Tubbo's house. An Enderman Hybrid. An honest to Ender, *Enderman Hybrid*. You don't see those everyday. He wore a crown, just like his Techno but instead of a fur-trimmed cape, Ranboo wore a suit with a red tie. The poor hybrid was nervously sitting on the sofa chair that Sapnap had previously been sitting in, the man now standing to the side, clutching his communicator after moving the chair back and letting Ranboo sit in his place.

The living room is feeling a bit cramped admittedly. With five humans, a ghost, a demon and an enderman hybrid.

"It's ah um- very nice to meet you all." Ranboo starts, smiling weakly with his hands fidgeting and twiddling in his lap. Poor man- no, he was a *teenager* Phil reminded himself, he was just very because of his hybrid status and enderman genetics, the poor teenager seemed so nervous. "Gho-mm, Ghostbur's told me a lot about you along the uh- along the way."

Ghostbur seemed to focus back from whatever daze he'd been, smiling widely at the mention of his name. He finally left Tommy's side, drifting over to Ranboo. *'I have haven't I? I just couldn't help it, plus, this tall child asked me. And kept asking so I kept telling.'* He said with a cheery look to his previously sad face, his voice was slightly echoey. No, not even the echo of a cave could accurately imitate it. A strange reverb, spectral and slightly ethereal? It sounded strange to hear, it was just *Wilbur's voice* but... very different.

"I'm not a child." Ranboo protested instantly, but he looked fond. There's a dynamic here that painfully reminds Phil of Wilbur and Tommy, and Wilbur realizes it clearly, because he's glancing between Ranboo and Tommy. Tommy's just watching Ghostbur and Ranboo intensely, his hands clenched in his lap and a look in his bright blue eyes that Phil can't possibly discern.

Was it envy? Was it concern? Whatever it was, Tommy's hands relax and unclench and the look is gone. Instead, he looks curious.

Phil feels like he's unable to understand his youngest child anymore. *Had he ever from the start?*

"How old are you Ranboo?" Tommy asks and Phil holds back a snort of amusement.

The hybrid looks startled for a bit before answering back carefully, "Uh- well- still a minor? But I'm definitely older than you though." He answers back.

Tommy splutters, *"Why the hell am I still the youngest here that's just not fair!"* Tubbo snickers by his side- he'd been looking tense just like everyone else, but at the amusing bit they couldn't help but just, relax slightly. The whole situation had been confusing and concerning from the start, from when BadBoyHalo, good demon probably the nicest Phil has ever met somehow, and Skeppy knocked on Tubbo's door, having met Ranboo and Ghostbur on their way to L'Manberg who wanted to see where Tommy and Tubbo were.

*"Tommy can you get that?!"* Tommy heard Tubbo shout, the blond frowned but sighed.

*"YEAH OKAY!"* He shouted back, standing from his seat in the living room to quickly jog over to the front door and answer whoever it was that was knocking. He didn't know who he was expecting at the door but he certainly wasn't expecting BadBoyHalo and Skeppy right at the door.

*The demon blinked and beamed at him, "Oh hello Tommy!"* He exclaimed, waving slightly in greeting.

*Confused, Tommy greeted, back, "Uh, hi Ba-"* Suddenly there was a blur and an exclaimed 'Tommy!', the blond abruptly found himself being restrained- no he was being hugged by something transparent, his face smushed against something yellow and blue and somewhat see-through- *"AAAAH?! WHAT THE FUUCK?!"* He couldn't help but scream, startled by the sudden action. Struggling against the other's hold, trying to escape the tight hug that he was suddenly subjected to. He didn't even notice Bad's exclamation of 'Language Tommy!' because of what was happening.

*'Toms I missed you so much!'* The mystery transparent person exclaimed just as there were shouts of his name and sudden footsteps.

*Toms?* Tommy thought to himself before he finally decided to look at who the hell was hugging him.

*Wilbur.*

*It was Wilbur who was hugging him.*

*But he was all wrong- he was tinged grey and see-through, his eyes were so faded and almost looked like he didn't have eyes at all. He wore a yellow sweater with a blue mark on his chest. Wilbur's face was set in a happy yet somewhat sad smile. "Wilbur?"* Tommy blurted out, staring at the face of his older brother who blinked at the name.

*'Ghostbur actually.'* Wil-Ghostbur corrected gently, his gaze going from Tommy to the very alive Wilbur that was staring at him in shock and was currently being held up by both Phil and Fundy. *'Easier to differentiate us that way... Hello Alivebur, you're looking a bit different than I remember, and Phil- you're here rather early.'* He said quietly and around his shoulders- something seemed to form, the shoulders of a coat were now on him though they soon disappeared as Ghostbur looked over to Fundy. *'Fundy! My son, hello!'*

*"Er, hi? Dad?" The fox hybrid greeted back with clear confusion and shock.*

*"Uh..." An unfamiliar voiced chimed in nervously, a tall, Enderman Hybrid stood behind Bad and Skeppy, "Can we um- Can we come in?"*

Of course Tubbo let them in after that.

Ranboo introduced himself after Sapnap gave his chair up to him, the man deciding to just stand at the sidelines, typing into his communicator- no doubt informing his friends about the situation. Though none of their messages have been answered just yet, which was making them lowkey worry a bit.

"I wasn't expecting Sapnap here y'know." Bad mentions after the humorous moment subsides, "Where's Dream, George and Theo? Also Toby? Did we just miss him from meeting with JSchlatt and Quackity?" He asked, curious as to where they were, another cursory look had him adding in, "Oh! And Technoblade?"

As soon as he was finished asking, there was a slight pressure in the atmosphere. Something that just made them all freeze as Ghostbur floated away from Ranboo a bit, taking attention as suddenly he wasn't only wearing a sweater. A coat appeared from out of nowhere on Ghostbur. Bloody, ragged and torn. His eyes seeming to sharpen and his smile thinned into a frown. There was *something* in his eyes, a swirl of dark emotions that made Wilbur shiver.

*'Excellent questions Bad. Very excellent questions.'* Ghostbur drawled, his tone of voice, his entire body language totally different from what it was before. *'I'd like to add my own. Philza you're here quite early from what I remember, Technoblade too since he's been mentioned and Alivebur, you and Tommy are here in L'Manberg which is still somehow called L'Manberg despite being run by that son of a bitch Schlatt.'* Ghostbur spat out the goat hybrid's name like poison, the swirl of emotions in his eyes darkening briefly. Not even Bad chimed in to chastise Ghostbur's words. *'Also, you've got quite the scar on your face there Wilbur. My memory might fade in and out, but I definitely don't remember any of this happening... And Theo? Toby? I'm pretty sure I'm currently in the past and yet things are happening differently... What the hell happened?'*

---

"That was fucking amazing Dream, well done!" Theo praised with a proud grin on his face, even with the mask obscuring his face it was still very obvious he was proud from the tone of his voice. "Is George okay?"

Dream knelt down, feeling slightly apprehensive at the sight of his unconscious friend. He checked his pulse, sighing in relief at the clear sign of life he felt. "He's alive! His were bleeding but they've stopped." He informed loudly, rolling George onto his back, checking him for any other injury. Nothing, George was fine. He was alive and fine- his ears were bloody and he might get a headache after he woke up but he was fine.

Theo also sighed in relief, that was good. "Move Toby, we need to check on the Egg." He told the stunned brunet, breaking him out of his shock. "Make sure it's dead for real and for fucking good."

Technoblade watched both time travelers go and check on the burning remains of the Egg, awkwardly holding on to the unconscious body of Niki before deciding to lay her down on the ground. "Well?"

The Egg's shell was definitely cracked and on fire, the sword blazing with Soul-Fire from the enchantment, buried into the corpse of the damned thing. The once newly-made tentacles twitched occasionally but soon enough they stopped moving entirely as the thin vines burnt into what could've been charred coal. No one could hear anything from it anymore, its screams died down and now it was silent, mouths open wide and staying open lifelessly.

Theo carefully pried Dream's sword out of the Egg, making a face at the dark red liquid that stained the flaming weapon. Not to mention the scent of burnt iron that now came from both it and the Egg's seared corpse.

Toby prodded the scorched shell with the tip of his own sword, grimacing as he carefully separated the shell pieces and peering into the inside of it.

Within the leftover boiling sludge that was the Egg's blood or inner liquid or whatever. A small charred lump was curled tightly within it. A malformed lump, with tubes that connected to each mouth and tentacle that had been on the Egg's shell.

It's a pitiful and horrific sight to behold.

"... Is that a fucking baby?" Techno asked, having walked over to see what Toby and Theo were looking at. "That- that's a burnt fetus." He stated with shock, staring at the lump within the sludge.

"What?" Dream said incredulously, carrying the unconscious George on his back. He too, walked over to look at the inside of the Egg. "... What the *fuck*."

"It's an Egg, what did you expect?" Toby deadpans, though his face was tight with anguish and anger. "Don't feel guilty over this thing- it's a baby. Yes, it's always been a baby, especially now but it's still a monstrous creature. It takes over the Overworld in years time, it's one block now but it would grow past fifty blocks the more it ate and took over everything."

Theo's fists were clenched as he looks down at the malformed fetus. "You should've seen this thing hatch." He whispered, "It was..."

*Tommy stared from afar, grip deathly tight on his axe as the Egg **cracked**. It continued to crack until-*

*Mine.*

*Tommy choked on his saliva, the static screaming in his head but even then, he could hear the disorienting voice that sounded in his head.*

*This world. Is mine.*

*Tommy staggered back, watching with wide eyes as the humongous creature stretched, transparent red liquid dripping off of its new form.*

*I want more. Everything.*

*The blond scrambled to get away, a wave of pressure trying to drag him down. The Monster behind him roared, the Crimson and the infected rejoiced and was more enthusiastic than ever.*

*Give me everything. I want it all.*

*Tommy absconded, back into the Nether, not stopping until he was back into his empty Stronghold. Even with the pain of failure bearing down his back, with the static scrambling his head, he doesn't think he'll ever forget the **Monster** any time soon.*

*Phil and Fundy needed to finish that portal fast.*

Theo stabs the fetus with Dream's sword. Toby isn't far behind, together, they light the corpse aflame once more.

They don't stop until the Egg was totally unrecognizable. A pile of rancid black char. Their netherite weapons durability have significantly gone down because of it but they feel both triumphant and not.

They've finally done it.

The Egg was dead. It was gone.

This Egg at least.

The future has been changed.

Both men panted lightly, uncaring of how they seemed. For a moment, they shared a bit of peace and camaraderie. Reveling in the death of an enemy they had both fought against for almost half a decade now. It was over.

"Are you both done stabbing?" Technoblade asked carefully. It wasn't a mocking question, it was genuine and honestly filled with concern as he watched both men just repeatedly stab a flaming corpse over and over again. "Cause we still have some stuff that needs attention, like uh- Niki here? And the fact that the underground city is still burning? Also George is unconscious, there's that." He pointed out to them both.

And like that the moment ended as Theo looked back to Dream and George. "Right, shit. Dream, do you need me to-" He said, about to offer to carry George.

"No- it's fine Theo. I've got him." Dream replied, adjusting George on his back. "He's fine for now, but we should check on Niki." He said, motioning to the still unconscious woman on the ground. Toby and Techno were already on it, checking over Niki.

Toby suddenly swore out loud as he tucked Niki's hair behind her ear, "The flower's trying to root itself into her skin." It was indeed, the flower was convulsing, no longer controlled by the Egg and had no other purpose but still, the end of the stem had pierced the skin behind her ear. The skin contorted slightly as the stem tried to dig its way into Niki, trying to use her as its new source of *anything*.

"Oh that is disturbing." Techno murmured with a cringing look on his face.

"That's nothing." Theo snorted, having seen *and* felt worse from the future. The root scars on his side proved that. "Well, get that thing out. You have your shears, use them." He said with clear annoyance. Like the situation wasn't that disturbing, and it probably wasn't to him. Again, he's seen and felt worse.

Toby sent Theo an annoyed, exasperated look but nonetheless took his enchanted shears out. "Sorry Niki, this is going to hurt a bit." He apologized before he pressed the blade of his shears against the back of her ear. He made only a small cut thankfully. He couldn't exactly pull the flower out from where it was, it might cut itself and leave a small bit of itself in Niki which would latch on to the skin and grow.

He's seen it happen too much before.

Thankfully Niki was unconscious and Toby was capable of holding her head down when she twitched and tried to turn away from the pain.

While Toby was dealing with Niki, Techno and Theo finally checked their communicators. "We'll have to check Niki's bakery again, and stop by Eret to get rid of the flower that's on his hand." Toby says, sighing as he snipped the slightly bloody flower in half after taking it out of Niki's skin, watching it burn.

"How badly do we need to do all that?" Techno asked quietly as Toby carefully cleaned up the blood from Niki and patched the small slice he made with his shears. "Like, do we need to do those things immediately or..."

"Well, Eret's flower might try to do the same as Niki did, but considering how slow the flower had been, I guess we could check on him later? If there are any crimson plants underneath Niki's bakery, they might try to escape or something. Without the Egg, they'll be disorganized. Uncontrollable. But they'll be slow in growth, if they escape we could always find them and get rid of them easily. Without the Egg, the Crimson is less of a threat really." Toby replied with furrowed brows.

They had done their research with the Crimson.

The Crimson itself was connected to the Egg, influenced, created by, all that- but without the Egg, the Crimson was much weaker and couldn't grow as fast as it did with the Egg and was utterly uncontrollable. The Egg could encourage the growth of the Crimson, making it grow twice as fast if it wanted- but not all the time. And the Egg had to focus. And without the Egg, the Crimson couldn't control anyone.

It took a lot of obsidian and careful experiments to figure out that without the Egg's influence, the Crimson was much more easier to deal with.

"So we can risk going right back to everyone else?"

Toby gave Technoblade a confused and lost look, "I suppose? But why-"

"Ghostbur showed up with Ranboo." Theo said tightly, clutching his communicator, staring at the string of messages that Sapnap had sent him.

Toby's eyes widened while Dream showed his confusion with a tilt of his head. "What? Ghostbur and Ranboo? Who're they?"

---

Ghostbur is the man his father could have become.

That was a single prominent thought within Fundy's brain during this whole mess.

Ghostbur was a man that Wilbur Soot could've become in the future had things gone on naturally without Toby or even Theo's influence.

He was...

*'So Tommy and Tubbo went back to the past too? That's- hmm...'* Ghostbur frowned thoughtfully, the bloody coat was- it wasn't exactly gone, but it was more faded now and less bloody and torn. *'Well, that's interesting at least! But I guess I shouldn't be surprised if Fundy made the portal! He and Phil are very smart so really, it shouldn't be surprising they're here I guess. They're the reason why I'm here too actually.'* He said calmly, making Fundy and everyone else straighten at the information.

"What? What do you- Toby told me you just disappeared, just as the Crimson started spreading. He hasn't seen you for like, four years!" Phil exclaimed, confused on how on earth Ghostbur could be here.

Tommy chimed in, "And like, why are *you* here? How the hell did you meet Ghostbur?" He asked Ranboo who startled at the abrupt question.

"Well uh," Ranboo spoke up, suddenly he had a book in his hands and he was flipping through the pages. "I met him while I was wandering around the forest." He said after settling to a page, "There was a flash of light somewhere and when I went to check it out, Ghostbur was there. Just as confused as I was."

"A flash of light? Was it silver? Was there a portal?" Tubbo asked, remembering the silver portal that Toby and Theo had come out of.

Ghostbur opened his mouth to answer but was interrupted by the *BANG* of the front door and rapid footsteps coming into the living room.

*"Ghostbur?! Ranboo?! What the hell are you two doing here?! Just- how?!"* Toby cried out through deep breaths, an unconscious Niki on his back. Technoblade stared at the spectral



form of the alternate future version of his brother.

"George!" Sarnap exclaimed with worry as he instantly went to Dream and Theo's side, seeing George on Dream's back.

Theo himself was silent as he looked at Ghostbur who looked back at him.

*'... Hi Tommy... Did you miss me?'*

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## Chapter End Notes

the start of the second arc begins!

i wonder if i should change the summary to fit the story better now. that and i could add like

Arc 1 "Time Travel And Eggs": Ch 1-28

Arc 2 "Change": Ch 29-???

ehh?? ehh???

but then again i have no idea what to change the summary into. at any rate though, we're finally moving on!!

we've got a future reunion to get to! how will it go?

# A Ghost of Your Past

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

*'... Hi Tommy... Did you miss me?'*

Did he miss him?

Theo stared at the very familiar ghost floating in front of him, smiling a sad and gentle smile and his heart feels like its pounding in his chest. Wilbur floats in front of him, wearing that damned coat from their days in Pogtopia. His face may be soft but Theo could easily see the insanity that lied behind it in those near-empty fucking eyes. The sword wound on his chest, the transparency of his being and the fact he was floating was all Theo could hold on to to remind himself that Wilbur was *dead*.

*"GHOSTBUR- ALIVEBUR- IT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER! YOU'RE STILL FUCKING WILBUR AND I **HATE YOU!** JUST GO AWAY! I DON'T NEED YOU HERE! JUST GO AWAY WILBUR!"*

Wilbur.

*He was here.*

*Wilbur.*

*How was he here?*

***Wilbur.***

*Why was he here?*

***Wilbur.***

*"Let's be the bad guys."*

"Tubbo." He finally speaks up, forcing his head to turn to the teenager, surprising everyone as he continued, "We need two beds. For Niki and George." He says as calmly as possible. Which is very calm. Very *very* calm. He was *so* calm, monks were jealous over his calmness. "You got any wool?" With that, he reminds everyone that they had two people unconscious with them who may or may not need further medical help.

Getting two beds down in the living room was easy and quick. It served as a good distraction, however it was still unfortunately and painfully short for Theo as he, Dream and Sapnap stayed by George and his bed. Philza checked on Niki along with Toby, she'd be fine. She had been controlled by the Egg, was almost infected by the Crimson but she'd be fine. Niki was strong, she had two lives left.

Say, wasn't Eret potentially going to be infected as well? Theo should go check on that. And the bakery, can't forget the bakery. But George was unconscious and Theo didn't want to leave him here for long. They should move him to one of Dream's bases. The Stronghold maybe, but that would take too long.

"Oi, Technoblade! Give me back my shit!" Sapnap exclaimed, finally noticing the fact that Techno was still wearing *his* armor and weapons. It startled the hybrid who finally remembered as well.

"Oh, uh- right. Here."

Theo was almost disappointed that Technoblade gave Sapnap his things without a fuss, he didn't have to interfere at all. Still, he didn't complain, at the very least Sapnap had his things back.

He shifted slightly closer to Dream when it seemed like Ghostbur was trying to get closer to *him*- he still hasn't answered the specter at all but thankfully, for once Theo could look at Toby at a more positive light as his- as the former president stood and addressed him.

"Ghostbur. Just- *how* are you here? You disappeared, *years* ago. When the Crimson started spreading, you were just," He snapped his fingers, "Gone. And Ranboo, you're not our-er, my Ranboo. Don't get me wrong, it's great to see you but I wasn't expecting you here so soon." He told the hybrid, giving him a weary but ultimately fond smile. Ranboo was startled but returned it with his own anxious and somewhat unsure smile.

Ghostbur's attention finally diverted to Toby and Theo would thank him later if he could. Probably not, but still.

*"Little boy's angry at you Techno." Wilbur purred, smiling slyly at the hybrid while Tommy recoiled, hurt before that hurt turned into fury and he fumed silently. He- He was not a little boy! Wilbur knew that, he fucking knew that- he's been through a fucking war and they were in the middle of one right now- and of course he was **angry**. Techno **killed** Tubbo! Took his second life! His brothers- his brothers were acting like that wasn't a big deal! And Tubbo- he acted as if it wasn't a big deal either. What the **fuck**-*

*'That's certainly strange to think. To you I've been gone for years but I think I've only met and traveled with Ranboo for a few months now.'* Ghostbur said, snapping Theo out of his memories. ~~*Why was he remembering he thought he was over it.*~~ Underneath his mask, his brows furrowed at the revelation. Just a few months? *'Right Ranboo? Or am I misremembering it again?'*

Ranboo perked and flipped through his book, his memory book. "Uhh, no- wait yeah, yeah no you're right, yeah. We met like, about five months ago? 'While wandering through the forest trying to find some red roses for my tie, I met a ghost named Wilbur who calls himself Ghostbur. I met him while walking and noticing a flash of light in the trees. When I went to check it out, I found him there floating and just as confused as I was. He didn't remember what he was doing there or how, but he noticed me and called me by name. I have never met him before I'm sure of it but he knows me.'" He read aloud to them all.

*'I didn't remember how I got there at first. My memory was pretty shit-'* "Language!" Bad interrupted briefly though Ghostbur continued without problem, *'At the start but I started remembering everything slowly. It kind of fades in and out though but I've been getting better at keeping my memory. Some of it is thanks to Ranboo, he keeps track of what I remember as well in a separate book.'* He said, giving Ranboo a thankful and happy smile, the coat around his shoulder faded slightly as the hybrid blushed and muttered something underneath his breath.

Theo has no idea how to feel about that.

"Everything?" Toby repeated with a hesitant look of alarm, "Do you really remember *everything*?"

*'Not exactly. Most of it fades in and out most of the time. But again, I'm getting better at remembering on my own.'*

Toby threaded his fingers together, a look of concern on his face but he took in a deep breath and shook his head. "Okay- okay. That's- mmm, okay." He took in another deep breath and he focused on Ghostbur, "Do you remember how you got here?"

"He mentioned something about me and Phil being the reason why he's here in the first place." Fundy piped in, frowning. "I think he means the future versions of us?"

Ghostbur nodded, smiling at Fundy- the coat is gone. Theo finally feels like it was easier to breathe now. Which made no sense at all since nothing was impeding his ability to breath. He was fine. This was fine. Everything was fine. As long as he kept close to Dream, he'd be fine.

*'That's right. Yes I remember this, thankfully, so you see. I was just minding my own business, I was feeling sad over something but I can't really remember it right now when all of a sudden..'*

---

He felt complicated.

Staring at the blue crystal in his hands, Ghostbur, formerly known as Wilbur Soot, felt complicated.

He felt sad. He can't remember why, his faulty memory and the blue having already taken the memory away.

~~*Tommy's dead? No, that wasn't exactly right.*~~

He couldn't remember why he was sad. But he knows he's been using a lot more blue than usual.

*'Tommy? You're alive! Everyone said you were dead! I knew that wasn't the truth!'* Ghostbur exclaimed, happy to see his brother who just looked at him with Dream's mask on his face. *Why was he wearing Dream's mask?*

*Dream himself, stood a few steps away with his arms crossed. He seemed to be anticipating something, Ghostbur was about to ask what before Tommy spoke up again.*

*"Go away Ghostbur."*

*Ghostbur frowned, 'Tommy?'*

*"Go **away** Ghostbur."*

*'Tommy? Wh- Why are you telling me to go away? Did I do something wrong?' Ghostbur asked quietly, feeling hurt by the harsh tone his little brother was suddenly speaking to him with.*

*Tommy scoffed, sounding painfully bitter. "You did but you probably don't even remember it." He said with clenched fists, confusing the poor ghost all the more.*

*'Well, i-if I don't remember it, does that mean it was when I was Alivebur? Did I- I'm sorry Tommy. Alivebur was-' "SHUT UP!" Ghostbur shrunk back at Tommy's sudden shout.*

*"GHOSTBUR- ALIVEBUR- IT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER! YOU'RE STILL FUCKING WILBUR AND I **HATE YOU!** JUST GO AWAY! I DON'T NEED YOU HERE! JUST GO AWAY WILBUR!" Tommy choked on a wet sob, something wet dripping off his chin underneath his mask.*

*Helplessly, Ghostbur tried to float forward, reaching an arm out towards him. 'Tommy-' "Wilbur, I'll have to step in here." Dream suddenly said, pulling Tommy away from Ghostbur's reach. Tommy let him, shrinking behind Dream's back and trying to silence the choked breathing and sobs he was making, feeling utterly humiliated for crying in front of them both even if the mask hid his face.*

*Dream stood between him and Tommy and Ghostbur felt hurt and helpless, blue tears dripping from his almost empty eyes. 'Dream, wha-' Dream interrupted him again. "I think you should leave Wilbur. You're upsetting Tommy."*

*It felt like Phil's sword was in his chest again. An agonizing pain that struck his torso as Ghostbur glanced between Dream and Tommy, a quiet, unheard part of his head hissed at the masked green man- something was wrong. He'd forgotten something. Something important. But he can't remember what.*

*He needs- Blue.*

*He needs more blue. And to leave.*

*'I- okay. I'm sorry Tommy. I'm so sorry.'*

*He leaves quickly, looking back only once and was pained to see Dream hugging his shaking brother. He flees, runs back into the woods and leaves the two masked men alone.*

*If Dream's mask hadn't been on, if Ghostbur had been more calm or was more like his old self, maybe he'd see how off this whole situation was and turn back.*

*Dream kept a firm but gentle hold on Tommy, a satisfied smile hidden beneath his porcelain mask. That should keep Ghostbur away from Tommy. "There there Toms. He's gone now. You did great- how are you feeling?" While Tommy had trained underneath him, Dream had coaxed everything out of the blond. Tommy had told him all about Wilbur's behavior in Pogtopia. Truly, he'd been quite disturbed at what Tommy faced in Wilbur's insanity, he had noticed how off-hinge Wilbur had been back then but he never really imagined the actual extent of it.*

*But Tommy's behavior made a lot more sense now that Dream knew. Tommy had been long traumatized before Dream even got to him, and by his own brother no less.*

*Dream didn't even have to do much for this outcome. He comforted Tommy, mentioned how fucked up it was- and it was fucked up. He wasn't even lying. Everything that Tommy has been through, shouldn't have happened. Tommy was just a teenager. He was on his last life- sure Dream had taken them both personally but that's because of how Wilbur started L'Manberg and Tommy followed after him with his stupidly loyal self.*

*Well. Tommy was loyal to Dream now. Not totally yet, Dream was still looking into his little project but he trusted Dream. And Dream would protect that trust, would cultivate that trust and loyalty.*

*Ghostbur was an unseen and unfortunate thorn in his side, he was someone who Dream couldn't kill off- he was a fucking ghost. But he could make Ghostbur stay away. Bringing Tommy into L'Manberg as Theo would be very difficult with that ghost around, he knew that from the start. Not to mention, Ghostbur had a very small chance of finding his bases and such.*

*So the best solution, was to let Tommy deal with it. With his repressed trauma and emotions against Ghostbur, Wilbur, dealing with the ghost would be easy.*

*"... I feel like shit." Tommy whispered to him, sniffing, "I- I'm still so angry at him though. And- fuck, I still feel so angry but I feel bad for Ghostbur. He's not really like the Wilbur I knew and I shouted at him like an asshole. I don't- I don't hate Ghostbur."*

*Dream frowned but shook his head, "He's still Wilbur though. He just doesn't remember it all- and hey, you can always apologize to him later." He wouldn't let it happen though. But in the end, it didn't matter. There wouldn't be a later. Because after that, Ghostbur seemed to disappear permanently.*

*Tommy felt so guilty while Dream took advantage to it. And he did his best to relieve Tommy of his guilt.*

*So much blue.*

*'Maybe- maybe I should head back... to L'Manberg... Phil might be worried now. How long have I been away?' Ghostbur whispered to himself, feeling lost as he tried to remember just how long it's been. He can't even remember why he left in the first place.*

*~~He heard Theo speak, he sounded so familiar, he followed after him and Dream.~~*

Sighing, the ghost tried to remember which way L'Manberg was.

Until suddenly, there was a silver light that nearly blinded him.

Ghostbur yelped, recoiling away from the light, feeling panicked at the sight of the bright silver-

"Dad?"

The specter blinked incredulously at the familiar voice. '*Fundy?*' He questioned, watching with wide eyes as the silver light formed into something like- a circular portal in the air. It seemed rather unstable though, but he could see him. Fundy, on the other side of the strange light portal thing. '*Fundy is that you? What's going on?*' He questioned only to gasp as he truly saw his hybrid son.

He looked older, much older- his fur had lost its healthy color, and there were a few scars he doesn't recognize on his son's poor furry face. Fundy looked at him in disbelief from within the strange portal, "Holy- PHIL! PHIL I DID SOMETHING! I THINK I DID GOOD!" He screamed off to the side, his eyes wide and grinning- despite his enthusiasm. It was clear that he was *exhausted*.

Phil? Was his father there?

'*Fundy? What are- Fundy please what's going on I am terribly confused right now.*' Ghostbur clutching the blue to his chest. '*Are you- son you look so tired. Have you been sleeping well? Are you okay? Oh your face, those scars-*' He cuts himself off when he sees the sad, but nostalgic look on Fundy's face. '*Fundy?*'

"I'm- I'm fine. Da-uh, Ghostbur. I'm fine I just-" Fundy sighed but perked when another voice tiredly joined in.

"Ghostbur? Fundy did you actually open a window into the past? Holy shit-" Phil lumbered into view and Ghostbur gasped once more, seeing his adopted father. He looked *old*. Older than he was, and there were definitely new scars on him. "Oh Ghostbur. I- this must be before you disappeared." Phil said with a sad smile before it dropped into a thoughtful look.

"Why *did* you disappear in the first place anyway?"

'*Disappear? What- I don't-*' Ghostbur felt terribly confused, he wanted to ask so many questions but unfortunately he couldn't ask anything as the silver portal started to spark *violently*.

Fundy and Phil swore on their side of the portal, "Shit! It's unstable- No, no no no! We can't lose this opportunity! We have to keep this window open for everyone- Tubbo and Tommy might be there!" Fundy shouted desperately as he seemed to fiddle with something on their side.

"I know- crap! The runes are overheating, shit shit shit-" Phil disappeared from view, but his voice carried on with cursing.

Ghostbur watched with worry, *'What's going on over there? Fundy?! Phil?!'* They sounded like they needed help, with one hand he clutched his blue and the other he reached out towards the portal.

Fundy saw this and frantically tried to stop him, "WAIT! Dad no! Don't touch the-" *'But Fundy you look-'*

Too late.

As soon as the tips of his fingers connected to a spark, Ghostbur suddenly was overcome with *agony*.

*"You were never going to be president Tommy."*

He doesn't register the screams in the air that came from his own mouth.

*"SUCK IT GREEN BOOOOYYY!!!"*

He doesn't register Fundy's screams.

*"NO ONE can have Manberg."*

He doesn't register Phil's anguished screams joining Fundy's.

*"Did you just call me Wilby?"*

He's surrounded by colors that flash by so quickly he can't keep track of it all.

*"L'MANBERG MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY!"*

Memories fill and leave his head so fast, he doesn't know who he is for a brief, terrifying moment.

*'Tommy do you want some blue?'*

He remembers who he is.

There's something *more* in his head, but he doesn't remember it later.

*A fox screaming in agony, clutching his arm. An old man smiling sadly as he's covered in crimson. A portal glowing white. A man in red with a mask staring into poisonous eyes. A man with scars underneath his chin staring forward with disbelief. A pig aiming a sword at two nearly identical men with a young blond by his side. Scarlet vines curling around multiple people. A man in green with a mask stares ahead with clenched fists. Poison clashing with leaves. Blue fire covering a nation. A sad smile on an obscured face disappearing into the darkness.*

Panting lightly, Ghost... Wilbur? Ghostbur? Who is he? No. He was *Ghostbur*. He... was? Wasn't he? He feels confused.



He looks around, confused as to where he was. Was this the same forest as before?

Where was he?

"H... Hello?"

Ghostbur? Looked over to see... an Enderman hybrid? Looking at him with wide and confused eyes. He knows him. He knows he knows him. Who was he? No wait, he *knows*- 'Hi Ranboo. What are you doing here?'

"U-Uh... what?"

---

*'It took a while for me to figure out I was in the past. But when I did, I wanted to come to L'Manberg to see for myself. Ranboo came with me even though he didn't have to.'* Ghostbur finished, glancing around the silent room.

"W-Well, if I didn't then you'd probably not remember as much or something. Also, I uh... I really wanted to meet everyone." Ranboo admitted shyly, smiling weakly at the others. He'd heard so much about them from Ghostbur's stories and ramblings. He'd written it all down in Ghostbur's book. When the opportunity came, he couldn't help himself and joined Ghostbur in his quest to return to L'Manberg.

Toby was grasping his chin, looking alarmed but deep in thought. Had Fundy managed to make another functioning portal? Well, semi-functioning. It sounded very unstable at the end there- or had it been way earlier when Fundy and Philza had been testing it? No, it didn't sound like it, Fundy had mentioned what Toby was sure to be he and Theo at the end there. And Fundy and Phil would have told Toby about this, that they had met Ghostbur in one of their tests.

The future had been changed.

But at the same time not.

Toby had been quietly afraid of this, that despite the change they've made, *their* future still existed. He and Theo still existed when in one of Fundy's theories was that either he and Theo would cease to exist or continue for a multitude of reasons.

If their future still existed then...

Toby clenched his fist. Grim determination in his eyes, he would have to try and make contact with their future once again. This world didn't have the terror of the Egg anymore, they could rescue everyone and evacuate that future to here- he'd have to talk with everyone else about this choice but it was a *chance*.

He needed Fundy and Philza to look over the portal that brought he and Theo to the past.

A groan caught everyone's attention, it came from George who groggily opened his eyes and sat up the bed, clutching his head. "Ugh, what happened?"

"*GEORGE!*" Sapnap, Dream and Bad exclaimed happily which made George wince.

"*OW!* Not so loud! My head's ringing badly-" George complained but was interrupted by the hug that Sapnap gave him.

Theo sighed in relief, seeing George wake up. And that easily meant- "This has been nice and all but the Egg is dead now." He said, nudging Sapnap, George and Dream. "We should get going now that George is awake." He wanted to go. He wanted to leave. "I'll take care of Eret and the garden, you guys- stay here and talk and shit. I don't particularly care anymore." It didn't matter, whatever was said here. They didn't need him, he didn't need them.

"Theo? What?" The Dream Team were confused as Theo helped George up, letting the colorblind man lean on Sapnap for support. "Theo-"

"Okay, let's go. We've got shit to do don't we? Mm, yes, much shit to do. Lots of it. Gotta get to Eret, he's probably freaking out about that flower of his." Theo was practically pushing all three men to move.

"Wait a minute!! First off, language! Second off, you guys just got here! And! Skeppy and I still have to talk to you four!" Bad protested, hands on his hips with a frown.

"We can talk later, arrange a meeting and sh- and stuff. There I watched my language. But we really gotta go we-" Theo insisted, taking in deep breaths. His hands shaking slightly.

Dream unfortunately noticed and he turned to him, "Theo, what's wrong? Are you okay?" He asked quietly.

Stiffly, Theo nodded, "I am. I'm so fine, so very fine and okay. Let's just go. Let's just-"

*'Dream.'*

Everyone froze as the tense atmosphere dropped sharply and suddenly like an anvil.

Ghostbur's figure flicked slightly, his coat suddenly around his shoulders, bloodied and torn and flapping in the non-existent wind as his *face*- Ender. It was *furios*. His eyes were no longer milky white and near-nonexistent. They were *dark* now. And swirled with anger and some familiar insanity. Theo's breath hitched as for a moment. It's not Ghostbur in front of him.

It's Wilbur.

*Wilbur smiled cruelly from his place above, his gentle older brother long gone. "That is perfect, that is perfect." He laughed as Techno wiped at his bloody fingers. Techno muttered underneath his breath, "It stays in the pit." And Tommy is trying his best, not to tear up as he pressed a hand against his bloodied face- black eye, broken nose, bruised face, he thinks to himself, assessing the damage.*

Insane Wilbur.

*"WILBUR HELP PLEASE I'M STUCK!" Tommy shouted from underneath the pistons- it was stupid. So very stupid. But he had to do something, something that could make Wilbur laugh like before. Being annoying didn't work like it usually did anymore. Wilbur was just so angry now. "WILBUR! WILBUR!" Well he's done it. He's made him laugh. But he's stuck. And Wilbur's laughter sounds so skewed, not like before. "THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE THIS ISN'T FUNNY-" All of them are laughing while he's trapped underneath the fucking pistons- Nonono Wilbur don't put down blocks he couldn't see breathe help help "WILBUR!"*

Furious and paranoid Wilbur from Pogtopia.

*"This is insane Wilbur, this is insane." They can't blow it all to hell. It was still L'Manberg underneath the bullshit Schlatt had done. They just needed to- they just needed to get L'Manberg back from the bastard. They had worked so hard for this. Tommy had given up almost everything for L'Manberg- he'd given Dream his fucking discs for this country and Wilbur just wanted to blow it up. "We can't!" Wilbur looks at him and Tommy freezes in fear at the insane look in his eyes. Where was his big brother?*

*'Dream I remember now.' Wilbur whispered, menacingly low and a snarl forming on his face. 'I remember what you did to Tommy. In his exile. I remember everything you did.'*

Theo can't breath. Why can't he breath? Why can't he-

Wilbur *moves* and so does Theo. It's instinct. Theo moves because Dream was in *danger and-*

They lock eyes as Theo uses himself as Dream's shield *-he was a good tool he could be a shield as well as a weapon he was good he was Loyal-* as the ghost's iron sword is aimed at his chest.

*'... Tommy, move aside.'*

Theo doesn't realize how hard he's trembling as he whispers out a strained but firm, "No."

*"Tommy let's be the bad guys."*

"No. Wilbur. I won't let you hurt Dream."

Not his owner. Not his friend. Not the only person who's cared for him when his own family and friends casted him aside.

He didn't need anyone else, they didn't need him.

Dream.

Dream needed him and he needed Dream.

Wilbur hurt him and left.

Dream hurt him and stayed.

Tubbo exiled him and left.

Dream comforted him and stayed.

Phil left.

Dream broke him and stayed.

Technoblade tried to kill him and left.

Dream rebuilt him and stayed.

Fundy and Ranboo left with Tubbo.

Dream took him in and he *stayed*.

He stayed.

He stayed and Tommy would stay for him. He was Loyal. Enchantment be damned, he'd stay fucking loyal even without it he's sure.

Wilbur had no *right* to be angry at *Dream*. Not at this Dream at least, or even at Tommy's original Dream.

Not when Wilbur left. Not when he changed. Not when he *died and left him alone*.

He had no right.

*None of them did.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

*\*claps\* we got F A N A R T me doods*

[Theo by atsapple](#)

they drew our boi theo :DD

[EGG TIME by Galaghiel](#)

you keep coming back with these pieces and i'm frothing at the mouth with  
SEROTONIN THEY DREW THE SQUAD ABOUT TO GO AGAINST THE EGG

haha sleepy boi inc angst go brrr

we're staring the second arc STRONG with FEELINGS!

yeah we could've gone a nicer route but theo is a repressed traumatized man who is forcing himself away from the family that wants him back, his dream did not help and was fanning the flames for a LONG time. also pogtopia was realistically really traumatic if you think about it and i thought about it and i decided- yes. let's go with that. it's been years and theo is NOT OVER IT at all despite what he might think. he's not over a lot of things despite what everyone thinks. none of the future guys are tbh. and that is going to be FUN!

it has been 30 chapters, if i had kept up my streak this would've been like just a month really since i started.

but yes! that's how ghostbur got to the past :) and

next

chapter

will

be

fun :)))

no promises that i'll update tomorrow though, some things came up and i might not be able to update so fair warning to you guys.

# Sing Your Anthem

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"No. Wilbur. I won't let you hurt Dream."

His voice was quiet, strained and Theo was shaking, Sapnap realized, watching the masked blond stand between Dream and Ghostbur. He was *shaking*- the man who's been quiet and solid in front of everyone else this entire time was *shaking*, like he was scared of something.

Someone actually.

And Sapnap couldn't blame him.

Ghostbur? Flat out *terrifying* right now. He didn't realize just how scary Wilbur could actually be, and neither did Wilbur himself it seems as he watched the entire thing with wide eyes behind large glasses.

Ghostbur didn't wear glasses.

But even if he did, Sapnap doubts it would impede on the look of malice mixed with anger and something else Sapnap couldn't exactly tell just yet- he'll later find out it was actual *insanity*, Theo tells him that's what it was and Sapnap will be *horrified* to find out more about what happened.

"My older brother went insane, blew up the nation we built and died to my dad but came back as a fucking ghost who doesn't remember the bad shit he did."

Right now, Sapnap was terrified for Dream and Theo because that ghost looked downright *murderous* at the moment.

Ghostbur's eyes narrowed at Theo and Theo actually *flinches* at the small simple action.

He's not the only one to notice. Even Ghostbur notices and the ghost falters, his sword wavering from where it was pointing at Theo's chest and that's enough for Theo.

Theo just straight up, *grabs* the sword. Tightly. Uncaring of the sharp edges, uncaring of the way it cuts through the bandages that wrapped around his hands and then the skin- blood seeps from his cut palms and fingers, staining the bandages and the sword, alarming everyone around him. "*Theo!*" Theo didn't care and kept his grip on the sword.

"This Dream hasn't done *anything*." Theo says, to Ghostbur, to everyone, "You're angry for no Ender fucking reason Wilbur. Put this shitty sword away." Only when Theo tightened his grip and split more of his own blood does the sword disappear from Ghostbur's hand. Most of the ghost's anger melting away into concern.

*'Tommy your hand-'*

Theo backs away from him, his bloody hand clenched, "It's *Theo* now *Ghostbur*." He stresses, shy-well, not exactly *shying* away from Ghostbur's concern. He turns away from him, "If you want Tommy, the kid brother that you fucking know and love- he's *right there*. Right behind you. Right *next to you*. Right next to the *sane* Wilbur- Toby's at least done *something* right with this time shit. If you want Tommy, the loud *child gremlin* you won't find him with me." He mutters, turning back to Dream, George and Sapnap. "We're leaving. Like I said, I'll deal with Eret, message me when there's important shit to discuss." He nudges the Dream Team with his clean and uninjured hand.

"Theo-" Sapnap quietly said, looking at his injured and still bleeding hand. "*Later*." Theo interrupts with a slight hiss and Sapnap sees how tense his shoulders are. They're tense and shaking.

Theo clearly really want to leave, to get away from the specter that was his brother who was looking less angry and more hurt and distressed.

So all four of them leave through the front door once again without a word, leaving behind the family that Theo claims to have cut ties with. It's a claim that Sapnap believes a bit better now, in the face of what happened- he doesn't understand everything yet. There are obviously things he's missing but Sapnap sees the way Theo seemed *genuinely* scared of Ghostbur, his body language betraying his fear, and his voice wasn't as strong as it should be.

Once they're a few blocks away from Tubbo's house- surprisingly no one stopped them from leaving. Not even Bad or Skeppy, Sapnap makes a note to talk to them later but it's probably for the best. Once they were away, just off the path and more into the woods towards the supposed direction of Eret's palace, George forces them to stop. He looked better, less pale and was now strong enough to stand on his own without needing anyone to prop him up.

"Hold it *hold it*- Theo. Theo, your hand." George urged, taking Theo's injured hand to look over it- it was a mess. Blood stained Theo's fingers and wrappings, the scent of iron reminded George too much of the Egg and the surely burnt secret city- the man had to hold back a wretch and gagged instead. It was worse with the fact that the smell of ash and fire lingered around him, Dream and Theo.

Theo laid his other hand on George's shoulder at that. "You okay?" He questioned quietly.

"Valid question but are *you* okay Theo? That was..." Dream trailed off, unsure on how to continue.

Sapnap finished for him. "That was rough." It's an understatement but essentially Sapnap was telling the truth.

It was rough.

"I'm *fine*." Theo retorted, taking his hand back from George. "Look I'll even-" He interrupted himself, taking a spare regen pot from his inventory and uncorking it, nudging his mask up a little to free his mouth, Sapnap cringed as some blood smudged against the side of the

porcelain mask. Theo drank down the regeneration potion, and showed the Dream Team the healing effects. The cuts on his fingers and palms closed, but the blood lingered. "There. All better. Gotta brew more regen pots later on." The blond grumbled, unwrapping the cut bandages from his hand. He balled them together, wiping off excess blood while trying not to stain his other hand.

Most of the blood was cleaned up, but his hand was still stained. "I'll clean up with water later. But there. All good?"

It's a distraction. Simple as that. Theo was deliberately focusing on his physical wounds, though having his hand no longer bleeding was great and all but Theo was definitely distract them from what happened. Distract them from how he truly felt. And they all knew it.

"Theo..."

Trying to help Theo seemed a lot harder now.

"I meant what I said, we should get to Eret and deal with his shit." Theo insisted, "At this point he might lose his arm-"

*'Theo wait!'*

The masked man let out a swear at the interruption, clenching his newly healed fist. Behind them, Ghostbur appeared from the trees, he still had the coat on but it wasn't bloody nor torn- he was alone at the moment. Didn't seem like anyone else was following him so there was that, however the fact he was still here was definitely a problem.

"Go away Ghostbur."

Ghostbur recoiled at the familiar words he'd heard from months ago. However, this time he replied with a sure and firm. *'No. I'm not- I'm not going away.'* Not again. Not after last time. He'd left his Toms with Dream, that had been a mistake. A mistake he wasn't going to let happen again. *'I'm not going to leave you alone with him.'* He growled, his coat flickered briefly around his shoulders- from clean to bloody and torn then back to clean.

Theo tensed at the growl, moving to use his body to shield Dream again. "Theo, Theo it's okay." Dream said, laying a hand on Theo's shoulder from behind him.

"But it's *not*. Dream they- they're painting you as some psychopathic asshole!" Theo exclaimed angrily, fists clenched and eyes glaring through the holes of his mask.

*'That's because he is! The wanker- I remember, I remember what Dream did during your exile. He forced you to put things in an ender-damned hole and made you watch him blow everything up you worked for! I remember the bruises, I remember the injuries that were too precise to be caused by mobs or by falling down somewhere- I remember the insults- I don't remember everything he said but I can get the fucking gist! He was toying with you!'*

Ghostbur replied back just as angry. Both at Dream *and* at himself. His past state had been pathetic, he had noticed things but as soon as something else took his attention or it all seemed too much, he'd just end up forgetting. Things would be different now, sure his



memory wasn't as good but he was getting *better* and Ranboo had a record of everything he said to him.

Theo's lips pulled into a snarl- his mask was still nudged up a bit to show off his mouth, "That was *then*, this is *now*- this Dream hasn't even done *anything* like that to me!" He willingly gave up his items to Dream and Dream didn't blow them up. Dream's even started *giving back* to him.

*'And just because that and because this Dream is fucking younger I'd trust him with you?! He hasn't done anything yet, like hell I'm leaving you alone with him.'*

"Oi!" Sapnap couldn't help but exclaim, feeling indignant, "He's not alone- George and I are right here!"

*'I don't feel any better with that fact- the last time I heard you and George left Dream's side permanently.'* Ghostbur told him with a deep frown. Sapnap and George couldn't help but look away at that while Dream flinched. *'I'm staying by your side whether you like it or not.'*

"No. No no *no- don't you fucking-*" Theo hissed through his teeth, jaw clenched and he was trembling again. Be it from anger or fear, it was hard to tell at the moment as he fumed at the determined specter.

Then, all of a sudden.

Theo's posture changed, his shaking stopped, his jaw unclenched and his back straightened. His fits uncurled as he gave Ghostbur a cold frown. Behind the ghost, it seemed like nearly everyone from the house had finally come- almost all of them looked furious, Bad and Skeppy looked hesitant. Techno, Phil, Wilbur, Tubbo and Toby looked ready to commit murder, Tommy and Ranboo were both grimacing- but Theo paid them no mind as he stared at the ghost of his brother.

His mouth opened.

And he began to *sing*.

---

*THEOINNIT WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING??? dude is it just me or is he scared of ghostbur? Theo step away and let Ghostbur stab Dream. STAB HIM STAB HIM STAB HIM STAB HIM! don't stab him!! toby toby help what are they doing this isnt the family i watched grow up toby whyyy. LMAO THEY'RE JUST LEAVING- stab stab stab! MAKE HIM PAY! guys chill you're being so loud.*

Toby watched Theo leave *again* with the Dream Team -his chest ached at the ultimately familiar sight of Theo's back leaving- his arms crossed tightly on his chest and trying his best to ignore Chat. At some point, Bad and Skeppy just quietly left as well, he wasn't paying either of them attention, too focused on other things.

He felt... admittedly he felt disappointed that Ghostbur was unable to get to Dream. But at the same time, there was a sense of relief and some understanding from the more logical side of

his head- if Ghostbur attacked Dream then that would set off Theo who would try to attack Ghostbur, fail and just make things even more complicated.

'Tommy...' Ghostbur whispered quietly, sadly. There was a trace of Wilbur from Pogtopia there, mostly in the coat which was now clean and untorn.

Honestly the sight of Ghostbur turning more into the Wilbur who blew up L'Manberg- it had made Toby so tense. So very tense as he remembered-

*Tubbo felt so numb after he respawned and escaped into Pogtopia- well, somewhat. The twinges of pain from his very new scars underneath his chin and covering his torso was something but he felt so numb to everything. Shock? Was this shock? He doesn't know. But he tries to rationalize everything, even when Tommy rages on his behalf, he tries to calm his friend down. "It's okay- it's- there were too many people." He says that- or something along those lines. Technoblade had killed him. In front of the entire country. That was- it was fine. ~~It wasn't he died he died and it HURT.~~ Wilbur was saying something and he couldn't concentrate that well. Suddenly Techno and Tommy were in a hole. A pit? He moves to join Tommy's side, calm him down but Wilbur drags him back, "They need to sort this out Tubbo. Sit down." Wilbur's voice is soft, tinged with something Tubbo can't recognize but he can't help but nod. Wilbur knew what to do. He always did. He flinches at every hit Techno and Tommy do on each other, Technoblade having the clear upper hand. When it's over, he finally goes to Tommy's side after Wilbur leaves with Technoblade while laughing- it's disturbing, but he focuses on Tommy. He's crying, he insists he isn't and Tubbo says nothing but provides him a spare health potion. He still feels numb, but he's there for him.*

One of the voices had mentioned that Theo seemed scared of Ghostbur.

With how Ghostbur had been, Toby actually couldn't blame him if he was.

Still, the fact that even with that fear or something, he had *still* defended Dream-

"Ghostbur, are you okay?" Ranboo asked quietly, shuffling over to stand beside the quiet ghost.

Ghostbur grimaced, 'I... no. No. I'm not letting him go. I'm not- not this time. Dream can't have him again, not after- after-' A look of frustration was on his face before he turned to Ranboo. 'Ranboo- I have to write- my memory book. I might forget this but I can't I- just in case, I need to remember everything I'm remembering right now. Every bad thing Dream did to Toms. Please.'

Ranboo already had the book out along with a quill, he offered it to Ghostbur who frantically scribbled into the pages. Muttering underneath his breath. It didn't take long and soon enough he closed the book and gave it back to Ranboo, 'I'll- I'll come back later. I'll come back later Ranboo, I'm sorry. But I need to get to Tommy. Theo- whatever! My little brother. He's still my little brother, I can't let Dream take him away again.'

"No no! It's fine! Go, he- you should go to him." Ranboo reassured, smiling at the ghost who smiled back briefly before he was quickly gliding out the door. Trying to catch up with the group that just left.

The enderman hybrid sighed as he held Ghostbur's memory book- Ghostbur always gave it to him, letting him keepsake the memories and other things that he and Ghostbur would write into it. but yelped when a hand settled on his shoulder, "GAH! Ng-o-oh. Uh, hi? Tu-no, Toby right?" He questioned anxiously, smiling weakly at the man who had came up from behind him.

Toby gave him a gentle smile, "Hello Ranboo. It's nice to see you again. Even if you haven't met me yet." He greeted, patting his shoulder.

Ranboo relaxed at the smile, his own getting a bit stronger as he nodded. It was weird, for someone to know you even though you haven't met them at all. Yet. He's looking forward to spending time in L'Manberg and getting to know everyone that Ghostbur had told him- and! He got to meet with Niki again. Even if Niki was, for some reason, unconscious in a bed within the living room right now. That was- that was concerning. But still, it looked like she was fine.

"Hey Ranboo!" The hybrid blinked as suddenly a boisterous blond was in his face. Tommy for once, looked serious. "Can I look at the book?" He asked, glancing down to Ghostbur's Memory Book.

Ranboo spluttered, clutching the book tightly to his chest. "Wha- b-but this is- It's Ghostbur's memory book! I think- this is kinda um, private?" He said, the book disappearing from his hands and deeper into his inventory.

Toby's brows furrowed, "Tommy he has a point. This is Ghostbur's memory book. We can't mess with it." He said, remembering how personal *Ranboo's* Memory Book was. The enderman hybrid was very protective over it, and though this book was for Ghostbur, it still stood for the same thing. Suddenly Chat screamed loudly, making him and Techno wince.

*read it. READ THE BOOK! Read the book it might hold good secrets! WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT GHOSTBUR REMEMBERS ABOUT DREAM DOING SHIT TO THEO!*

"But we could find out what fucked up shit Dream did to me! Theo! HIM THE BASTARD WHO WE'RE TRYING TO SOMEHOW DRAG BACK TO OUR SIDE?!" Tommy exclaimed *loudly*.

Ranboo winced, "Oh he was not kidding about you being loud." He muttered quietly to himself.

Tommy crossed his arms, "C'mon, it's for the greater good here big man! And! I..." He bit his lip, his volume getting a bit lower. "I want to know what he did."

Ranboo hesitated, because of course he does- he has the backbone of a chocolate eclair.

Toby had at first wanted to protest, to say *no* but... What Chat and Tommy said struck a chord in him. He didn't really know what Dream had done to Theo during his exile.

Ghostbur knew, Ghostbur *remembered*. He had been there, he had seen what Dream had done- a few times at least before he started visiting and hanging around L'Manberg more

often.

"I... Don't know about this." Ranboo said hesitantly, nervously fiddling with his fingers.

Finally, after what seemed to be a long time. Wilbur spoke up, "If it matters, I wouldn't mind letting everyone look at it? Technically it's *my* memory book, in a way and..." Wilbur trailed off, looking at Ranboo who crumpled like wet paper.

"Good one Wilbur." Techno complimented quietly, smirking at his younger brother who smiled back at him.

Ranboo, with the non-existent backbone he has, hands over Ghostbur's memory book.

The first few pages were neatly written, a few paragraphs that depicted random memories or a few short sentences. Some were nice.

*I remember starting L'Manberg, Tommy and I were 'making drugs' and it blew up from there. Started out as a joke, grew into something more very quickly. Tommy was so happy back then and so eager to help. He smiled a lot back then.*

Some weren't as such.

*I remember Pogtopia. Tommy being afraid of me. I wish I could go back and say sorry to that scared Tommy. I hurt my little brother. I'm a bad brother im sorry tomss*

Tommy didn't have time to go into that trashfire right now. He went straight to where Ghostbur wrote, everyone gathering behind him to read over his shoulder.

It was messy and not written as properly as most of the other pages but it was readable.

*cant forget dream hurt tommy. he prompted the exile then he forced tommy to put almost everything he owned and made in a hole and made him watch everything blow up. armor weapons food he blew it all up in front of tommy. dream hit tommy sometimes he had bruises and cuts. he made tommy rely on him and pretended to be his friend. he gaslit tommy, told him lies and manipulated him. dont remember everything he said but i remember some things. worthless, tubbo didnt need toms, he was a burden. all not true dreams a fucing liar. cant let tommy near dream. tommy was losing his color in exile. he was so bright like the tommy here but he dulled because of dream. **dont forget again. dream hurt tommy dont let him take him away again.***

The last two sentences was shakily underlined twice.

*kill dream time? THE MASKED ASSHOLE I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! MAKE HIM PAY! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! oh dear. AAAAAH DREAM WHY???*

"I'm gonna kill him."

Surprisingly, it was Wilbur who said that. His face contorting to the near identical murderous look Ghostbur had when he had been facing Dream down with a sword.

"*Save some for the rest of us Wilbur.*" Techno growled, low and guttural. Philza said nothing, a steely look on his face. Tommy had gone silent, his face complicated but angry. Tubbo seethed quietly, gripping Tommy's shoulder tightly. Bad and Skeppy shared a skeptical look, they couldn't exactly believe Ghostbur's writing about Dream but...

Toby's fists clenched and a new fire sparked in his eyes, a dark scowl on his face. "That son of a *bitch*." He hissed- he *knew* it. He fucking *knew* that Dream had been- The exile- ***Fuck!***

It didn't take long for them to sprint out to follow Ghostbur. Hoping to catch up, engrossed in their newfound protective emotions that were burning from the hastily scribbled paragraph in Ghostbur's memory book. Only Ranboo, Bad, Skeppy and *Tommy* were trying to calm them down. Yes, Tommy was trying to calm them down- shocking. Though he was still somewhat angry, he was trying to calm the rest of his family and both versions of his best friends down.

It didn't take long for them to find Ghostbur, Theo and the Dream Team.

The only reason none of the furious were lunging at Dream who stood *right behind Theo*, was the bizarre fact that Theo began to *sing*.

"*I heard there was a special place.*" Theo sang, the beginnings of a familiar tune. A familiar song. A familiar anthem. "*Where men could go and emancipate.*" His voice was soft, but it rang loud into the sudden silence.

"*The brutality and tyranny of their rulers.*" It's a shocking moment, truly shocking. However, something settled in the stomachs of those who knew the song. Wilbur and Ghostbur especially as suddenly, Theo's voice shifted from soft to hard and he sang different lyrics to the anthem and song they knew of. "*That place was real but now it's **gone!***" He took a step forward and Ghostbur floated a step back.

'Toms wh-'

"*Theo went **mad** and planted a **shitton of bombs!***" Ghostbur's face was one of horror and denial as he floated back a step more.

'Tommy no-'

"***IT'S A SMOLDERING PIT!***"

'Please-'

"***A VERY BLOWN UP L'MANBERG!***"

'No.'

"Bye L'Manberg."

'No, no you- you wouldn't-'

"Bye L'Manberg."

*'Tommy plea-'*

*"Bye L'Manberg."*

Ghostbur's gone silent, his face wide with horror and blue tears trailing down his face as Theo reached up to remove his mask. His face, stone cold and glaring. *"Fuck L'Maaaaanberg."* He whispered, staring right into Ghostbur's eyes.

Silence reigned the area and Ghostbur- he collapsed on to the ground, something Wilbur also did. The ghost however wasn't exactly touching the ground, just floating above it, but he was on his knees, looking at Theo with denial and disbelief. *'... You didn't...'*

Theo gave him a stoic frown. His eyes, so dull they almost looked grey. "I did." He said quietly, and his eyes shifted over to Toby who had stopped breathing the moment Theo had started singing. "You can ask Toby. I continued the *'family tradition.'*" He sneered before taking in a deep breath and closing his eyes. "... For the longest time, while growing up. I wanted to be like you. Wilby." Both Wilbur and Ghostbur made a keening noise at the nickname. "And I did for a moment. I was exactly like you when L'Manberg blew up for a third and final time."

With his eyes closed, he put his mask back on. *"Listen up!"* He says loudly, his head looking back to Toby once again. "If *anything* happens to Dream. I'm blowing up L'Manberg."

A chill ran down everyone's spine at the declaration.

"If anything happens to George. I'm blowing up L'Manberg."

Theo turned on his heel.

"Anything to Sapnap- you get the fucking gist."

He walked towards the frozen Dream Team. "I mean it. I've done it before, I'll do it again. And Ghostbur-" He paused and looked back at the ghost still on his knees. "Stay away from Dream and I and your nation will be safe. Or who knows. You can blow it up yourself. I don't care. Now if you'll excuse us, we have a king to check on."

---

## Chapter End Notes

*f a n a r t :D*

[once again by Jas\\_Thyme](#)

rewind doodles :DD

i'm going to use this end note to say to everyone who has read this story and commented and such or just read it entirely;

thank you.

thank you *so much* for reading, for commenting, for making and sending fanart, for bookmarking, for leaving kudos. just- thank you. i am in utter awe on how well this story has been going and the support i've wracked with this story. though i don't talk much to people in my comments, know that i read every single comment and i'm just delighted by what you guys write in there. it makes me smile to see every comment, from short to goddamn long- to everyone who wrote long ass comments (you know who you are); holy shit you guys are cool and reading what you say is amazing XD

it's been 31 chapters, we're in the beginning of the second arc and i'm feeling good ~~from crushing everyone's hearts and emotions on this chapter :)~~ (also chapter seemed a bit seuffed to me but hey, i wrote it and i'm back with the update)

the full name of this chapter was supposed to be 'Sing Your Anthem (And Weep)' thought it was too much on the nose so i shortened it  
you have no idea how much i've waited to use those lyrics. ever since i heard dream sing his version of the song- you know i had to have theo make his own version.

yeah everyone needs therapy and shit but the good stuff is going to take a while. there's a lot of things in the air here. also i have plans to make, plot to do. i wonder how long this'll take. oh well.

is theo serious about his threat? what do you guys think?  
things gotta be worse before they start getting better.

# Royal Aftermath

## Chapter Notes

warning: body horror involving crimson flower, descriptions of said body horror, copious amount of blood

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Eret had no idea what was going on.

They really didn't. Or well, maybe they did? Things were fuzzy- they respawned in their bed, losing their third life to *Wilbur* and an explosion that seemed to come out of *nowhere*. What the hell happened? All they remember is fighting Wilbur because of some flowers Niki gave them and then *BOOM*- they died. Respawned back at their castle with the flower around their hand.

It had been docile for a while. An underlying sense of panic had persisted though and they had started to prepare for- for *something*.

And then the screaming came.

The flower *screamed* and something in the back of their head - *HELPHELPDYINGBADHURTSBURNINGHELP*- just seemed to *snap* and Eret had felt a pain like no other pierce their head for a good few minutes. It lead to them screaming in their throne room, dropping whatever item they had in hand as they clutched their head while the flower *throbbed* on their hand.

And then the screaming stopped.

The relief was only for a moment because suddenly the now, terrifying and *unnatural* flower started to *move* on it's own and they were *really* panicking right now.

The once-pretty flower that had been around their hand is now trying to dig *in* to their hand- the stem becoming sharp and starting to sink *underneath* their flesh. It was *painful* and fucking *terrifying*.

*How* did Eret think that this flower had been nice? Had been pretty?

*It was in their skin, painfully wriggling underneath their flesh. Trying to grow against Eret's will.*

Eret screamed again, clawing at their hand, trying to rip the flower off their wrist to no avail.



It was their screaming that attracted the attention of a nearby person who heard them and came running.

"Eret?!"

Sam had been passing by Eret's palace on his way towards L'Manberg, he and Punz had planned to meet there to discuss a few things. Just as he had been passing the castle, he had heard them scream- it was a pained scream. Agonizing. Usually Sam kept to himself, he preferred to be neutral. He may be part of Dream's side but he had been away during the whole L'Manberg war and even then, he probably would've wanted to stay neutral nonetheless.

However even he couldn't ignore the scream that Eret let out and immediately rushed into the King's castle.

He found Eret on the floor, curled up and clutching their bloodied hand- *clawing* at it, seemingly trying to get something out. "Eret- Eret what's wrong?!" He asked as he quickly came to the king's side- their shades had fallen off along with their crown, their eyes brimming with pain-made tears and their hands- fuck, it was covered in blood. Sam saw the mess on his wrist, his eyes widened behind his creeper-mask at the sight of a red petal and stem that wriggled underneath Eret's flesh. "What the *fuck*-"

"S-Sam *help it hurts*-" Eret pleaded, one bloody hand, the one that was free from whatever the fuck that red plant thing was, shakily reached out and clutched his shirt. "*Get it out! Get it out!*" Sam's stomach churned and threatened to make Sam heave from the blood and the way Eret was begging- still, he swallowed down the threat and nodded.

"I'll- just hold on, I'll do something."

And Sam tries to do something. He does, he and Eret weren't best of friends but they were still casual friends or allies and Sam is not a heartless man.

He drags Eret to the little infirmary that Eret had in their castle, tries to cut the plant- the crimson red flower from out of Eret's wrist while occasionally splashing Eret with healing potions because of their declining health and the pain that the flower made for them as it stubbornly stayed within Eret, gradually *growing* and fuck Sam is getting more frustrated and panicked by the second. However Eret's potion supply was limited, and Sam had no idea how to cut the damned parasitic flower out of Eret- he was a *redstone architect*, not an enderdamned *healer*.

Throughout the process Eret was heaving, trying their best to power through the pain- the health pots help give him brief reprieve with their pain numbing side-effects but it doesn't last long and Eret was plunged back into the agony of having a flower stubbornly and horrifically grow underneath their skin. Going past their wrist, heading towards their elbow.

"Fuck. *Fuck fuck fuck*-" Sam cursed, hands stained red and shaking- normally that wouldn't be so bad. Red always made its way to his hands, when you handled redstone like Sam it was a commodity but this type of red was something else entirely. Blood. Blood stained his hands instead of redstone. It stained the cot that Eret laid in, stained the knives that Sam was using,

stained the empty bottles that used to be filled with health potions, stained their clothes, the fabric-

Blood was messy, almost like redstone but entirely different.

Sam was not a healer but he wishes he'd learned more beforehand as Eret breathed heavily on the cot, tears staining their face. "*Sam.*" They moaned with pain, voice raspy and sore and their *hand*- Ender. Sam thinks he's just made things worse. The flower had kept *moving* from and in his grip, the petals wriggled and writhed and Sam has *never* dealt with anything like this before. When he pulls on the stem, Eret was in pain. When he tried to cut the stem up, the cut off parts would just start growing again and move underneath Eret's skin, causing more pain.

The creeper-themed man was unbelievably stressed as he tried to help the poor king who could only lay down and cry, clutching their arm fearfully as the flower just. Kept. *Growing* and *moving*.

"I'm- fuck, *I'm sorry Eret.* I don't- I don't know what to do!" Sam clutched at his hair, grimacing as he realized he'd just stained his own hair with blood. *Fuck-* "I need- I should've messaged someone else-" But who? Who could possibly deal with something like *this*? Bad maybe? George? Who was the most medically informed and experienced person in the lands right now? He can't remember. He's *trying* but-

"Sam- I can't, Sam it's too much-" Eret whimpered, gripping their elbow tightly, a sob escaping their mouth as they *felt* the movement underneath their flesh. Felt their skin bulge ever so slightly, and sometimes it would just- *pierce* through their skin, creating a new bloody puncture hole. They felt weak, they've lost so much blood and they think the health potions weren't working as effectively as they were before. Their few minutes of pain-free peace was getting shorter- at least it felt like it was. "Cut- *Cut my hand I can't take it anymore Sam please.*" They couldn't let this *thing* take over them. And the pain from the movement was too much.

They couldn't take it anymore.

If they had to lose a hand, fine. Anything to just *get rid of the flower and the pain.*

Sam's eyes widened with shock and horror, "But Eret-" "*PLEASE! I can't- I just can't- it HURTS!*"

Sam's jaw clenched and he looked at Eret's hands- at the bulging, moving, vein-like pattern that were definitely not veins. "Fuck." He takes out his axe, bloodied hands shaking as he raised in the air. "Eret I'm so sorry."

Eret gives him a very strained but reassuring smile before their eyes clenched shut and they turned their head to bite at their pillow.

*BAM*

Sam jumped, dropping his axe at the sudden way the doors were forced open. A certain masked man striding into the room with three other men trailing after him.

"Wha-" Sam watched in confusion as the masked man that *wasn't* Dream, took steady but quick steps towards him and Eret. "T.heo?" He questioned, remembering the name that this time traveler went by now. Quite honestly, he had almost forgotten the whole 'time travel' debacle from Schlatt's election like a week or so ago already. He had certainly been curious but it was clear that the time travelers were going to do their own thing and Sam wasn't the type to butt in anyone's business unless it got really out of hand.

So seeing the masked time-traveler was definitely surprising.

"Sam." Theo- wasn't he supposed to be *Tommy*? Ender he was curt and not cussing - greeted back shortly, glancing over to Eret. "Shit. Should've come here sooner- Sorry Eret, but a few problems delayed some stuff." He knelt by Eret's cot, the King panting heavily and looking at him with squinting, glowing eyes. "Ender's fuck Sam, you cut too much off. This is- *Sapnap! George!* Get some more regen and health pots, or brew some if there aren't!" He called back, snapping the two men who had looked worried then shocked into action.

"Uh- right!"

"Holy fuck okay."

Theo nudged Sam aside while both men scrambled to go through Eret's chests for more regeneration and health potions either that or the ingredients for them to brew more, Sam didn't hesitate to let Theo take over seeing as Theo seemed to know what the actual hell to do. A pair of enchanted shears appeared in Theo's hands, "Dream, can you please set the shit on fire as soon as I toss it aside?" The blond asked, rolling up his sleeves, his hands oddly unsymmetrical with one hand being bandaged and the other not.

"Got it... Will Eret be okay?" Dream asked hesitantly and Sam looked at Theo who nodded as he looked down to the pitiful king.

"They will be. But Sam, Dream- I'm gonna need you two to hold them down if they start flailing." Sam gulped, but he and Dream shared a determined nod as Theo pinned down Eret's hand making them groan in pain.

"Please please please just *get it out I can't-*"

Theo shushed them, "I will, I will. We're getting this shit out of you, you're keeping your hand. It's going to take a while, but you'll be okay."

The shears glinted in the masked blond's hand and Sam felt both relieved and apprehensive.

At the very least though, Sam wasn't cutting off the hand of a king who was his friend.

---

"Dream wouldn't do all of that." Bad started quietly, he and Skeppy back in their home after excusing themselves from Toby, Ghostbur and the others. Their minds still processing everything that had happened. "He wouldn't, he's a good guy- our friend. He wouldn't do all

of that... Right?" He hated the hesitance in his voice, the small doubt that was planted from reading the paragraph from the journal, memory book of a dead guy from the future.

Skeppy frowned and shrugged, "I don't know Bad. You know him better than I do." He pointed out to him, though he was disquiet. He wasn't as close to Dream as Bad was, but he did consider him a good guy and a friend. A great ally at the least, who wouldn't want to be friends with a powerful man like Dream? Unless that powerful man was a major asshole and danger to everyone around them.

Bad's brows furrowed and he frowned, sighing in frustration as he leaned against his bonded human, lacing their fingers together as they sat, cuddled on the couch.

Today had been certainly hectic.

Visiting the mysterious 'forbidden' coordinates and getting bad goosebumps from the visit. Meeting Ranboo and Ghostbur, leading them to L'Manberg and Tubbo's house.

Unofficially meeting the time travelers from the future. A confrontation between a ghost and a Tommy that was surprisingly not as crass as his younger self was? Bad had definitely noticed the way Theo had corrected himself when Bad reprimanded him for his language. It was- honestly, it was both nice and kind of weird. Tommy almost never watched his language around Bad, if anything he purposefully swore just to get underneath Bad's skin.

It was infuriating but it was a Tommy-type of normal.

Theo? Not a Tommy-type of normal.

And that *paragraph*, Ghostbur, Theo singing L'Manberg's song in a very different way and his *threat*-

*"If anything happens to Dream. I will blow up L'Manberg. If anything happens to George. I will blow up L'Manberg. Anything to Sapnap- you get the fucking gist."*

It just wasn't Tommy. The swear aside -Bad had been too shocked at the moment to chide him unfortunately- the threat was just *not Tommy at all*. Tommy had been so loyal to L'Manberg, he gave *Dream* his previous *discs* for the nation and yet Theo...

"We definitely need to talk to Dream and the others soon." Bad decided, mouth thinned into a firm, determined line. "We need both sides of the story."

Skeppy hummed, nodding, "Alright. I'll message Sapnap later, I think they're kinda busy right now." Something about Eret? A flower? "Do you think they'll answer questions about the coordinates and stuff? I think we missed a lot of things."

Bad snorted, smiling at his precious human. He nuzzled into Skeppy's shoulder, squeezing his hand gently and feeling happy at the squeeze he got back. "Yeah we probably did. I certainly hope they answer and explain everything, those muffins have a lot to say I think."

---

<Skeppy> Think we can meet up any time soon to talk about what the heck happened?  
<Sapnap> yeha uh  
<GeorgeNotFound> How does a day after tomorrow sound? Tomorrow we're kinda busy.  
<BadBoyHalo> Sounds good!  
<BadBoyHalo> Uh so... Theo isn't really going to blow up L'Manberg is he?  
<Dream> well you heard him  
<Dream> not unless something happens to sapnap george and i  
<Sapnap> nah hes not going to blow up lmanbetg  
<GeorgeNotFound> We'll make sure of that  
<Skeppy> Tho i thought you guys didn't like l'manberg??  
<Dream> things are complicated rn skeppy  
<Skeppy> i mean obviously but still  
<GeorgeNotFound> We'll explain later on in person

---

*'Since when did you start drinking?'*

Ice clinked against glass as Toby paused, the cup right against his lips before he sighs and puts the glass filled with amber liquid on the table. The ice clinks again and Toby glances over to Ghostbur, the literal haunting figure that stood at the doorway of the kitchen.

It's night. Very late at night and Toby was... drinking. Alcohol. His face was pleasantly flushed from the liquid, but his eyes were tired and only just a bit dazed.

"Almost a year after becoming president, so just before I turned twenty-one." Toby admitted quietly, tracing the rim of his drink, "Don't worry. I didn't go completely drunk like Schlatt did- I saw what this did to him, I was more... controlled. And I didn't do it often." He wasn't an alcoholic, he controlled his drinking. He hadn't turned into Schlatt, Schlatt had been constantly drunk as time passed while Toby only indulged himself a few times.

Even though some of those times he was tempted to drown, just to see what Schlatt saw, what was so addicting to be constantly drunk all the time.

But L'Manberg needed him, and he had promised... That he wouldn't become the next Schlatt. So he drank minimally.

Ghostbur's face grimaced, *'I... can't remember if I noticed that before.'* He whispered quietly, floating into the kitchen.

Toby smiled crookedly at the ghost, "You probably didn't. I only drank at night in small quantities. Just enough- to get me tipsy. But not enough, to get me hard drunk." He lifts his cup, sips the burning liquid that smoothly went down his throat. "Honestly I don't know what my actual limit is. I've never been piss drunk before." And he never will. That was his own promise to himself.

*'I think I have been... before.'* Ghostbur said slowly, face scrunched as he tried to remember only to sigh when he failed. *'Little things like that come and go. But I'm pretty sure I've drank before.'*

"You have." Toby confirmed, closing his eyes as he leaned back against his chair. "Tom-Theo said, you're a sad drunk. Long time ago."

At the mention of the blond man, Ghostbur's face fell and his coat grew once more from his shoulders. *'Oh... Now I remember. Just a bit- To-Theo. Confiscated and got rid of any booze from... Pogtopia.'* The smell had been horrid and Theo had had enough. During the first half of their second year of exile. He had managed to get some alcohol and downed it all in an effort to forget. Of course Theo had quickly dragged him out of that slump, however as successful as he had been, Ghostbur had just went head first into insanity after that.

Another regret to add to his growing list.

"Mhmm... He actually took a couple sips when you weren't looking. Stashed one of them away." Toby informed, watching the shock spread on Ghostbur's face.

*'Wha- He shouldn't have done that! He was a minor!'*

Toby snorted, "He was exiled and curious. Don't worry though, he didn't like the taste and threw it all away. I don't know if he drank or drinks anything now but, I have a feeling that's not the case." Theo had never seemed to be the type to drink liberally, and back when they were friends, Theo had expressed his disgust over it. Stressing on how he would never get drunk because booze tasted bad.

Toby liked to think he stuck to that. ~~He did, Theo never liked drinking and Dream never gave him any alcohol to try.~~

Ghostbur's shock melted into fondness, then to sadness. *'Ender... I was such a bad brother.'*

Toby didn't look at him, didn't confirm nor deny. And that was enough for Ghostbur to smile a crooked little smile. *'You've changed Tubbo.'*

"It's been four years Wilbur." Toby replied quietly, "Four years of fighting. Surviving. A lot can happen in that time."

*'Like my Toms blowing up L'Manberg for a third and final time?'*

Toby closed his eyes, breathing roughly through his nose. "Yeah." He replied quietly, though he opened them and looked at Ghostbur, a complicated look on his face. "But it wasn't just him. Punz had been there with Dream- Dream paid him for the whole thing. It wasn't just Theo. Dream was there, I'm sure he made the damn decision to blow up L'Manberg and Theo went with it." He clutched the glass in his hands tightly. "He- went with it."

*'If anything happens to Dream. I'm blowing up L'Manberg.'*

Theo had been made to blow up L'Manberg then.

*"Tommy?" Cold eyes. Explosions in the background. Blood staining his blade as Tommy's face bled from his attack.*

Theo was threatening to blow up L'Manberg now.

"Ender. I just want things back the way they were. Tommy shouldn't be with Dream, he should be here! With us!" Toby gripped the glass even tighter. "Us versus him, from the very beginning it was us versus Dream. That's how it should be!"

*Crack*

The glass in his hands cracked. It kept together, but it was beginning to leak from the cracks at the side. Toby stares down at the cracked glass, feeling the liquid slip through his fingers and drip down the cup.

*'But it's not. Unfortunately.'* Ghostbur whispered bitterly, quietly, sadly.

Two men from the future sat in silence before Toby raised his glass to Ghostbur. "Cheers." He downed the rest of the liquid from the cracked glass.

He'll replace it tomorrow.

He gets a new glass and pours himself a new cup while Ghostbur watches him.

He didn't turn into the next Schlatt, at least he certainly hopes he hasn't. But he understands the man just a bit.

Maybe that's why he spared Schlatt this time.

---

Dream sighed, massaging his eyelids and the bridge of his nose- his mask was off for the moment as he leaned against the back couch, his free hand just laying atop one of the heads on his lap, a third head on his shoulder. He felt tired, but he couldn't find it in himself to sleep just yet, quietly reflecting on what happened today.

They had gone to one of Dream's hidden bases for the night, the trek back towards the Stronghold would've been too long and they were all tired. Sam had stayed back at the castle, promising to look after Eret who had passed out while Theo removed the damned crimson flower. It was now burnt to a crisp thanks to Dream, and Eret was now the proud owner of a new scar on their hand. Their hand was in a cast, they'd need to go through physiotherapy after letting it heal as naturally as it could now.

Dream still felt uncomfortable as he saw the whole process, from Theo carefully cutting Eret's hand open, sliding the edge of his enchanted shears against the flower stem and petals, separating it from muscles, veins and flesh- "It hasn't dug deep enough to hit bone thankfully. Just started spreading around without actually rooting down." Theo had muttered and Sam had to leave the room to wretch when a blood vessel spurted out blood after Theo removed a petal from it.

It was the most bloodiest fucking thing he's ever seen and Dream wouldn't want to see it ever again.

Theo had hardly flinched at the face of it all.

He had kept calm- from the moment he forced the three of them towards Eret's Castle, to removing the fucking flower- Theo had been deceptively calm.

He understood the flower part, Theo had claimed to seen worse and from the scar on his side. Dream believed him.

Theo had been so calm and collected during the bloody event that Dream could have almost forgot what happened prior. Except he didn't and Dream waited for the drop. The slip. The crack.

It didn't happen until they were in Dream's base. Theo collapsing on his knees and wheezing, gasping for breath as he finally just slumped into the ground. Predictably they had all panicked at that as Theo began to cry- quietly this time. Just little gasps of desperate breaths, tears behind his mask and falling into a wordless mess.

They managed to move him to the couch, trying to figure out what to do- George had suggested Dream to leave and Dream was all for it, he didn't want to end up making things worse but Theo had clutched his hoodie like a lifeline. Quietly pleading Dream to stay.

~~stay he asked for you~~  
~~... stay and comfort him~~

Theo actually asked for all three of them to stay, and after some time with George, Dream and Sapnap messaging Bad and Skeppy, it somehow lead to Dream's current sitting situation. He had George and Theo's heads laid on his lap with Sapnap drooling on his shoulder. They had all fallen asleep on him, he'd been turned into a glorified pillow. First a chair, now a pillow.

At least they were all on the couch instead of the floor.

...

Dream looked down to the messy blond head that was on his lap, facing outwards and leaving his back open to Dream. Hesitantly, he reached out to the spot where he knows the enchantment tattoo laid underneath the hoodie.

*'And just because that and because this Dream is fucking younger I'd trust him with you?! He hasn't done anything yet, like hell I'm leaving you alone with him.'*

His hand flinched back and he sighed heavily through his nose, closing his eyes.

"... Thank Ender I'm not alone then."

The weight of three people sleeping on you wasn't easy to bear, but Dream was strong. He could handle it, even if his muscles felt stiff and Sapnap's drooling was annoying and disgusting. He'd pay Sapnap back eventually though, for now, they needed rest. He did too. So he gets as comfortable as he can and lets himself drift.

Today had been one hell of a day.

---



## Chapter End Notes

apusijhdeynfdsk it's not fanart but it's a fanwork

[by AnonymousButMakeItSparkel](#)

they SANG the song on tiktok XD holy fuck awesome- you sounded great! certainly better than i could sing it!

we still got fanart tho :D

[by Elewtro](#)

they doodled toby and theo :DDD

[by cakeractuallyarts](#)

they drew theo vibing in lava :D we need more art for that. just theo vibing in lava or maybe he and dream team vibing.

[FIFTH TIME NOW GALAGHIEL HOLY CRAP](#)

they drew theo holding ghostbur's sword!!! the madlad!!!

ERET! OUR KING! they got the spotlight :) also yes i did change their pronouns to 'they' for this chapter. i did say id change it every few chapters or so. AND SAM! tbh i didn't know much about his character but ever since the prison scene and the whole 'sam nook' thing? i'm hooked. i love awesamedude. i have no idea what sam and eret think about each other in all actuality, but i'd like to think they're casual friends. they certainly are in this fic :)

yes, i gave warnings for the body horror and blood, thought that some people wouldn't like it or point it out- last time someone said to tag body horror because of the blood vines for theo and i did, decided to warn everyone beforehand this time.

and yes. skephalo. is it platonic? romantic? hell if i know, i don't focus on that here. all i know is that these two are soft for each other and we can only wish toby and theo were kinda soft like them in the future. i needed to pad some fluff between all the angst here, so skephalo.

theres going to be downtime for a bit, a lot has happened. these guys deserve a break from the madness. process everything... and *then* we go right back into it. i just hope i pull all my ideas off in the upcoming chapters :)

next chapter... i have no idea what it will be or when it will come out. it'll come to me eventually i guess?

# Discussions

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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It's a strange thing, facing your future self, meeting them in the flesh and finding out what they did either by someone else who knew them or by themselves.

A person can imagine their future all they want but it's different when they have to face that future.

Wilbur's thoughts on his own future had changed drastically ever since election night. Before hand he had imagined himself as president of the country he had built from the ground up, that he and his son had fought for and that his little brother had died for *twice*- L'Manberg was supposed to be a safe place for his family, a safe place for everyone to stay in. He had thought he would lead it to glory and a bright future.

But those were just fantasies of a hopeful man who had been stressed out of his mind after the war of independence with a certain masked bastard.

The truth came to him in the form of two men coming from the future, Toby and Theo.

Theo had immediately disappeared from L'Manberg while Toby stayed and explained what *actually* happens in the future.

It was a future that *no one* would have expected at all. Something that should have only happened in fiction, a horrific story for the masses. And yet it was truth. And that wasn't all.

The bright future that Wilbur had imagined would never come to fruition, at the hands of many people- especially his own.

The man who had started a country from the ground up went insane after being exiled and destroyed it.

Wilbur had wanted to deny it, at first he did. But that was swiftly crushed in the face of Toby's cold eyes and the stoic words given to him.

*"I asked you yesterday. Your country or your family."*

Country or family?

That was the question and Wilbur had thought he would've answered immediately, but the thing was... he *hesitated*. He hesitated to answer- he didn't have an answer then and it forced him to look at himself. Look over his ideals, his actions, his morals-

He had been a man so blinded that he had let children fight in his wars. His little brother had contributed the most in the end, giving up his life for the future of Wilbur's country. It

should've been Wilbur. He should have done something.

He was the older brother, he was the one who started it all and yet *Tommy* was the one who paid the price. In both timelines, Tommy had given everything for L'Manberg and in one timeline, Tommy had destroyed it.

In this timeline, Theo threatened to destroy it. ~~That terrified him Tommy his Toms=~~

The path Wilbur had been on wouldn't just affect him, it would affect everyone around him. Fundy, Phil, Techno, Tubbo, *Tommy*- He had been so close to losing everything in the span of two years, but Toby had stopped it. Toby had made his own mistakes, seen it, experienced it and he stopped Wilbur from going down that path and he would be forever grateful for that.

Toby had been his only source of knowledge for the future and Wilbur could rely on him to know what was best.

But now there was another source from the future.

Someone else who knew the path that Wilbur would have taken and that someone was himself.

Ghostbur. Formerly the Wilbur that Toby and Theo had in their future.

The mad man who blew up the country he had built and had hurt so many people in his wake.

A ghost of his former self. A ghost of the Wilbur that Wilbur himself swore not to become.

How does one face the man that they swore not to become? Face the future that would never happen?

Wilbur found Ghostbur in the kitchen, early in the morning. He hadn't slept very well that night, the events of the day prior weighing heavily on his head. On one hand, the Egg was finally dead and they didn't have to worry about its mind controlling anymore, sure there might be lingering Crimson plants hanging around but without the Egg spearheading the doom of both the Overworld and the Nether, they would be easy to deal with.

But on the other hand Wilbur was on his last life, Niki was still unconscious after being mindcontrolled by the Egg, Ghostbur had come with Ranboo -Ranboo so far has been polite and nice, a nervous lad but he was good and Toby was certainly happy he was there- and Theo threatened to blow up L'Manberg.

Theo had sang a warped song of their nation and threatened to blow it up should anything happen to the Dream Team. Which was somewhat surprising, George and Sapnap were now officially underneath Theo's protection as well. Still, it left a sour taste in his mouth. A devastating taste as the older version of his little brother threatened to blow up the country he had once loved.

*Again.*

Because Theo had blown it up before. In Toby's future. A third and final time.

Wilbur shifted from one foot to another, feeling very uncomfortable as he and Ghostbur locked eyes. "Um... Good morning. Ghostbur." He greeted awkwardly, nodding to the specter who smiled wryly and nodded back.

*'Good morning Alivebur.'* Was Ghostbur's greeting back and Wilbur couldn't help the small, quiet snort that escaped his mouth.

Ghostbur and Alivebur.

What a pair.

Still, it was very weird to be referred as 'Alivebur' from your dead future counterpart.

They shared an awkward moment of silence before Wilbur shook his head and headed into Tubbo's kitchen- they've really just been living in Tubbo's house for a while now haven't they? They just can't help it and Tubbo had said he hadn't minded at all, even offering a permanent place for him, Tommy and Toby. At this rate, they might just take up on his offer, him and Tommy at least. Toby was still thinking on it. It just felt better that way.

At any rate though, Wilbur went to make breakfast but found a cracked glass cup on the counter. He let out a small questioning noise at the cup, and realized it smelled somewhat familiar. Cautiously, he sniffed at the glass, smelling the lingering scent of something. Was that- was that scotch?

*'Ah. Toby cracked the glass, he'll replace it later.'* Ghostbur piped from behind, scaring Wilbur into dropping it- both men winced as it broke on the counter. *'... Whoops. Well, at least it was already broken in the first place?'*

"I-I guess?" Wilbur sighed, picking up the largest pieces of the glass and placing it in his inventory so he could get rid of it later but he paused. "Toby cracked the glass? It smelled- It smelled like Scotch. Was he drinking?" He questioned him- questioned Ghostbur incredulously, looking at the ghost. He hadn't thought Toby was the type of man to drink, especially since Wilbur knew Tubbo *and* Toby had forbidden Schlatt from drinking, forcing him into constant sobriety. It seemed a bit hypocritical now.

Ghostbur gave him a lopsided grin, *'Surprising isn't it? I didn't know either until I found him drinking last night. Don't worry, he didn't drink that much. He's actually not much of a drinker, says he only drinks occasionally and he always limits himself. He's never been full on drunk before. He had three glasses last night- he cracked that glass as his second, after his third he went to bed. Should still be asleep right now.'* Toby had actually wanted a fourth glass but Ghostbur insisted him to sleep instead. Ghostbur didn't exactly know Toby's tolerance for alcohol, much less for scotch but he definitely wanted the man who he once knew as a sweet bee-loving boy to go to sleep instead of drinking more that night.

Wilbur let out a small *'oh'* of understanding. Toby could control himself, he limited his drinking. Unlike Schlatt who indulged way too much and wouldn't stop as easily. It took to threatening his life to actually get the goat hybrid to stop drinking. "Well, that's good." He

cleans up the rest of the glass, placing it in his inventory before throwing it into the trash once he'd gathered all the pieces.

After that, he makes himself coffee and checks on Niki who was still unfortunately unconscious in the living room. Ranboo was also still sleeping in the living room as well, sleeping in the bed that George had been unconscious in. The enderman hybrid had no place for himself yet and Tubbo, ever polite and hospitable, let him stay the night. Ghostbur as well, though he had no need for a bed, unable to sleep or die.

Philza and Technoblade had stayed the night as well- Tubbo's house was cramped but no one really minded for the moment.

While checking on Niki, Ranboo had woken up, a light sleeper apparently. *'Good morning Ranboo.'* Ghostbur greeted with a warm smile on the younger male.

The enderman hybrid yawned and Wilbur watched wide-eyed at the way his jaw unhinged. "G-ooo-od morning. Ghostbur." He said, yawning mid sentence. He blushed when he noticed Wilbur's staring. "Oh. Uh- G-Good morning, um Wilbur?" He greeted awkwardly, gripping his blanket tightly, embarrassed that Wilbur had seen him yawning.

"Er- morning, Ranboo." Wilbur greeted back, feeling a bit sheepish for staring. "How did you sleep?" He asked, sipping from his cup of coffee.

Ranboo perked and finally sat up, stretching a bit, "I slept fine! It's- it's nice to sleep in a bed again." He admitted, smiling happily though his smile slipped as he looked over at Niki. "Is... is Niki going to be okay?" Finding out that your friend had been controlled by an evil Egg-something that Ghostbur had been talking about from time to time, wasn't fun. He had been worried for her and honestly it's half of the reason why he accepted Tubbo's offer of staying for the night.

That and he had nowhere else to go.

"She'll be fine. This is Niki we're talking about, she's strong. She'll wake up any time." Wilbur reassured him, finding it nice that Ranboo worried over a mutual friend. Though he had to wonder on how Ranboo even knew Niki. So he asked.

"Oh! Uh well, I think we might a couple of years ago. Our paths crossed while traveling." Ranboo said, getting out his memory book just to be sure. "Yeah, we met in a small village and I bought some bread and sweets from her. It tasted great. We spent some time in the village and promised to stay in touch when we both left. It's been a while since I heard from her though, she mentioned L'Manberg in her latest letter and when I met Ghostbur who knew where it was, I uh, I went with him." He had wanted to meet everyone and reunite with Niki.

*'Mhmm. And we talked all the way here. He suggested the memory book thing when I kept gaining and losing memories.'* Ghostbur said, patting Ranboo on the head. Both Ranboo and Wilbur winced as they remembered yesterday with Ghostbur's memory book. *'Hm? What's wrong?'* The ghost asked, noticing their simultaneous wince.

"Uh..." Ranboo chewed on his lip and guiltily admitted giving Ghostbur's memory book to the others. "I'm- I'm really sorry Ghostbur." He mumbled, ashamed to have given the book up so easily.

However Ghostbur wasn't angry, if anything he just smiled at Ranboo. *'Hey hey! It's okay. Technically Alivebur was right- he is kinda me and he has the right to know too. I certainly would've wanted to know. I don't mind anyone else reading my book Ranboo it's okay. I'm not mad.'* Ranboo sighed in relief, though he still felt ashamed.

Wilbur was happy that Ghostbur didn't mind, which made sense but he frowned as he remembered Ghostbur's writings. The last written page specifically. "Do you... still remember what Dream did?" He asked the ghost cautiously, eyeing the specter. Ghostbur's coat wasn't torn or bloody and he wore a yellow sweater underneath. From what Wilbur understood and suspected, Ghostbur's form changed based on what he remembered or felt.

And he'd say his suspicions were true as he watched holes appear on the coat, ghostly blood staining it as well- he cringed as he wondered just who's blood that was. Was it his? Or someone else's? It didn't really matter as Ghostbur scowled. "I'm going to take that as a yes."

*'Yeah. I remember what happened.'* Ghostbur spat, crossing his arms and glaring coldly at the wall. *'I may not remember all of it, but I still remember the important stuff. Dream... I need him away from Toms. From Theo. He- I can't let him take Theo away again.'* He muttered darkly and Wilbur nodded in agreement with his own grimace.

"We'll think of something."

"But if you do anything to Dream, Theo will blow up L'Manberg." Ranboo pointed out quietly making both Wilburs huff, "What could you even do to separate them? Theo seems really attached to him, and to George and Sapnap... I don't think he'd voluntarily leave their side."

*'We'll think of something.'* Ghostbur repeated what Wilbur said, a cruel and slightly insane smile on his face that made both Ranboo and Wilbur shiver, *'The green motherfucker can suck it. He'll get what's coming to him.'*

Ranboo shifted from where he sat on the spare bed, giving Ghostbur a look of alarm and concern. "You won't kill him will you? I mean, I know he's a bad guy or something but still..."

Ghostbur snorted, giving Ranboo a cold look only softening when he saw Ranboo flinch. *'He deserves it Ranboo. He's done so much to my Toms, he's wrought pain and suffering to him and Toby and the L'Manberg from my future is gone because of him. Theo may have blown it up but Toby told me that he did it with Punz AND Dream. Most likely under Dream's orders he was forced to blow L'Manberg up.'*

The hybrid chewed on his lower lip, "I don't think the Dream right now has done anything like that though? From the looks of things, he's just been hanging back... And Theo threatened to blow up L'Manberg on his own." He thinks, he hadn't heard Dream say anything during the whole thing yesterday.

"He still took Tommy's lives away." Wilbur pointed out, arms crossed and a deep scowl on his face. "He's dangerous. Ranboo, you've heard what Ghostbur has been saying. You're new here and you've never met Dream so you don't know yourself just how bad he can be." Memories came to him. Of the final control room, the way Dream had killed Tommy both times there in the room and in the duel, Dream's threat and demand for white flags and their surrender-

*'Trust us Ranboo. I may have been a bad brother and father and was the bad guy and blew up my nation.'* Ghostbur started, closing his eyes when he saw Wilbur's flinch at his words, *'But Dream helped me in doing that. I've seen him, he's manipulated and hurt a lot of people, Toms included and in the end, his very own best friends left him because of that. George and Sapnap were his very best friends but they left once they saw how horrible Dream really was. They haven't yet, but they will. I think we can get their help actually, if we can convince them to help us, we can get to Theo.'* Ghostbur said with a grinning, thoughtful look on his face.

Wilbur brightened at the idea while Ranboo stewed in his own thoughts and doubts.

---

"You're asking me if I'm okay with you guys letting Bad and Skeppy know about the Stronghold and my enchantment?" Theo questioned incredulously with a tone of disbelief. "Why?"

The Dream Team exchanged some looks at the table, they were all having breakfast in Dream's base after waking up on the couch. Theo had apologized for falling asleep on Dream and for breaking down but they, Dream especially, reassured Theo that it was alright. Though Dream did nag on Sapnap for drooling on his shoulder.

"Well, for one we trust Bad." Sapnap started, swallowing his steak, "And Bad trusts Skeppy so there's that. Having them both know about the Stronghold should be okay, they can both keep a secret."

George nodded in agreement, "And Bad is a demon, so he should know a few things about the enchantment on your back." Theo tensed at the mention of his tattoo, "He might know on how to get rid of it- or at least break it. If not, then maybe the Stronghold's library can help him help us." The thought of breaking his enchanted tattoo was baffling, he frowned at the slight pangs he felt for even *thinking* about that. He was Loyal to Dream. Why would he want to break the tattoo?

"I personally don't mind Bad and Skeppy knowing about the Stronghold, and the tattoo. But it's still up to you if you want them to know- you live in the Stronghold and it's your tattoo. We don't have to tell them about both, but it'll be harder to help you and me if we have to hide it from them. I'm planning on telling them about the whole Separation and Fragment thing too." Theo held a complicated look on his face underneath his mask, his fists clenching on his lap.

"I... O-Okay? I don't-" The thought of somehow escaping the enchantment on his back or even breaking it made him feel... Complicated. He didn't want to break it. Or did he? *No he didn't he was Loyal-* But the bond from it was affecting Dream- *Who he was Loyal to so no-*

"This is very confusing and my head's starting to hurt. Just- do what you want. I don't have a say in this. Please." He said, pressing a hand against his head.

The three men frowned at that but nodded all the same, they should've known that talking to Theo about breaking the enchantment would affect him- but at least it wasn't that bad of an effect. However, George still had to ask, "Do you remember what book uh, your Dream used for the enchantment?"

Theo turned to Dream who nodded at him, gave him his consent. Dream had given him consent to answer any of George and Sapnap's questions- he could also not answer if he wanted but at this point it was just instinct to look at Dream for permission. "Somewhat. I think there was more than one book, but the main one is a blue book, very old- it was about enchantments I can't remember the title of it- I wasn't allowed to touch it or read it. Friend Dream tried to let me read it once but Owner Dream stopped that pretty early. It should be somewhere in Dream's untranslated and old books in the Stronghold. I don't know when he found it or how he used it though." He had no idea where the book had gone, Owner Dream had either hid the thing or destroyed it back in his Stronghold.

The Dream Team discussed on what they were going to do, tomorrow they would meet up with Bad and Skeppy, tell them both everything and lead them to the Stronghold. They would try to find the book that Theo described and find out what they could to break the Loyalty III bond Theo and Dream had- Bad was a demon, he had lived a long time so maybe he had an idea or a solution. If not, they could still use his help for this. Skeppy was someone Bad trusted so they in turn, could trust him.

Plus, Bad and Skeppy could also help Theo himself in more ways than one.

All in all, it was a good plan. A good start.

"At some point, we should visit the old pig also." Theo chimed in, confusing them for a moment before they realized he was talking about a certain Priest. "I- I want to visit him, if Dream allows me. We can go visit him together. I've got some shit to talk with the old pig... hopefully get more answers on Dream's 'Seperation' and 'Fragment'."

The three males perked, "Oh right! You can get more questions out of him right? We uh, kinda used every question we had from him back then." Sapnap said with a sheepish grin.

Theo snorted, "Easily. The damned pig is weak to heads. Wither skulls especially. But with me there, I think we can get unlimited questions. I'm kin to two *warriors* after all." He said, somewhat bitterly. At least his connection to both Technoblade and Toby were useful. "In any case, we should visit him in the near future."

And they would.

Though they weren't the only ones to think of that.



apparently time travel is an actual thing on the dream smp now  
along with the egg talking

im

ive been out of the loop. i need to actually pay attention to canon i have no idea whats going on, i was so focused on this that i've kinda just been skimming the actual story for a while? i missed a lot of things. oh god i dont know how to fit karl in my story now. i had written him down as one of the infected that was killed in toby's future. uhh i'll think of something?

honestly, no idea what this chapter is supposed to be. i guess i wanted wilbur and ghostbur talking and more ranboo? i'm not complaining.

hey, it's a reprieve from the things that had happen. next chapter should be a bit more exciting. i think. like i said, i'm kinda winging it with these chapters and this story? now that i've done one idea i'm randomly building up to the next idea. which apparently is having bad and skeppy find out everything (was not planned) and visiting the warped priest again (was planned).

# Enchanted

## Chapter Notes

man. people be ragging on both wilbys last chapter. which is understandable, they're really going at things blindly but you know what? they're emotional. they do things at the drop of a hat and are influenced by their emotions and whatever information they have.

they started a nation from a joke drug empire (its at least a joke in this story they never did drugs they were just making potions and calling it drugs) after people flocked to them and filled their heads with grandeur and ideals. they got swept away and it all escalated from there.

it's a clusterfuck everyone. they're all idiots and they're running around like headless chicken because they only have limited information and i'm trying to corral them to the end goal. which is hard since the pathway to that goal is unfinished- i'm corralling headless chickens while simultaneously building the pathway for them to run on. which is hard when some of them (cough cough EVERYONE cough) head for a dead end or a wall and i have to turn these chickens towards the goal.

theo's not a headless chicken though. he has more information than anyone but he's only sharing to the dream team who may or may not be headless chickens.

things are complicated and i started this story on a whim and to scratch that time travel itch i had okay? i *NEVER* expected it to grow into this clusterfuck. i'm glad that everyone is enjoying it though.

still tho, sbi be biased but they're an emotional bunch who have issues. phil's was a neglective dad but he's been trying at least. techno hears violent voices half the time and is easily pressured into things plus he's overprotective not that he'd admit to that. wilbur's mentality is made of glass which flips between bullet proof to porcelain depending on what happens and who is involved. fundy is trying his best for his adoptive family but is trying not to be as dramatic. tommy is a gremlin child who is very confused. tubbo is also a gremlin child who is also confused but he's more polite. toby is a traumatized man who just wants his friend back but is being extremely biased while influencing everyone else. ghostbur is a traumatized dead man who's mentality flops between sane and insane. ranboo is a gift nothing wrong with him aside from his memory loss and chocolate eclairs spine. and finally theo is an extremely traumatized man who is just so tired with life and just wants to prevent his abuser from becoming his abuser while avoiding everyone else because guilt and a twisted sense of duty.

everyone has problems. everyone deals with it differently, some better than others. what was the point of this note? idk, i was just kinda surprised on the strong opinions on wilby and went off on a weird tangent. just to clarify; no complaints here, i am just surprised and holy fuck its 34 chapters 535 bookmarks 134k+ words 57099 hits and

fucking 2911 (as of rn that im finishing writing) kudos.

*i just wanted to scratch an itch man where the FUCK did you all come from???*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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awesamdude messaged TheoInnit: thanks for yesterday theo

awesamdude messaged TheoInnit: from both eret and i she can't exactly type properly right now

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: I'd expect as much, typing with one hand is fucking hard.

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: Make sure she gets some rest in the next few days, when she starts feeling her fingers again try to get her to move them.

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: Curl them, make em twitch just anything to stimulate her nerves but not too much.

awesamdude messaged TheoInnit: right anything else?

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: If you see any more red plants that move get the fuck out, message me and send me the coordinates but stay away from the moving red shit. Just run from it and stay away, don't let it near you, don't let it touch you, just stay. Away. From. The Crimson.

awesamdude messaged TheoInnit: THERE'S MORE OF THEM????

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: Possibly. But don't worry, just message either me, Dream, George, Sapnap or Toby about the crimson and we'll deal with it.

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: Actually if you find more shit in or near L'Manberg then message Toby.

TheoInnit messaged awesamdude: He should be able to deal with that bullshit all on his own. But if you find any outside L'Manberg and within the actual SMP then message me or the others.

awesamdude messaged TheoInnit: uh okay

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TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Have you checked Niki's bakery? We went straight on to Eret yesterday and dealt with her shitty ass flower. If Ghostbur hadn't stalled for time Eret would be feeling much better by now.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: I've quarintined the area the bakery was defintely infected.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: garden undrneath, Techno Phil and I purged most of it earlier this afternnon.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: Niki's fine by the wy she woke this morn. She's sorry for evrything.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: I never asked.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Most of it.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Some escaped?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: I think so, we tried to get everything but cant be too sure.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: Think some escaped niki's city too?

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: It'd be dumb to think otherwise. Even without the damned Egg the Crimson can act on its own. It's not smart but it has survival instincts.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: You deal with the shit that pops in L'Manberg while I deal

wherever else it pops out got it?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: ...

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: you're not really ging to blow up lmanberg again are you

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Why the fuck are you asking that now bitch.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Were your ears filled with fucking webs or did you not hear me yesterday??? As long as the Dream Team are fine then L'Manberg can stand.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: I don't care about your stupid little nation Toby. As long as Dream is fine then I'll stay the fuck away from it whenever I can.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Look bitch boy, you can suck up your damn whatever the fuck you're feeling right now and focus on other matters.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: fine

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: Then what about t he totems? is the deal dtill on for that?

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Hold on.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: You're in luck Mr. President.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Oops I mean Mr. EX president.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: stop that

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: They said yes so the yeah the deal is still on. Question is, with the deal still on will you keep your end of the bargain for it?

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Course it'll have to be tweaked a bit. Gotta include Sapnap and George into the deal and make a new copy.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: You've quikkly gone attache to them.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: That's none of your fucking business.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: It is if it incudes them to the deal now.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: They're Dream's friends, which by proxy makes them my friends now. I'll care for them as long as Dream cares for them.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: of course how typical

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Shut it. Now. About the damn deal?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: I'll relay it to Jschlatt, he's the president here.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Oh right that, you have the goat in 'power' he's totally the one who you have to go for this yeah..

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Fine, name the date and place and we'll come to the agreement.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: I'll send it to you later after i relay it to Jschlatt.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Yeah yeah whatever

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: By the way how did dear old Ghostbur react to Jschlatt?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: ...

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: He went bonkers didn't he.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Has he lost one of his lives? Currently not in range to see any death notifications in L'Manberg.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: Where the hll are you then??

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Another thing that's none of your business.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: no Jscjlatt didn't die. Ghostbur WAS angry but we manged to calm him down.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Well that's a fucking shocker. Ghostbur not killing the goat, what will he do next?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: I'm surprisd you even asked.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Ghostbur is a loose cannon, we both know this.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: If I wasn't the one who threatened to blow up L'Manberg it certainly would've been him when he found out Jschlatt was President again. Wonderful

decision by the fucking way.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: He's gotten better. He's sober and hasn't doe anythgn bad yet and Ghostbur wouldn't blow up L'manberg again.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Mmm love the smell of hypocritical bullshit pie you're serving me here Toby. Seems utterly, shittily great.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: What the hell are you talkng about?

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: If you can't notice yourself then that's a you problem fucker.

TheoInnit messaged Toby\_: Enjoy your day ex president bitch boy.

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: notice what?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: Theo?

Toby\_ messaged TheoInnit: ender fucking dammt theo

---

"So you have to follow *whatever* Dream says?"

Theo sighs, nodding to Bad's question as he sat, topless on the bed. He was obviously trying not to fidget underneath Bad's scrutinous stare over his back, "Yeah. Whatever he says I have to do- well, it obviously has limits. If he orders me to like, fly or something that's obviously something I can't do. I could try but I'd probably just end up dead in the process- but if I was a ghost *maybe* I could fly so that would work out. Point is, there's limits to what he can order me to do. As long as I can do it, I'll do it, if I can't- I can't." He replied, grimacing underneath his mask at the careful touch to his back, right where his enchantment laid- his back stiffened underneath the touch and he resisted the urge to growl at the demon. "Can you- Can- Can you *please* not touch me? This is- This is weird enough as it is."

"Sorry To-uh, Theo, but I need to at least *feel* the enchantment to see what I'm dealing with here." Bad apologized, giving him a wry smile that hardly did anything to comfort the poor blond man.

To the side, Skeppy and Sapnap watched, keeping an eye on their respective males while Dream and George waited in the room across the Stronghold's potion room.

It was the day that they had met Bad and Skeppy. Yesterday had been alright, Theo had gotten messaged by Sam who informed him on Eret's situation. She would be alright, she was conscious and her arm would heal in due time- she'd need physiotherapy and her hand may never be the same but at least she kept her hand. She was in a better situation compared to the other poor saps he had known who had been infected by the hand and wanted to stay sane and uninfected, uncontrolled.

Turns out cutting off the limbs before the infection spread to the rest of your body was pretty effective. But you had to be quick, precise and careful, or else you'd just get infected again or die from blood loss or shock.

---

*He screams in pain, clawing at the vines that were quickly trying to take over his arm as well as himself. "HELP! NO NO NO NO NOT NOW NOT AFTER ALL THIS TI-" **Listen.** He couldn't get infected. **I can give you so much.** Not now. **Don't you want all your desires fulfilled? Live a life of happiness?** Not when they were so close. **Obey me and you will have***

*everything you've ever asked for.* Not when hope was just starting to flare and burn once more.

## ***SHWING-SPLATTER***

*He screams in a new type of pain but the damned voice is GONE. "I got ya-" His mind felt fuzzy as a pair of hands quickly grab at him, "I got ya- hold on- fuck fuck fuck-" It's a blur as they escape, away from the screaming vines and infected creatures. He blacks out just as something shatters against his body and a searing agony overcomes him, forcing him to unconsciousness.*

*When he wakes up. They're back in the Nether. When he wakes up, he finds something missing. His arm. His arm is gone.*

*He sobs and a pair of arms wrap around him, fingers running through his fur, trying to soothe him and he tries to hug back, but he can only clutch at the fabric with the one arm he had left.*

---

Brutal, but effective.

After that, Theo had mustered up the energy to message Toby first- a shocker indeed but he had to. They had left Eret and hadn't had the chance to check on Niki's bakery. He didn't exactly want to go back to L'Manberg so he made sure that Toby had checked it in his stead. He didn't have to worry about anything since Toby had remembered himself and had taken care of it himself.

He briefly wondered on what this younger Philza's reaction was to the Crimson before he waved it away, not his business, not his problem.

At any rate, it seems that the Undying Totem deal would be renewed, meaning that as long as Theo could supply L'Manberg some Undying Totems, they would leave him and Dream alone. Also George and Sapnap now.

It would take a while, but hopefully his threat to L'Manberg would keep them all at bay until he could get to Foolish and set up a deal with him for totems. It wasn't really a dire situation anymore, the Overworld- *this* Overworld would never suffer underneath the Egg and Crimson's tyranny and take over. Neither would the Nether.

*"So. Do we have a deal?" Dream asked amicably, holding his hand out to the golden skinned man who hummed in thought. His literal emerald eyes glinted for a moment, glowing softly in the dim light before he sighed.*

*"We do. I, Foolish Gae-Mer, accept the deal." Tommy watched as Foolish' golden hand clasped Dream's hand, both giving a firm shake. "Come back in a week, you'll have your totems then."*

Theo would think of something. He knew what Foolish wanted, as long as he did that then Theo was set for totems and in turn, he and the Dream Team would be left alone by

L'Manberg. By Toby, Ghostbur and the rest of the others.

Honestly it was a thin chance but Theo wanted the deal continued anyway.

It felt weird not providing totems to them, not that he'd ever admit it.

Even when Dream was gone and he was alone -*alonesoaloneuselessfriendless*- he had continued the bargain until the end.

Also, he had promised himself he'd help someone else as soon as he successfully helped Dream.

*"This will be the last time you'll visit huh Tommy?" Tommy paused at the doorway, glancing back to the golden skinned man. "Not even going to say goodbye?"*

*Tommy gripped the doorway edge. "I'm not very good at farewells and shit like that. But I suppose it'd be unfair to not say anything and just leave you alone forever... I'm sorry Foolish."*

*The emerald-eyed being scoffed, "Don't be. The world's gone to shit outside, it actually gives me a reason to stay inside now." He smiled bitterly, crossing his legs and the chains jingled lightly. "But hey, I'm not really alone. I have company." He motions to the fish, the sheep, the cow, the dolphins, the sharks- every little animal that he and Dream had painstakingly saved and gathered for him. He didn't feel alone anymore. "Thank you, Tommy. And good luck."*

*"Yeah. Bye Foolish. Thank you for everything and good luck to you as well." And with that. He left. The door seals itself behind him. He'd help him too maybe. In the past, he'd help him after he helped Dream. It was the least he could do. Plus, he'll need totems no doubt. He'll help Foolish in the past.*

Foolish was waiting for them. For him. He didn't know it but Theo would keep to his self-made promise.

Anyway, just a couple of hours ago, they had met Bad and Skeppy. All four of them right outside the SMP borders, away from L'Manberg.

Bad and Skeppy had been a bit skeptical over everything that's happened, they had both informed them on what they had read from Ghostbur's memory book and Theo had to deal with the concern and horror from the Dream Team- yes that actually happened, no he was fine stop asking, he was over it, Dream it's fine he was over it, yes that's kind of the reason why he keeps giving Dream his armor and items also the Dream Team-

It was a mess as Bad and Skeppy were given the full explanation as to what was happening.

Egg included.

*"That's why you wanted Bad and I away from the coordinates? Because of an evil Egg thing?" Skeppy said with disbelief, however deep down, he found that he didn't find it as disbelieving as he thought. There was actually a phantom sensation of, relief? Over not encountering the one thing that apparently ravaged Theo's future. It was strange but still.*

Bad looked like he was actually one inch away from saying a swear word, Theo would've been so surprised if it actually happened. If Theo was still his naive, bratty younger self he would've tried to prod and get Bad to say a swear but he had matured and Bad was Dream's friend. He shouldn't aggravate one of Dream's friends- and he had matured. If Bad didn't want him swearing around him then Theo wouldn't swear. He would try at the very least. "Yeah, you were both the Egg's greatest pawns. It was damn hard to kill both of you back then." And Skeppy had killed Technoblade. Which would now, never happen. That was a good perk. For Toby and the others. Obviously.

Egg swept aside, Dream's time came and...

"He **WHAT?!**" Theo recoiled and instinctively got his axe out when Bad *shouted*, his eyes flaring white and the shadows of the room seemed to darken in Bad's sudden anger.

*"Bad! Bad! Calm down! Theo put the axe away!"*

Bad did not react well to Theo's past and the fact that his Dream had basically branded him as property. Thankfully, unlike everyone else who were *idiots*, Bad recognized that Dream, the current Dream wasn't like his future counterpart and was on the road to *never* being like his future counterpart. Skeppy was a bit iffy and distrustful but he trusted Bad, who trusted George, Sapnap and Dream.

The demon and human pair were sympathetic when Dream revealed his Fragmentation and Separation.

"I... think I've heard about that before. A long time ago..." Bad muttered, surprising them all. When they pressed Bad about it, the demon could only helplessly shrug. "I don't remember where I heard it from, as soon as I remember I'll tell you. I promise." It was disappointing but it was *something*. Plus, they still had the Warped Priest as a source of information, they'd visit him tomorrow.

But for today, Bad would look over the enchantment on Theo's back. Which was what he was doing right now. Just to be safe, they made sure Dream and Theo were rooms apart with George keeping Dream company while Sapnap stayed with Skeppy, Theo and Bad.

Bad asked questions pertaining the tattoo and its effects and Theo answered to the best of his abilities.

"If I try to disobey without good reason, it starts to burn me- or it feels like it. And the static gets all weird and loud in my head." Theo informed Bad, trying not to squirm as Bad traced the markings on his back. It felt so uncomfortable and *wrong* to have someone else touch it but Dream had given permission. Dream had told him to listen to Bad for now. He had to listen. "I- sometimes I find loopholes in stuff and it'd be okay. Like the fact I wasn't allowed near the Warped Priest and his faction, I wasn't allowed to go but George and Sapnap were allowed. I told them where it was and I felt fine."

The demon hummed, "What a clever muffin you are Theo. And once they came back, Dream gave you permission to go which undid... *your* Dream's orders." Bad said sourly- he didn't like Theo's Dream. He was so unlike the Dream he knew now, knowing that the things that



Ghostbur had written were true... "How are you feeling now? Am I hurting you by touching the enchantment?"

Theo's brows furrowed and he shook his head, "No- not really. I feel very uncomfortable right now. And Dream gave me and you permission, he told me to listen to you and here I am. Listening to you."

Bad retracted his hand, "Hm. Well, we obviously can't disenchant this normally. A grindstone definitely wouldn't help." He said with a frown, giving the tattoo that shined on the base of Theo's neck an actual scowl.

"Trust me I know." Theo muttered, remembering his ridiculous attempts to press himself against the grindstone- roughly rubbing his back against it like some wild animal trying to mark its territory in order to try and get the enchantment off- it was a few times during the first few nights after Dream died. The pain and static had been so much and he had felt so desperate. It only made things worse though and he felt guilty for trying to do that now. "Grindstone is utterly useless. Can't cut it either. Physically and all that." There were scars underneath the tattoos. He had clawed at it, sliced into it, fucking used his axe as a back scratcher and probably would've almost died if he had continued- which would have been nice but Dream's explicit orders of him not to die conflicted against that so he didn't die in the end.

The relief he had felt when he had heard that Fundy and Philza had finished their prototype had been near euphoric, and the knowledge that soon he'd be with Dream again was enough to quell the static and pain for the following week and he had reveled in it and the growing excitement and desperation to see Dream again.

"But there has to be a way to get it off him right? Or at least like, break the thing between him and Dream?" Sapnap questioned, frowning at the possibility that they might not be able to help both his best friend and new friend with this very problematic issue that laid between them. Theo couldn't stay bonded with Dream, it affected them both too much and as much as Dream tried not to take advantage of Theo with their help, or even tried to use it to help Theo himself- it really couldn't be permanent in the end. Not if they wanted Theo to get closure and to heal himself.

Which was already proving to be quite the challenge.

Bad sighed, rubbing his dark eyelids and holding his chin in thought. "Maybe? I haven't seen a tattoo'd enchantment in a *very* long time and even then, I'm not that knowledgeable over them. The only enchantments I've ever seen on a living being were a few used by a group of people *years* ago. Before any of you muffins were born. And even then, they were all the basic levels, one. Level two had only just been discovered and I think they were only able to put level one enchantments on back then but this? This is *Loyalty three*. I have never seen this enchantment on a living being, I don't know how it works or what Dream actually did or how he managed to get this high enchantment on Theo." He admitted with a tone of frustration.

"He's Dream. He's an Admin descendant and a prodigy and smart as he-heck. If anyone was going to figure out how to pull it off it'd be him." Theo said with a small smile, praising his friend and owner.

Sapnap gave Theo a helpless look, "Not the time to be kissing Dream's a-butt Theo." Theo scowled at him but ultimately sighed, shrugged and went silent.

"I never thought that you could enchant a living person before- Bad, you never told me about that!" Skeppy exclaimed, now a bit interested in it even though the source of it all was a bit horrifying.

Bad smiled wanly at his human. "You never asked." He joked before he shook his head, "Honestly I forgot it even existed until now. It's been so long since I've seen someone with an enchantment tattoo. I think the last time was when I was still, uh, well, an unbonded muffinheaded demon, I was kinda really mean back then. And I mean *really* mean. I ticked off a few nomads who had those enchantments, the ones with Knockback really packed a punch and the fighters with Piercing?" He shivered a bit, remembering how easily damaged he had been back then. "I guess the ones who knew how to really do it died out. Which unfortunately, makes this even more impressive since Dream probably just learned this on his own."

"I know right?"

"Theo for *Ender's sake*."

"In any case, we *definitely* need to find that book you mentioned. Or any book that mentions enchantment tattoos." Bad said, nudging Theo his clothes and making the blond perk as he finally clothed himself once more- the prodding was over! "Also you mentioned the Warped Priest? You could ask him about it as well, he might have more information on it than I do."

Sapnap brightened while Theo sighed, "We'll try. We're planning on visiting tomorrow."

Bad nodded, smiling as Skeppy returned to his side, "Can we come along?" Skeppy asked curiously, glancing between Sapnap and Bad.

Theo answered him promptly, "No." He snorted at the looks he got, "The Warped Faction is the smallest but also most well respected faction in the Nether, they keep to themselves and they're serious about their isolation and solitude. The less people who visit them in a group at a time, the better. Four is the right number, could be five but I doubt you'd want to visit without the other there. Unless someone else wants to stay behind." He looked at Sapnap who shook his head, they had been firm in their decision to visit the Warped Priest *together*. All four of them.

Skeppy frowned but sighed, "Aw fine. I *guess* I could stay with Bad and help him with his research..." He said with a mock tone of disappointment, giggling when Bad gently jabbed his side with a fake look of annoyance.

"Alright. Cool." Theo took in a deep breath, rolling his shoulders and trying not to think of the very real possibility of his enchantment possibly just... not being there anymore. Not that he didn't want it there it just-

He doesn't know.

Go with it Theo, focus on Dream and helping him. Focus on everything else.

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Toby stood in front of the Nether portal, watching the familiar purple swirls and the purple sparks that sank in and out of the air and the portal.

"Ready?"

Toby snorted, giving Techno and Wilbur a wry smile. "Of course."

It was about time anyway, that he returned to the Nether. He's been avoiding it for too long.

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## Chapter End Notes

f an ar t

[by sleepynemmy](#)

most anime looking theo i've ever seen pog. love the flames and the eyes XD

ngl, i almost regret formatting the chat system in this story but hey. i'm going to stick with it because that's just how it happens.

also i have no idea what foolishg AND badboyhalo's actual lore is. their past lore and stuff. enchantments, lore, i bullshitted this chapter *so hard you have NO IDEA* and i kinda fastforwarded telling bad and skeppy about everything- it's getting pretty repetitive? (i know i repeat some stuff time and time again but seriously) as much as it would pad out the word count, i wanted to get straight to the point. i hope it doesnt seem too rushed.

i have a vague idea on what foolish and bad's past was/is/were for THIS story. idk about their past in canon dream smp. i write what's interesting to me and what seems to make sense okay?? at any rate, i hope you enjoyed. next chapter- we get more warped priest! bring in the old hog!!

# Meetings and Trials

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Tubbo's fists clenched as he stood rigid in the middle of the room, surrounded on all sides by piglin faction leaders who sat in chairs. Technoblade stood by him, providing him some comfort just for being there and helping his current situation.

"There would be no benefits with these continued attacks, we're *all* wasting resources and people." Tubbo argued, trying his best to get them all to see reason. Besides him, Technoblade grunted, translating his words to the seven piglins that sat in their chairs. "My people are recuperating from the Crimson that's invading the Overworld. We're sorry for involuntarily invading your areas but we had no choice. There is hardly any place for us and we are trying our bests to survive. I implore you, stop these attacks. We can work something out, we have supplies that we could gladly trade and there is much more important matte-" He and Technoblade were soon interrupted by the rough grunts and snarls by a piglin to his left- He was large and old but muscular and he was very scarred, he wore a scuffed but enchanted golden chest plate with skeleton skulls affixes to the shoulders.

The large piglin's voice was guttural, growly and deep, he motioned to Tubbo, saying something in piglin speak before his hooved hands curled into a fist and he slammed it on the side of his chair. Tubbo flinched at the violent action and the piglin snorted roughly, eyes filled with mockery and disappointment aimed at the young president.

Don't show weakness, Tubbo's jaw clenched and he cursed himself for the flinch.

"Leader Obero speaks on the contrary," A magma hybrid says from the large piglin's side. Obero, leader of the Gold Faction in the Nether. "If your Overworld is being overrun then perhaps you should reclaim it yourself."

Techno huffed quietly beside him, leaning over to whisper, "He also insulted you."

Before Tubbo could even say anything, another piglin spoke up- female, younger but still oldish, she wore a light red dress made of red vines and flowers- the color almost makes Tubbo cringe but he reminds himself that the Crimson was different from the red plants here. They weren't the same. From her earlobes, crystalized ghastr tears swayed as she moved her head, tilting it to look at Obero. Her voice was lighter, less growling but still a bit rough as she spoke the language that Tubbo was clueless about.

Tubbo would have to do his best to learn piglish because this was getting more than annoying.

"Leader Yuve is defending you, apparently her hybrid niece came back with us, she told her about the Crimson. You might just get an ally from the Tears faction." The hybrid standing by Yuve *had* seemed familiar, what was her name- He can't remember it but he somewhat

remembered her. She had been part of the group of Nether hybrids that separated from them to return to the factions they had been born into.

Tubbo takes in a deep breath, feeling slightly off-kilter- he was still not used to the heat in this part of the Nether on his own with no armor and such and even with his modified suit, it felt hot as hell. However Tubbo had to power through it, he needed this meeting to go well.

The meeting goes on for hours hours, with multiple breaks as Tubbo was forced to cool himself off multiple times with some water bottles and even a couple of ice blocks. Added in with the language barrier, Tubbo's feeling so very frustrated over the meeting. And desperate.

It's not looking very good for him however at the same time it's not exactly bad or worse.

The Gold and Bone factions were against the alliance, only the Tears faction was willing to extend help but even then it seemed very tentative and temporary while Magma, Blaze and Pearl were neutral and very unsure about the whole alliance. No one knew what the Warped Faction wanted, it was apparently surprising enough to see the old piglin out of the Forest his faction laid in in the first place and then joining their meeting, however he did not say a single word. Since the beginning, he only watched silently, passively, he and the young piglin by his side said nothing in the face of everything. No one was brave enough to even refer to them.

Tubbo actually felt a bit comforted at the fact that he wasn't the only one disturbed by his passiveness. *Everyone* was. Even the other faction leaders.

"I have no idea what the old hog is thinking or what the hell he's doing here." Technoblade admitted quietly during one break, glancing over to where the Warped Priest sat, still as a statue- you'd think he died on the spot but no. He was alive. Somehow. "But somehow, you're going to have to either bring him to our side or at least convince him to be non-violent. Because if he decides to go against you Tubbo- I'm sorry but, everyone will be against you."

Gulping down his third water bottle, he warily glances at the still piglin priest as well before looking back at Technoblade. "What do you mean? Is his opinions and decisions that important?" He asked with some confusion and shock.

The hybrid grimaced and nodded, "The Warped Faction may be the smallest faction in here, but it's extremely respected."

"But why?"

Techno's face turned complicated as he rubbed the middle of his chest, "It's... a very long story that we don't exactly have time for... I wish I could help more Tubbo, but with this on my ear." His thumb brushed against the gold earring that pierced through one of his ears, "I have no say in faction business aside from translating for you giving you whatever information I can give. I've renounced that right when I left the Nether with this earring, even moreso after Phil adopted me. Not even my status as Warrior can really help."

Tubbo could only give him a weary but reassuring smile to his once-killer. "It's fine Technoblade. You translating for me is enough for now." He sighed, wiping the sweat on his

forehead away. "I just hope that this'll be a good outcome. We *need* this alliance Techno- we can't do anything while being under attacked and we've already lost people who respawned in the Overworld again." At least with this meeting, Quackity and the others would be setting up respawn anchors like crazy.

"I know..." The hybrid crossed his arms and sighed, "The problem here is that none of these leaders respect you Tubbo, Leader Yuve certainly appreciates the fact you brought her niece back into the Nether and let her return to her faction but that's pretty much it."

Tubbo chewed on his bottom lip, "How do I get them to respect me?" It was kind of a dumb question, he was hardly respectable as he was now. He was stressed, tired, desperate- he didn't even respect himself. Too much has happened in such little time, and he swears that if he didn't have multiple ice blocks and water bottles, he'd be having a heatstroke by now.

How can you respect a very sweaty young man who was leaning against an ice block and chugging down water bottles like a mad man? His suit was soaked with sweat and water- it was getting very uncomfortable to wear it for long periods of time, and he probably smelled which wouldn't help him in being 'respected'. He probably ranked towards the hybrids and piglins right now.

"I'd say challenge them to something and beat them," Techno replied but his mouth thinned into a frown, "But they might not think that challenging you would be worth it..."

The young president's fists clenched, "It's worth a shot though. We need their alliance, I'm willing to do anything as long as everyone can live in the Nether safely."

Anything.

Anything at all.

So he challenges them. Every faction leader, he proposes a challenge.

*Every* faction leader.

Which meant even the Warped Priest. There was a silent moment when Tubbo looked the Priest in the eye and said his challenge, Technoblade even stuttered a bit. The Priest once again didn't say anything and merely closed his eyes.

The moment passes and it's loud as Obero and the leader of the Bones faction- Thymu, a muscular young piglin male who wore bones all over his body, a cracked skeleton skull on his head- began to laugh and mock him in broken English.

"*You* go challenge *us*? That funny! You funny!" Thymu declared with a deep rumble, tusked smile wide and grinning mockingly at Tubbo who grits his teeth but keeps his head high.

Obero slaps the table in his laughter- they're not the only ones amused. The Pearl faction leader, a female piglin named Ednae who wore a black dress of what almost seemed like charred plants with an Eye of Ender necklace, was giggling to herself while the Magma faction leader, Pali, a very old piglin female- not as old as the Warped Priest- who wore a

deep red vine robe and had magma cream smeared on her cheeks and blaze powder covering her tusks, snorted in clear amusement.

The Blaze faction leader, a male *hybrid*- the only hybrid leader, Vorn was stone-faced and had his arms crossed unimpressed. Like the Warped Priest, he had blaze powder painted underneath his eyes however his arms were absolutely *covered* with blaze powder, painted in intricate symbols that Tubbo didn't recognize.

Vorn rumbled something in piglish and the blaze hybrid translated, "What exactly would you challenge us in? You are in the Nether, it must abide by our standards and customs." His words made both Thymu and Obero stop laughing. Both leaders grunted and growled to the stone-faced hybrid who didn't answer them, all he did was stare at Tubbo who stared back at him, unwilling to back down.

"They're asking him if he's being serious. But he does have a point. You challenged them, in the Nether, you're going to have to face them in one of *their* challenges. Their trials." Technoblade whispered to Tubbo who grimly nodded though he still held his stare off with Vorn, "There's not a lot of trials you can face since you're an Overworld human, it'll differ with each faction if you get them to agree."

There's more back and forth within the room, Tubbo and Vorn's stare off is interrupted by the others- Tubbo was proud to say that Vorn had looked away first. Even though it was because of Pali who had caught his attention with something. Something about trials not being for Overworlders and how this was going to effect them all if they let it happen- Pali sides with Thymu and Obero, now against with allying her faction with the Overworlders.

Thankfully Vorn seemed up for it- as long as Tubbo won whatever trial he would face. Ednae was still neutral and once again, *no one* knew what the Warped Priest was thinking.

Until now.

"A challenge that shall be involving all factions... We, the Warped Faction shall issue this challenge and decide the trial it shall be."

The room goes silent at the raspy, old and deep voice that came from the Warped Priest. Besides him, the young piglin grunts, translating his words to Piglish.

Tubbo's eyes widen as the old piglin continues, "The Trial of Blood shall be the challenge."

Pandemonium.

Utter pandemonium as the factions leaders start shouting- even the stoic-faced Vorn and the reserved Yuve were grunting, snarling and growling in rapid Piglish- *Technoblade* was gesturing to the Warped Priest, his eyes wide, shocked and frantic.

"Techno? *Technoblade what is going on?* What's- What's the Trial of Blood?" Tubbo asks, gripping the frantic hybrid's sleeve to gain his attention. Whatever it was, it didn't sound good at all.

Technoblade looked at Tubbo and Tubbo almost recoils at the near-feral look in his eyes, the hybrid takes in a deep breath in an effort to calm himself before he replies. "It's- It's a big deal of a trial Tubbo. The best warriors are chosen to face each other, it's a battle to the death and whoever survives becomes a Warrior of Blood. A true Warrior, it's an instant way to gain respect yeah but-" Technoblade cuts himself off, pressing a hand against his chest.

"Oh." Tubbo lets of his sleeve, "But what? Also best warriors? I- who's the best warrior in our ranks? Aside from you- wait does that me-"

"I can't be the warrior you chose Tubbo." Techno interrupted, looking away from the confused president.

The young man frowned, "Why not?"

"I've already been through this, as a Warrior myself, I'm not allowed to go through the trial again." His hands are balled tightly and shaking.

Tubbo was just about to ask him another question however he never got to ask as the Warped Priest silenced the room once more with his voice and words.

"The Trial of Blood will commence in time. You Overworlders shall join. Factions, ready your warriors, the Warped Faction shall prepare for the Trial." Every leader looked grim, but nodded in unison. However, Obero glanced over to Tubbo and he grunted at him with a look of ridicule.

Tubbo faced Technoblade who translated for him, "He's asking whether or not you'll be part of the Trial."

"I'm obviously not the best fighter we have, I'll as-" "You will participate."

Tubbo had been surprised when the old piglin interrupted him, even more so when he processed what the Priest said. "What?" "Heh?" He and Technoblade chorused, staring at the wizened creature who stood from his chair, the butt of his staff made a loud sound against the nether brick floor.

"You shall participate in the Trial of Blood. You will fight on behalf of your people. No one else shall fight for you. It has been voiced." He said with a tone of finality.

Dread settled in his stomach as the meeting was loud once more.

Oh fuck.

---

"Toby? Toby? Tobyyyy hellooo?"

*TOBY!! wake up. Just what are you thinking?? TOBY LOOK MAGMA CU- AH IT FELL OFF! you're distracted toby. NETHER NETHER WE ARE BAAACK. it's hot in here can we go back to the overworld? FUCK YEAH HELL!!BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD*



Toby shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts and ignore Chat as he looked over to Wilbur. The familiar heat of the Nether surrounded him and he gave the man a crooked smile, "Ah- sorry about that Wilbur. I was uh, quite a bit distracted." He admitted, looking around the hub of the community portal. It was definitely smaller than he remembered. He looks back at the portal, remembering how they had broken it in an effort to stave off the Crimson-preventing it from following them.

They had expanded the area before destroying it when signs of the Crimson were leaking through the portal they reignited.

"I was remembering the first meeting I had with the faction leaders, and when I first met the Warped Priest." He admitted to him and to Technoblade who glanced back at him. He let out a deep exhale, "I was so nervous and if it weren't for some ice blocks and water bottles I would have overheated and had a stroke."

Wilbur frowned, "Why? Weren't you wearing armor with cooling enchantments?" Like what they were wearing right now actually. At least, Wilbur was. Toby and Technoblade hardly needed it.

"I'm going to take a guess and say he wasn't allowed to wear any armor for that meeting of his." Techno deadpanned, snorting at Toby's hesitant nod of confirmation.

"They were already wary of me being- well, *there*. Some of them probably just wanted me to die from the temperature but jokes on them, I survived and became a Warrior." Toby joked, grinning to himself. "Who's laughing now Thymu?" Not that Thymu would even know him at this point.

*BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!! BONE LEADER! who? Tiam chose Thymu as her successor? disappointing. WHO THE HECK*

"Who's Thymu?"

Toby smiled, shaking his head. "Later. Right now, let's head towards the old pig and his faction."

*TO THE WARPED PIG! The Warped Priest have some respect. OLD PIG OLD PIG OLD PIG!! oink oink. oh my ender you guys. It's going to be nice to see them again. AAAA I DON'T WANNA HEAR THE ELDERS THEY'RE OLD AND BORING!! rude.*

Technoblade snorted. "Well said."

The three men went on their way towards the specific Warped Forest where the Priest and his faction lived in.

The reason it was the three of them was simple enough. As much as he had wanted to avoid the Warped Priest, Technoblade would stay by his warrior brother's side in meeting the old pig- it was practically his job really as the senior warrior between them, never mind the fact that Toby was currently older than him. Technoblade had been warrior for far longer and was senior Warrior.

Wilbur on the other hand was too curious for his own good and had wanted to learn more about the Nether after he heard both Technoblade and Toby talk about it to each other recently, originally Phil wanted to go with them but *someone* had to be the responsible adult back in L'Manberg. Ghostbur definitely did not count and the three teenagers- yeah no.

Toby hard core rejected Tommy and Tubbo from coming, three people were enough thanks and even then, having Tommy and Tubbo come along would be too chaotic in the end.

It was bad enough that inevitably, the Warped Priest would be interested in *Tubbo* because of *Toby*. Toby had become a Warrior, that meant Tubbo had *potential*.

If there was anything else besides the Egg, Crimson and losing Tommy that Toby didn't want Tubbo to go through, it would be the *Trial of Blood*.

He and Technoblade were simply curious if Toby's alliance with the Nether worked in this timeline because of his status as a Warrior. If it didn't, then it was disappointing however not unexpected. It would've been nice but now that the Egg was dealt with, they didn't exactly need the Nether Alliance. Even though it would be nice to have the Nether united like in the future.

Maybe Toby could still do that, it was a chance that he could make at least. However if it needed another Trial of Blood...

...

He'll deal with it somehow.

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## Chapter End Notes

*FaNaRt*

[by Anonymous](#)

asfhadfun THEY DREW THE WARPED PRIEST AND HE LOOKS AWESOME!  
POGGG!! he's *exactly* how i imagined him XDD thank you!!!! from one anonymous to another holy crap ~~also thanks for the long comments they make my day hahaha~~

almost couldn't update today because i mistakenly slept in late in the morning and was busy shopping for food and other stuff in the afternoon. thankfully i managed even though i am really tired right now ;u;

but yeah! most of this chapter was a glimpse to the past on to how tubbo was wrangled into the blood trials and we got to see more of the factions.

the names are random, just pretend they mean something in piglish or something- again! bullshitting as i go here!

yeah i really wanted to go more in depth to the piglin and nether customs X)

Faction Leaders:

Bone - Thymu

Pearl - Ednae

Gold - Obero

Blaze - Vorn

Tears - Yuze

Magma - Pali

Warped - Warped Priest

yes the warped priest has a name. no you do not get to know his name yet, hardly anyone knows his name and he will be without one until it is revealed to the characters themselves.

okay NEXT CHAPTER we get the actual warped priest talking.

# Two Warriors, A Musician and A Priest

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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The Nether is as hot as he remembers it. However it's nothing compared to the Nether he remembers.

The man-made pathways were missing, certain areas had yet to be built, Nether Fortresses that had yet to be conquered and repurposed as either a living space or something else- there was a lot of things that Toby had instinctively expected to see within the Nether but couldn't because it hadn't been built yet.

The Nether was a sprawling, hellscape that had yet to be terraformed into a safehaven for recuperating Overworlders. An isolated peace between piglin factions that didn't have them all united into working together with them.

Even though Toby had been busy in the frontlines, trying to get Theo back and find a way to either beat the Crimson and the newly hatched Egg or help Fundy and Philza with their time travel project, he had spent enough time in the Nether to be familiar with the structures that had been erected after he had stepped down from presidency.

"It almost took a full year for the factions to all be united. I had to train for two and half months. Techno put me through the wringer during those two and a half months. It's not a lot of time but it was enough for me to face Dorma, the Tears faction warrior." Toby told Wilbur and Techno along the way, his face wistful but nonetheless grim. " When I fought her, I was half-sure I was going to die."

*There's roars and snarls all around him- he can't tell if they were cheers or jeers. And it was hard to focus when you had someone's dead body pinning you down to the hot, netherrack ground. Tubbo takes in a desperate gulp of air, choking at the taste of ash and blood in his mouth as he heaved the body off of him. The female piglin's body rolls to the side as he forces himself to sit up, trembling underneath the effort as well at the weight of death on his shoulders. He killed her. He killed his opponent- as he should have, but she was a piglin. Piglins don't respawn. Mobs don't respawn. Only hybrids could. He permanently ended her life.*

*"The Overworlder as won!" A familiar rasping voice declares, and Tubbo's head tilts up, his vision blurry as he sees the Warped Priest stand on the pedestal above him. He can hardly make him out, black spots starting to overtake his vision. "The Tears Faction has lost!" That's all he hears before he slips into unconsciousness. His entire being exhausted, his body broken, injured, bloodied and bruised.*

*But he did it.*

*He had won and lived.*

"But you didn't."

Toby smiled and shook his head, "No. I didn't. I won, time and time again... But just because I won doesn't mean we should let Tubbo experience what I did." He finished quietly, looking off into the distance, spotting a ghast flying behind a singular falling pillar of lava. "It would be nice, to have the factions united again- to have a stronger peace within the Nether, to have piglins not attack anyone who visit the Nether and for a chance to help the factions and ourselves. But if the cost of it is to have Tubbo or *anyone else* go through the Trial of Blood... It's not an affordable cost. Not now at least. The Egg is gone and the Overworld is safe- there's Crimson lingering around but we can deal with it."

Technoblade nodded in agreement while Wilbur just looked deep in thought, "Besides, you could probably try to do another trial to gain alliance anyway." The hybrid mentioned and Toby cracked a smile at that.

"Yeah. Yeah I could." He was knowledgeable about the trials now, he didn't know all of them but he knew enough that if Toby's achievements as Warrior of Blood from the future couldn't unite the factions in this time, then maybe going through the faction's trials individually would instead.

The trek to the Warped Faction is long but certainly not boring as Toby tells Techno and Wilbur about a few things of the future- the brighter side of the future. Where piglins and overworlders worked together, on how no one was attacked for not wearing gold anymore and on how things were. It hadn't been easy, the Nether was not an easy realm to terraform and there had been many problems along the way but they had managed. They adapted, they survived, they lived.

L'Manberg may have died, but its people had moved on. Migrated with so many others into the Nether and they all gathered to survive. There had been idiots, who were self-centered and didn't want to work with piglins but it was either that or try to survive themselves in the Crimson Overworld- the tundras might have been safe but it was still a harsh environment to live in and it wasn't permanent either.

Techno's future house in the tundras had turned into an Overworld campsite and base, a hub for people to come back to the Overworld to get supplies. It could have been their home but the tundras couldn't accommodate that many people, and the Crimson was still a threat as long as there was untouched land. Especially after the Egg hatched, the tundras were no longer safe as the Crimson adapted to the temperature and started encroaching the snowy lands and icy seas.

Over the journey, the scouting piglin groups are wary of them and stay a respectful distance away- mostly because of Technoblade. As a piglin hybrid- even if he chose the Overworld, they give him leeway, and since Toby and Wilbur were travelling with him they were given leeway as well. So long as Wilbur and Toby don't try to interact with them, they wouldn't do a thing even though neither wore anything made of gold on them.

*SCREEEEEEEEEE!! stop screeeing! oh my ender can we just turn back now? E E E E E E E E. toby toby what else happens in the future? Look a zombie piglin! BLOOD! POGGERS THERE'S A GHAST TECHNO KILL IT FOR ITS TEARS! humina humina humina humina.*

*set fire to everything its not hot enough. I WANNA GO BACK TO RANBOO AND THE OTHERS! stay in the nether and burn. BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! we're close. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. its going to be nice to talk to the elders again! IT'S NOT! POG. i wonder what philza is doing. TOMMY TUBBO GHOSTBUR AND RANBOO TOO! Can we please just calm down here it's more chaotic than normal! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. hot future tubbo going on a journey with technomenter and brother soot! STOP CALLING HIM HOT FUTURE TUBBO THE JOKE'S OLD! never stop calling him that it's still funny. ENDER'S FUCK WHY.*

Chat of course does it's best to drive Techno and Toby up the wall like always throughout the journey. Only just a bit louder for Toby who follows Techno's lead and just ignores most of them for now. Technoblade at the very least was enjoying the fact that he wasn't the only one who could hear the voices anymore, it was nice to have someone else suffer with you from the onslaught of nonstop nonsense that Chat usually liked to babble about.

It was always worse within the Nether for both warriors, it was there that the voices were the clearest and almost constantly energetic after all. They live out their namesake the best in the Nether, chattering away about whatever the hell they wanted.

However, to Toby and Techno's relief and somewhat perturbation, the closer they got to the Warped Forest, the calmer Chat began to be.

A relief because the noise in their heads were no longer as loud, but they were always perturbed whenever Chat wasn't as talkative as it usually was. To Toby it always reminded him of the silence after Technoblade's death.

When they finally arrived at the edge of the Warped Forest, they began to hear them.

The Elders.

The 'Chat' that the Warped Priest had.

*he comes. they come. two warriors. the young brood as well. hello.*

*Elders. FUCK YOU! oh my ender shut up. BLOOD? no blood just elders. greetings. hold up there's an elder with us? RECORD SCRATCH.*

*you notice only now? they joined when they felt the disturbance. how are you?*

*it's been entertaining. GASP! oh crap. NO WONDER YOU FELT SO STRANGE!!! no wonder you were so ominous i thought you were a try hard. SAME! rude. we're sorry. No we're not.*

"Mmm, not liking that." Techno muttered, rubbing his forehead as the voices mingled.

Toby smiled wryly at him, "Well, that explains a lot." Wilbur gave both men confused looks.

"What explains a lot?"

"There's an Elder in Chat- our Chat at least, we never really noticed much until now." Wilbur's confusion only grew and Toby realized that Wilbur wouldn't know about the Elders. "The Warped Priest also has Chat, he can hear the voices too but his voices are... different."

Techno snorted, "They're more mature but a lot more vague than our Chat."

*TECHNOMEAN! We're mature! EEEEEEEEEEE! Most of us at least. TECHNO'S NOT POGGERS! half of us? BLOOD FOR THE GODS! some of us. AT LEAST WE'RE NOT THAT VAGUE ON STUFF! mmm cake. WHERE'S THE CAKE WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! the younger brood is very entertaining and i've learned a lot in my time here. you were spying on us???*

*will you return?*

*i think i shall stay for now. NO PLEASE DO LEAVE WE DON'T WANT OLD GUYS IN THIS HOUSE! what house we don't live anywhere. I think they meant it metaphorically. STAY PLEASE JOIN THE SANER SIDE!*

"It *has* been a tiny bit calmer with you around." The hybrid admitted to the one Elder voice in their Chat. "Ender I can't believe I haven't noticed until now."

The time traveler besides him laughed, patting his shoulder. "Well to be fair, a *lot* has been happening." He pointed out to his young mentor who conceded to his point.

*then stay if you'd like but you are welcomed back any time. do tell us on whatever is happening. he waits for you three, come.*

*very well. NOOOOOO. YEAAAAAAH POG. oh ender. OLD PIG OLD PIG! give some respect it's the warped priest you utter buffoons.*

From the teal woods, a pair of piglins emerge. Together, they grunted and motioned them over.

The three visitors shared a look before walking over, following the pair towards the settlement of the Warped Faction.

Between the three of them, only Wilbur is looking around with wide-eyes. This would be his first time entering any kind of faction settlement. "*This* is the faction that's the most respected out of the seven major ones?" He whispered to his brother, taking in the root-made tents, the warped-log shacks that held children and a few other piglins. In a cursory view, it just seemed like a normal, if a bit poor, settlement.

"Don't judge the look Wilbur." Techno whispered back, keeping his face stoic as they followed the leading piglins. "It's just the surface, and the faction *is* the smallest out of the major seven." But just because it was the smallest didn't mean it couldn't pack a punch- there was a reason they were the most respected faction in the Nether. And that reason was the history of the Nether as well as the old pig himself that was waiting for them in front of the open cave.

The Warped Priest stood at the mouth of his cave, looking just as Toby and Techno remembered him. Neither knew just how old the piglin was, he looked the same nonetheless and it was hard to imagine any time when he wasn't wrinkled, hunched over and using a staff as support, dressed in nether and warped roots and a cyan crowned wither skull atop that ancient head of his.

Both Toby and Techno bowed their heads in sync, muttering their greetings in piglish. Wilbur could only awkwardly follow them even though he didn't have to.

The Priest snorted, "Your Piglish is horrible." He told Toby and Wilbur, surprising the latter with how well his English was- even with the slight accent and the way his voice was rough and raspy, Wilbur had never heard a piglin being so fluent in English. "Come in, it is about time you came to me. Warriors." He said before turning and hobbling back into his cave.

"Well, he's right about one thing. Your Piglish is horrendous." Techno murmured to the humans beside him, smirking at Wilbur's pout and the exasperated sigh Toby made.

"The human voice box is not built for Piglish." Toby replied before they followed after the piglin into the cave. Really almost nothing has changed from his memories of the place. The Warped Priest had rejected any renovations that were offered to his cave, though he didn't reject any stronger builds in their faction- granted only a limited people could come to the area at a time.

Chat murmured in the back of their heads, quieter now that they were in the presence of the Warped Priest and the Elders.

*they're here. they brought an extra. kin to the blood warriors. someone important? instability lingers around him. something is off about him.*

*His name is Wilbur Soot. Brother Soot, Techno's adopted brother. his fate has been changed, that is the instability. He's not going to become insane anymore! well there's still ghostbur and he's pretty unstable in the head.*

"Don't remind me Chat, it's why I had Phil follow him around today and make sure nothing bad happens." Toby said quietly to himself- Ghostbur was indeed a loose canon. For how much he wants to believe that Ghostbur wouldn't blow up L'Manberg, he knew that Theo was right. Ghostbur was someone unpredictable and unlike Wilbur, Ghostbur would be a little harder to keep grounded. Not to mention he's seen how much time Wilbur has been spending with Ghostbur who's been wearing that trench coat a bit too much lately, maybe that's why he's letting Wilbur come with them right now.

He's uneasy about Ghostbur, unused to Pogtopia-like Ghostbur that managed to frighten not only him, but Theo as well.

"Toby?"

Toby glanced over to Wilbur, who gives him a questioning and concerned look. He searches Wilbur's eyes, looking for *something*- he gives Wilbur a slight smile of reassurance back, waving off his concern.



Soon enough, they enter the Warped Priest's main room. The Priest sits down on one side of the low table, motioning the three to sit on the opposite side. "Sit, it has been voiced." He even says and they do. Wilbur sits on the middle, with Technoblade and Toby flanking his sides.

As always, the young piglin children- his students, the future priests and sages of their respective factions- come to provide drinks and leave promptly afterwards.

"You come seeking answers." The Warped Priest says, setting side his staff to gingerly hold his cup of water. "Answers that I may or may not have. I shall give them to you, and you shall give me my own answers in return. Information, for information." He says, his gaze steady underneath the wrinkles of old age.

"Information for information." Toby confirmed, not touching the cup- he wasn't thirsty at the moment.

"It has been voiced."

Techno huffed at the familiar words, and here he thought he was done with the Priest after he had left his faction for good. "We were wondering if Toby's challenge would be considered fulfilled in this timeline despite being from the future." He tells him, he's not even phased by the fact that the Warped Priest hums and doesn't ask about the future part- the old pig just knew things he shouldn't, the Elders probably told him after finding out somehow- the Elder in his Chat probably told the other Elders who then told him.

"That would depend on what the challenge was about." The Priest replied lowly, eyeing Toby who kept a carefully stoic face. "It must be important, for us to even include this Overworlder into our ranks, our customs. To have him become a Blood Warrior while *you* are alive, Blade." He rumbles, his gaze turning to Technoblade.

The hybrid grunts, "It's Technoblade now, Priest." He says firmly and it makes the piglin chuckle lightly.

"You have truly embraced the Overworld, adding into your name, having multiple Overworlder kin- you have changed, little Blade." The Warped Priest rumbled, a fond but sharp smile on his face.

Techno scowled, "*Technoblade*." He corrected once again, his eyes narrowed at the amused old hog. "Don't make me correct you a third time *hog*."

*such disrespect to your elders.*

*YEAH FUCK YOU HOG! SHH!! i mean technoblade got his name from phil the priest has to acknowledge his name. Little Blade ain't little anymore. you're teasing them.*

The hybrid inhaled sharply but exhaled when he saw Wilbur's concerned glance to him. He shook his head and his lips thinned while Toby decided to take over to speak.

"The challenge I issued was to all of the factions Warped Priest, *all of them*. I became a Warrior of Blood to unite the factions in the Nether and ally them to the Overworld. No more attacks between our factions unless in self-defense or with good reason, resources being traded between all factions, structures built within territories and more." He told him, taking some pride in his efforts. He had spent a grueling year in the Nether, hardly leaving the realm just to get used to the heat and the fights within it as well as learning all he could for the sake of the Trial.

*yeahhhh!!! go toby!! He has the mark to prove his efforts! it's authentic, definitely a real brand from this faction. WHOOOO!! he speaks truth.*

That pride grew just a bit as he sees The Warped Priest's eyes widen.

*united? all of them? allying with the overworld? no more attacks. that would mean no golden protection. how ambitious.*

"It has been voiced. How ambitious indeed." The Warped Priest murmured, curling a hand underneath his chin in thought. "And you succeeded in your future. Show me the brand."

Toby sighed through his nose but unbuttoned his shirt to show the brand that laid over his chest and scars. He tried not to show discomfort as he felt the Warped Priest's eyes roam over his chest, analyzing not only the brand but the firework scars that still marked his skin prominently. When the Warped Priest snorts, he swiftly buttons his shirt up again as he remembers the pain of getting the brand in the first place.

*"With this. You shall be a new Warrior of Blood." The Warped Priest rumbled, holding the incredibly scorching hot iron rod, the shaped metal tip glowing so intensely that Tubbo would still see it even if he closed his eyes. The old hog steps closer and Tubbo stands his ground, he holds Technoblade's hand tightly in his even though it feels like he's hyperventilating. He could do this. He totally could- he had fought and killed for this. He was so ender-damned prepared for this-*

*"Breathe Tubbo." Technoblade whispers to him and he is breathing. He's breathing so much his lungs are starting to hurt. The hybrid grimaces but with his free hand he offered Tubbo a strip of leather. "Through your nose pal, come on. Open your mouth and bite down." Tubbo does, he bites down on the leather while staring at the red hot iron branding rod that was aimed at his exposed chest. He holds on to Techno's hand for dear life as it comes closer, breathing heavily through his nose. "Hang on Tubbo."*

*The rod comes closer, and closer, and- **it burns. He screams through the leather as his chest burns worst than the fireworks. Something hisses in the back of his head but he can't focus because of the burning pain.***

He had to be pinned down during the branding and he had passed out by the end as they pressed a watered down health potion soaked cloth against his chest. Just enough to heal, but not enough to get rid of the branding scorched scar that would permanently sit on top of his heart for the rest of his life.

And not even a day later, he had started hearing voices in his head. He thought he was going insane but no, he'd been '*blessed*' with the ability to hear Chat.

"You have shed blood in the name of our god and king. You have our brand, you are our kin-not to mention. You *hear* them. The voices of the beyond. The brood that serves our god, the voices of realms, those who have died and never returned, who lost their senses and now anchor themselves to the Warriors. That proves that indeed, you have succeeded." The Warped Priest murmured and Chat is silent in his wake.

Toby knows, he's heard him said it before. Word for word.

"You are a Warrior of Blood. Human and Overworlder that you are, you are our kin."

"Now and forevermore." Toby and Technoblade finished while Wilbur watched quietly between them. Feeling out of place. Should he have even come?

"You ask if the challenge persists. I would say yes, you have proven yourself in your time." It's a surprising answer, one that gives Toby some hope, "However you must prove yourself once more. To the current faction leaders." And that hope is extinguished.

"Does that mean he'll have to take the Trial of Blood thing again?" Wilbur questioned, baffled by the Warped Priest's answer. "It can't happen again-"

"It can, though neither the Warriors here would be allowed to participate. Someone else would have to." The Priest replied calmly, not even flinching by the dual smacks to the table by both Toby and Techno.

"No." The two warriors growled out together, Techno in Piglish and Toby in English. Another Trial of Blood was *out of the question*, they wouldn't subject *anyone* to it-

*WHACK! WHACK!*

Wilbur yelped as both hybrid and time traveler were whacked firmly on the head by the staff, the Warped Priest holding the end of the staff and looking disgruntled and annoyed as both clutched their heads in pain. "*Behave* and calm yourselves. I am not finished." The ancient piglin huffed hotly through his nose, "The Trial of Blood is a *possibility*. We already have two warriors, having three while glorious, would be too much. A third is not needed due to our realm's stability. The bloodlust of three warriors would cast everyone into a troubling situation. It has been voiced."

*two is enough. three is too much. the last three warriors was disastrous. too much blood was spilled and only half was offered to our god.*

*wait there were three warriors before? Must be from before our time. BLOOD? mentions of blood no actual blood. i barely remember that but yes that had been problematic.*

"So you were just answering Wilbur's question?" Techno rubbed his head, glaring at the amused piglin who nodded in confirmation. "Should've said so you old wrinkled pig."

Toby was annoyed as well, but ultimately he was relieved that another Trial of Blood wasn't needed. Tubbo didn't have to do anything like what he did and that was enough. "So I'm going to guess that I'll just have to challenge them directly then?" Just as he and Techno thought for backup.

"If that is what you decide to do then so be it." The Warped Priest replied simply, "You already have the trust of the Warped Faction as the blood warrior brother to Technoblade. I do not doubt the prowess that you have, you have proven yourself through that mark you now bear. Show that mark to any version of myself and you will instantly gain it, it had been voiced." His tone held a type of finality and sureness that Toby had to pause and think on his words.

*our turn. time to ask. the threat what is it. has it been dealt with yet?*

*It's been fucking dealt with alright. BURN BITCH YEAH!! egg is dead. eee. WE SPILT ITS BLOOD! it was disgustingly horrifying but it's dead. or is it? definitely dead. what's wilbur looking at? dead egg is dead. oh that's unexpected.*

"What's unexpected?" Technoblade questioned with furrowed brows before he looked at Wilbur who was staring up, "Wilbur?"

Wilbur's face was pale but his eyes were furrowed and he looked shocked and angry. "Why is *that* up there?"

Toby glanced up at the vines that hung low from the ceiling, "Why is what up wh-" He cut himself off, eyes widening at the one particular vine that held one particular object.

The Warped Priest and Technoblade looked up as well and Techno was quick to spot the item too.

The Warped Priest's way of storing items was strange, he seemed to prefer to hang most items from the vines of his caves. It's just how it's been as far as long as both as anyone knew him. He's gathered many a things to hang from the cyan and teal vines that grew both from the ceiling and the ground of his cave. Skulls, potions, blaze rods, containers of magma cream, blaze powder, ghastr tears- but in one vine that hung low, curled in its hold. You could almost miss it if you just gave a cursory glance but it was there. A familiar porcelain mask was settled firmly in its crook. A simple smile that angered the three men that sat practically underneath it.

The old piglin was unimpressed when Toby stood up, a look of fury on his face while bloodlust fueled his eyes. "*Why* is Dream's *mask* *here*?" He demanded from the Priest.

The Warped Priest hummed, looking at him through half-lidded eyes.

---

Blocks away, four men got closer and closer to their intended location.

Dream suddenly experienced a full body shiver, "What the *fuck*?"

"Are you okay?" Theo immediately asked, looking over Dream who tried to calm him down only for them to be attacked by a ghost.

Suffice to say, the ghost did not last long.

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## Chapter End Notes

apparently there's a vid by dunkey (idk who he is) where fan art of my fic is in it?

bruh

idk how to react to that

so

i'll just...

continue on...

honestly i did want to take a break but at this point it feels wrong to *not* write and update? i've spent so long thinking and writing this story that honestly, i want to update every day. and i'm trying to do that again, but i'm sure at some point i'll take an actual break and not update a day or a couple of days. it's baffling, i've never done this for anything else i've written in the past. it's amazing. i just really like this story and this fandom holy crap.

thanks so much everyone!

also yeah next chapter will probably be more fun- probably. maybe. idk, i just write down what i think is going to happen next and everyone surprisingly enjoys it.

# Heads Up

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*WHACK*

Toby gritted his teeth as the teal staff head collided against his forehead, the Warped Priest giving him a stern look through lidded eyes. "You are spilling unwarranted bloodlust Warrior. Control yourself, lest you regret whatever actions that may follow outside of your reach." The piglin warned, his tone clear and precise as he pushed the staff against Toby's head and Toby got the message. He reluctantly sat down but he still glared at the Priest, glancing up at the hanging mask that practically mocked him with its familiar smile.

*the token. the mask was freely given. he harbors a grudge against the legacy? hm how interesting.*

*DREAM'S MASK?! what the heck. Why is it here? BLOOD SPILL HIS BLOOD OFFER IT TO THE BLOOD GOD! what the fuck is that mask doing up there. dream was here and he gave you one of his masks? WHY IS THERE A HOMELESS MAN EVERYWHERE WE GO?!*

"He gave you one of his masks?" Techno echoed, hearing out what the Elders and Chat were saying. "Dream was *here* and he gave you one of his masks. Why? How did he even-"

Toby hissed through his teeth, "*Theo*." That was the answer on how he knew where the area was. The location of the Warped Forest wasn't exactly a secret anymore in the future, but it was cautioned to be left alone. "Theo must have told Dream, either that or Dream found out somehow beforehand. I've never seen or heard of Dream or Theo being sighted anywhere *near* this place in the future. If anything they stayed away from here." He couldn't remember a time where Dream and Theo had come to the Warped Faction- they had visited the others for some supplies yes, but Toby hadn't heard of them visiting the Warped Faction at all within the now distant future.

"Was Dream's mask-" Wilbur starts to ask but immediately Toby shook his head.

"I never saw Dream's mask here before, so Theo must have been here with him at some point. But *why*- why were they here?" He asked, looking at the silent Priest who observed them with half-lidded eyes.

"The same reason why you are all here... Answers to whatever question they have for me." His eyes narrowed and he gave them all a warning look, cutting off whatever question or sentence they were about to say. "If you wish to know what they asked, then ask them yourself. I shall take no personal part in whatever feud you have against the legacy and his comrades. *It has been voiced*." He rumbled, declaring his side.

His own.

Techno growled at him, "That *legacy* has harmed my *kin*." He points out to him, "He is *dangerous*-"

"Obviously he is." The Warped Priest scoffed, "An active legacy of any admin is dangerous Technoblade, you do nothing in pointing out the obvious." His eyes close and he huffs hotly, "And if that legacy has indeed harmed your kin then it is not my responsibility to deal with him, it is yours. We respect your kin, warriors, but no action will be done from this faction unless it is done directly or the need fully rises with it, the legacy has traded with me fairly with no string attached. He has even given me a portion of himself, though he knows not the true meaning for it, by obligation I have no right to interfere with the business he or anyone involved with him unless it is required."

*an obligation to fulfill. a promise is a promise. we will not intervene nor be influenced. it has been voiced.*

"It has been voiced."

---

The Nether is hot.

An understatement but nonetheless true.

To any other person who was not used to the Nether, it was truly hell in its extreme temperature, otherworldly environment and the scarce resources that spanned for miles and chunks.

But to Theo it was a place of comfort, a place of nostalgia and a place of old hurt laid to rest. Somewhat.

Staring at the swirling depths of magma below, Theo itched to either throw down a fire resistance potion and jump or just jump without the potion.

No, he backtracked on that latter. Theo has been through that suicidal thinking, he was *done*- it still haunts his mind but Dream's orders stood firm-

*Dream's fingers dug into his shoulders painfully as Tommy stared into desperate shifting eyes, "You are not allowed to kill yourself- to fucking die- do you hear me Tommy?! Never-" Tommy's surprise skyrockets as Dream's voice strains and the man chokes on his words. It's hot, the Nether is hot, it's less hot as Dream pulls him into a hug, the cool netherite armor the other man wore was fending off the heat of the firey realm they were in. Dream's words settle into his head and cement itself into his brain. Not allowed. Not allowed to kill himself, not allowed to die. "Never do that again. You're mine, you're not dying- You're not- don't- Guilt quickly grows and festers in his numb chest as he tentatively hugged back his. Owner? Friend? Friend. Owner. Dream. He should have known that Dream did actually care for him underneath everything. That despite everything that happened, Dream genuinely cared for him in his own twisted way.*

*"M sorry Dream." He mumbles, closing his eyes and feeling tired.*

-and he had a *mission* to focus on, Dream to focus on. Dying would be pointless anyway, Theo had all three of his lives again.

But didn't that mean he could probably just lose one life to the heat then? It'd be swift, if he took off his armor and dived in head first-

*Not allowed to kill yourself. Not allowed to let yourself die.*

His jaw clenched and he shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts and for once, focus on the static that was grounding him. Reminding him of the Dream's order. Reminding him that dying wasn't an option. As tempting as flinging himself into the boiling red liquid below without his armor and potions, he couldn't do that.

Theo wasn't suicidal. Not anymore. The lava looked comforting sure but he was *done*. He had to focus, had to keep his mind straight. Dying was selfish when he had people relying on him, when Dream was *alive*- he was alive and young and Theo was *helping* him. Theo couldn't die, not that easily and for the selfish, old reason that was suicide. He was fine. Things were fine.

George, Sapnap and as of lately, Bad and Skeppy were grounding Dream. For some reason they're adamant to do something about the mark of blue staining his back and the static that plagued his head but they were there for Dream. ~~And him for some ender damned reason.~~

"Theo?"

George is there, by his side and both Sapnap and Dream aren't too far behind. He has that same look on his face again, back when he first found Theo staring into lava the first time they were all in the Nether together, gathering soul sand and soil for the Soul-Fire Aspect enchantments. "You okay?"

"I'm fine." Theo says and George doesn't look too convinced, not when Theo is standing right at the edge and still looking at the sea of boiling magma underneath. "I have fire resist pots if I fall." He tells him, reassuring him that he won't die that easily- with his relaxing down time hobby they shouldn't be that concerned with him and lava. He constantly had a fire pot on hand in his inventory.

"That's... good." George says slowly before he starts to corral Theo *away* from the edge. "Let's go Theo." He says, smiling at the masked blond who only nodded back in response.

The lava bubbles way below and behind him and he ignores its tempting thrall like always as he and George rejoin Sapnap and Dream's side. Break time was over, they had a Warped Priest to see. Theo takes in a deep breath, inhaling the ashy, hot scent of the Nether as he remembered his first meeting with the piglin. It was when Dream had just been infected and they had both been cornered by the Crimson.

With little choice, Theo had quickly built a Nether Portal, not realizing that by chance, the portal had been too close to the Warped Faction's territory. He hauled himself and Dream through the portal, blowing it up as he left and they ended up unintentionally trespassing on the area. Dream was hurt and infected, Theo had been so tired and injured- they had both



been quickly detained, overwhelmed by the strong warriors who swiftly dragged them to the Warped Priest himself.

*Tommy glared at the old piglin that now stood before him. "This Overworlder is a Legacy of the Admins of old." The old voice rasped, Tommy couldn't hold back the growl when he sees Dream -hurt hurt Dream was hurt and INFECTED- being prodded by the teal stick. "Calm yourself. No harm will come to you and this Legacy. The Blood God recognizes you, child, as the kin of one of our warriors and attached to the other. If this Fragment Legacy was not with you, we would have burnt him already for not only has he been infected by the Consuming Crimson but for the fact he is an Active alone." Tommy thrashed against the tightly woven vine-made ropes that kept him tied down.*

*"Don't you dare fucking-" They would pay if Dream was going to DIE by their fucking hands and-*

*WHACK!*

*Tommy cried out, his head hurting from the sudden whack from the teal staff. The ancient hog snorting and huffing, he growled something to the other piglins in Piglish- Tommy's Piglish was extremely rusty but he understood the words 'Heal', 'Away', 'Caution'.*

*"I said calm, child. It has been voiced." Dream gets taken away from Tommy, and all Tommy could do was watch helplessly. He seethed as he glared daggers against the unaffected old priest who leveled his eyes to Tommy's. "Now, let us talk."*

*Tommy gritted his teeth, scowling beneath his mask, "Talk? Talk about exactly what you old pig fuck?" He questioned angrily. Honestly he should calm the fuck down, he was surrounded, he was still hurt and so was Dream they were both at the mercy of the piglin faction right now but the overprotective urge over Dream was strong and he was feeling so very pissed and tired right now.*

*However, the Warped Priest- piglins and their titles, Tommy will never really understand them- continued to seem unaffected by his anger and the insult he just aimed at him. "I am a piglin of my word child." Tommy grimaced at the continued use of 'child'. He had long stopped being one years ago. "No harm shall come to the either of you, not unless you attack first. So I advise you to think carefully on your actions." The young blond man scoffed at his warning. "We shall speak child. The Blood God is very invested in your life, and like you and many others, he wants the death to the abomination that is the Consuming Crimson." The piglin's tone went harsh at the end, and the old piglin's eyes gleamed.*

*"So let us speak TommyInnit, on the course of actions you shall partake in the past. The road to victory for all realms and the death to the abomination that threatens us all... If we speak, you might be able to save that Legacy whom you are tied to. The infected Fragmented man whom you serve." Tommy stares at him, feeling perturbed but also... desperately hopeful for something.*

*So they talk and Tommy learns.*

"Here goes nothing." Theo muttered underneath his breath as he, Dream, George and Sapnap see the Warped Forest in the distance. Though he had said that there was a chance that that they might get unlimited questions because of Theo's connection to both Technoblade and Toby, they were still ready with a couple of mob heads that all three had gotten. Each head was worth a good amount of questions, and Theo had a fair amount of Wither Skulls in his Enderchest.

It was always handy to keep a few on hand.

"So, do we just go in or wai-" Sapnap starts, remembering last time that they had first been surrounded by piglins before being lead into the camp. He was interrupted by Theo just straight on walking towards the Forest, "Okay, we just go in." He mumbles but nonetheless starts walking as well.

On their way towards the camp, a few piglins were bound to show up and that they did. Coming from the trees and the camp itself, they eyed them warily, but once they spot the fact the four of them weren't holding any weapons and didn't seem to have the intent of attacking, the piglins left them alone. Striding past them to do on with their business.

For Dream, George and Sapnap, it was still strange behavior that they weren't used to. They weren't wearing any gold and none of the piglins were hostile whatsoever.

Theo on the other hand was very used to it at this point.

"I hope the Priest has useful information for the enchantment." Theo hears George mumble to Sapnap, he pretends not to hear it- he's still feeling uncomfortable at the fact they were trying to break or get rid of the enchantment.

Yes, Theo wanted his freedom, that was true but he was still hesitant to consider the possibility of having the shiny magical blue on his back disappear or be broken. So used to its presence along with the static- he just hated the static and blue whenever it became cumbersome. When he had to deal with the pain of his actions and traitorous thoughts.

Honestly he just expected this Dream to be lax on his orders after helping him, to give Theo his freedom by word of mouth and he would live with a peaceful static in his head and a pain-free sensation from the back of his neck. He never actually considered breaking the enchantment, having long given up on the prospect and adapted accordingly.

But the link was inadvertently affecting Dream, who he was supposed to be helping so breaking it would be a good thing right? But he was Dream's tool and weapon, friend and protege, it was a proof of his Loyalty to Dream. But Dream needed to get better and wanted the enchantment off along with George, Sapnap, Bad and Skeppy. But the tattoo was for his own good, it kept him in line and tied to Dream-

He could go on and on with those conflicting thoughts.

Theo took in a quiet breath, shaking his head slightly and carefully shoving that whole problem aside. It wasn't his job to think on that. He wasn't the one who was focused on that-

he had other things to focus on. Like Dream and Foolish, George and Sapnap- he could think of literally anything else.

Like Toby, Techno and Wilbur.

Which wasn't a thought until he fucking *saw* them at the entrance of the cave.

The vines were parted for the leaving trio who froze just like them. A few blocks of emptiness stood between them and the Warped Priest.

Toby's fists clenched the unclenched and his eyes narrowed at them, "What are you doing here?" He asks with forced politeness. Which was surprising, Theo was expecting more bite.

"Uh..." George said, feeling very awkward as he sees Wilbur glare daggers at Dream who shifted in place. The awkwardness grew when Theo got between Wilbur's glare, the brown-haired man faltered and gave Theo a hopeless look.

"We're here to ask the Warped Priest a few question, no biggie." Sapnap piped in, looping an arm around Dream who subtly leaned into the action. "What are you guys doing here?"

Technoblade snorted, deadpanning at them. "Same as you apparently, we were about to leave actually since we're done but I feel like sticking around." Theo's lips pursed and he shook his head.

"Oh no please, if you're going to leave. Fucking leave already. No one's stopping you from leaving."

Before the three of them could say anything else, the familiar old rasp came from behind them within the cave. "He speaks the truth." The Warped Priest said, hobbling up to them. "Leave. You three have asked your questions, have answered mine. You are no longer needed here. You crowd within our territory." He points out and both Toby and Techno tense at the fact.

"But-" Wilbur starts to protest only to be interrupted by Toby who, with gritted teeth and a tight grimace, lays a hand on Wilbur's shoulder and shakes his head. "Toby? No, surely we can't just *leave* it's-"

Technoblade shook his head as well, giving Wilbur a look. "We have to Wilbur. You heard him. We're crowding on their territory. We asked our questions, answered his, we have to leave." He said with a sour look on his face, however sour it was, he still nodded to the Warped Priest who nodded back.

Theo smirked underneath his mask, ah, this was one of the aspects of this faction that Theo definitely respected. Especially right now.

Wilbur clearly wants to protest, but he was outnumbered as both Toby and Technoblade bow their heads to the the Priest, muttering in Piglish and Theo's Piglish was still a bit rusty but he's heard the phrase enough to know what it is. *'Blood For The King.'*

*'Blood For The God.'* The Warped Priest replies, motioning them away with his staff.

Reluctantly, they left. Leaving the Dream Team and Theo at the entrance of the cave.

Theo knows though, that the three of them will try to hang back at the borders of the territory. Catch them as they try to leave. He'll deal with them later, for now; The Warped Priest.

The old piglin eyes Theo, looking him up and down. The old mob lets out an animalistic snort. "You are Theo." He states, a frown on his face. "What an interesting turn of events. First a new warrior from the future, and now the kin of our warriors who is servant to a Fragmented Legacy who has yet completed Separation." He turns in place, hobbling back into the cave. "Come now, we have much to discuss. It has been voiced."

Time for some answers.

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"Think this'll work?"

He shrugged, wincing as his shoulder twinged at the action. Still not used to the phantom pain of a limb that was no longer there. "Hope so. We did it once, we could do it again... Not like we have a choice." He smiled bitterly, looking over the numerous notes that was sprawled all over his desk. "It'll be more unstable though, what with-" He stops himself, unable to continue, feeling the exhaustion hit him deep in his bones.

A comforting hand pats his shoulder before moving to ruffle his head. It's soothing, but he feels so tired. "I know... Get some rest pal. We'll- we'll think of something."

They had to.

It was either that or die.

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## Chapter End Notes

asijfbneuj MORE FAN ART

[Obero by Anonymous](#)

[Yuze by Anonymous](#)

jasnfdedfn ANONYMOUS BE DOING SOME OF THE FACTION LEADERS HOLY SHIT!!

LOOK AT THEM!

THEY'RE AMAZING!

also i found this tumblr artist [rena-draws](#) who made GREAT ASS FANART FOR THE FIC ON TUMBLR AND I JUST NOTICED IT NOW. THEY DREW THE FOLLOWING;

[Theo swearing Loyalty to Dream and Dream reacting](#)

[Toby being called Hot Future Tubbo by Chat](#)

[Dream Team + Theo relaxing in lava](#)

[Theo singing Fuck L'Manberg to crying Ghostbur](#)

LOVE THEM ALL. ESPECIALLY DREAM TEAM + THEO IN LAVA AND TOBY BEING CALLED HOT FUTURE TUBBO XDDD

honestly this chapter gave me a headache to make for some reason, so i yeah i took a break and reworked the chapter which is why it's a late update today. another spedrun chapter completed.

i've come to realize just how complicated i've made things but hot damn am i trying my best here. when all else fails, rely on theo to garner looks of concern because he is NOT, he repeats, NOT suicidal. the lava just really looks nice and he's fantasized sleeping forever in lava for a very long time without the fire resistance potions. he is totally, ultimately, fine.

yeah.

the warped priest is having none of the drama in his territory. he will whack everyone, including the blood god hims- no actually he wouldn't whack the blood god but he'd ask very very politely. and as entertaining as it is to have theo and toby clash with their respective groups right now- it wouldn't really work at the moment. don't worry, i have one hell of a confrontation planned out (planned out good and in time hopefully) in the future. but for now... we get (hopefully) MORE LORE and ANSWERED QUESTIONS.

hope you guys enjoyed!

also got mentioned and semi-inspired a time travel fic that uses the names of Toby\_ and TheoInnit. it's not our boys, it's more canon-y but still amazing! it's got great potential and honestly i can't wait to see where it goes :D

[Meet Me Back at the Start by\\_somedilemma](#)

# Legacy

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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George gave a cursory look around the cave as they once more walked down the path towards the room where he, Dream and Sapnap have only been in once. Nothing much has changed but George instantly spotted Dream's mask, entangled and dangling from one of the vines.

He couldn't help the amused snort that came from him at the sight of it.

The Warped Priest certainly had his... eccentricities, seeming to prefer to store items and such among the vines that grew around him within the cave instead of a chest. It was possibly the strangest way of storage that George has ever come to witness, and yet it seemed so effective for the Warped Priest.

Still, he has to wonder why Theo had Dream give one of his masks to the Warped Priest. Maybe, if it was possible, it'd be another question he'd ask the old piglin.

The Priest sits behind that table of his and motions them to sit as well. They do- Theo sits on the left side of the table, on his own since it'd be too cramped for all four of them to sit on one single side.

"I will say welcome back to you, legacy and overworlders. You of course, are included servant child Theo. Though this is my first time meeting with you." The old mob starts, old eyes looking over all four men that sat in his cave.

Theo scoffs quietly from where he sat, "I am hardly a child." He replied before shaking his head, "Let's just get to the point Priest. How many questions am I worth?" He asks, getting straight to the point of their meeting. They had to confirm whether or not Theo was able to get infinite questions from the mysterious ancient piglin.

The Warped Priest hummed, closing his old eyes briefly, old, wrinkled and flopped ear twitching slightly before he finally answered. "Your status as kin gives you many privileges child. Though the warriors who are kin to you are worried for your well-being. They hold a clear grudge to the legacy whom you serve and are tied to. For their sake, I will let you ask your questions without consequence. All four of you may ask all you want, whether I will or will not answer is unclear but your limit for today, and only today, shall be forgotten." He said and they couldn't help the relief that came with it, though Theo had to hold back his scoff at the mentioned fact that the three men who came before him were *worried* about him. They didn't have a need to be worried, he was fine. But hey, at least they could keep the mob heads for now. "I will ask my own questions in turn for this. It has been voiced."

"Toby, Techno and Wilbur. Why were they here?" Dream asked first and out aloud, much to the other's surprise, the masked man seemed tense as he looked at the calm old piglin. "Did

they- Did you tell them about-" George realizes on what exactly Dream was asking for.

Had the Priest told them about the Separation and Fragments?

Dream was nervous about them finding out. Or at least, cautious and wary- for all the good it might cause to tell them about it all, Dream was still uncomfortable with telling anyone else about his current situation. Telling Bad and Skeppy had been easy, he trusted Bad who was a close friend and Skeppy was a good man who would keep his word as long as Bad said so. He trusted them both and felt comfortable with them knowing.

Everyone else on the other hand-

It didn't sit well with him. Even though it might garner less hate and maybe, *maybe* some understanding and sympathy but also there might be pity and the sense of embarrassment of revealing such a vulnerability and weakness to someone or a bunch of people he didn't trust was...

Or maybe it wouldn't change anything like Theo said.

Theo had snorted at George and Sapnap's small suggestion of telling Toby and the others. *"It'll hardly change a thing. Not for Toby at least, he's hated Dream for far too long. He's blinded by it at this point, it's fucking unfair but it's just how it is."* He said bitterly, *"Besides, can't you see how uncomfortable Dream is right now? If he wants everyone to know then shout it to the world, but if he's uncomfortable with telling then we're keeping our lips shut. It's really not our choice of the matter, it's Dream's."* For as much as George and Sapnap wanted to tell the others to get them off of Dream's back, Theo had a point.

Dream didn't want anyone to know. Not yet at least.

"I said nothing more other than the gift you have given me before you left. They had seen it and inquired about it but I gave them nothing else." The answer made Dream's shoulders drop just a bit and a small, unheard sigh came from underneath his mask. "You traded fairly legacy, I am obligated not to tell the contents of our trade to those outside of it and knew nothing about it. Especially after you gifted a piece of yourself to me."

George and his friends traded looks of confusion before Theo explained it a bit better and give more context, "The mask giving part I wrote down for you made sure he doesn't tell anyone about whatever the fuck we say in our meetings, as long as we don't have information on anything to harm the Warped Faction, the Priest ain't saying shit. Dream *gifted* him one of his mask, an important piece of himself- he's worn his mask for most of his life and it's a part of his identity, a part of who he is. His personal motif. Giving one of his mask away to the Warped Priest means in layman terms that Dream has given a piece of his identity to him to keep. It's a sign of tentative trust, among other things at least."

The Warped Priest snorted something in Piglish but continued in English soon afterwards, "Indeed. Even though it is a gift from an active fragmented legacy such as yourself, the gift is appreciated and acknowledged. So long as you pose no *active* threat to I and the faction I protect and lead, this trust shall not be broken by my hand. I will keepsake the conversations and information we exchange. Our relation shall be peaceful until further notice." He

promised. George took in a deep breath. Okay that- that made sense *and* it answers his question of why Theo had them give the piglin one of Dream's mask before they left. Cool. Confusing because of what George can only go by culture differences but very cool.

He never thought he'd be learning more on nether culture like *this* before. It was certainly interesting at the very least.

"Oh." Dream felt the same way, there was less tension in his shoulders at that. His weakness was kept safe and mostly unknown then. "Okay that's good. That's really good."

"You didn't answer Dream's first question though, why exactly were Toby, Technoblade and Wilbur here?" Sapnap questioned.

A sigh escapes the wrinkled aged mob, "If you really wish to know then you must ask them yourself. I would rather not be involved in whatever feud there is between your two groups. The Warped Faction will not participate in such things. It has been voiced." Theo's fists clenched before he sighed and ultimately nodded, there was no point arguing about that here anyway. They weren't here to talk about Toby, Techno and Wilbur, they were here for something else.

With that aside, George takes his chance to ask. "You called Theo 'servant child', then you know about the enchantment on his back?"

"I know he serves the legacy, that there is a link between them- an enchantment on a living being. That's certainly interesting but it explains the tight bond that ties them together." He mused, glancing between both masked men who both stayed silent.

"Do you- do you know how to break it? Anything about it?" George asks for them. It was clear that Theo felt very conflicted on the matter and though he usually didn't like other people other than Dream making choices on his behalf, this was something he'd rather not be involved with. Something he'd keep out of and just rely on the Dream Team on. If they wanted the enchantment broken and gone, then it was out of his control.

The answer came swift and precise. "I'm afraid not." It came and dashed the hope that George and Sapnap were feeling and made Theo and Dream feel a different set of complicated emotions. "Such knowledge escapes even an old mob such as myself. Enchantments are complicated and are more commonly and easily used by you overworlders. There are few piglin sages who partake and study such a subject with fierce seriousness, I am not one of them."

Unfortunately it made sense. Though enchanted items were indeed found in the Nether, either in abandoned chests or used by piglins and nether dwelling hybrids- it was hard to enchant without lapis and an enchantment table. The only other way was for an enchanted book and an anvil to be used.

"*Fuck*." Sapnap swore, pressing his palms against his eyes in frustration. "There's- there's gotta be *something* you know about breaking enchantments on a person! Something, *anything*!" He exclaimed, just wanting to make sure and keep hope that there was a direct way to help Theo with that damned Loyalty tattoo on his back.



The Warped Priest shook his head, eyes closed and looking almost regretful but ultimately he was stoic. "I have only ever heard of an enchantment breaking on a living being by way of death. Permanent death for you. If there is another way then I personally do not know. My sympathies and apologies overworlders, as old and knowledgeable I am, there are still things that I am ignorant of. This is one of those things." He said, bowing his head briefly but deeply at them.

"Shit. I-" George ran a frustrated hand through his hair, readjusting his goggles before looking over to Dream who had froze in place. "We're going to find a way, even if we have to do it ourselves; we'll need to find that book. Or any book on it." Stiffly, Dream nodded but he seemed distracted, his hands flexed on his lap. Clenching and unclenching. He was unsure on how to feel. "It's going to be fine."

~~it has to stay theo belongs with us.~~  
~~it has to go it's hurting both us and theo.~~

"We'll find something. Us, Bad, we'll- we'll find and think of something." Sapnap swore to Theo who said nothing to that.

"You said there were uh, piglin sages who study enchantments?" George prompted, looking back to the Priest who hummed. "How good are they?"

The old piglin rubbed the underside of his chin thoughtfully, "They are not as good compared to your overworld standards. The armor you wear now is far beyond their capabilities. They may not be able to help you personally, but perhaps they possess a book or offhand knowledge to what you desire. You will have to trade with them, either that or win that information by conquest. It is up to you." It wasn't much but it was *something*. A lead, definitely something useful for them to follow.

"Thank you." George said with an earnest smile.

"You are welcome Overworlder." The Warped Priest replied, giving him a respectful nod in return. "Your next question?"

The four of them shared a glance, silently discussing on what next to ask- though they didn't have a limit on questions this time, it was still hard to ask which question first especially after their first question didn't work out as well as they'd hoped. However, a question came to mind for Dream.

"You keep calling me legacy, which is understandable and all but- when we first met, you told me, *specifically me* that I wasn't welcomed here," Dream started slowly, piecing together his thoughts and question. "Was it because of the whole- the whole Fragment thing or- Just because I was an 'Active Legacy'?" Though the Warped Priest was polite and even helpful, it was clear that there was a type of dissonance between them.

Theo tilted his head as the Warped Priest paused. "The answer to that, legacy, is both. You are dangerous, you have the potential to become the most threatening being within this room and it is only because of your grounding overworlder comrades that keep you sane. You are stabilizing, but that makes no difference to how much of a threat you are to the faction as

well as myself." The Priest leaned against the table towards Dream who unconsciously straightened, "Tell me legacy child, were you named on the behalf on your ancestors?" The question startled them as the ancient piglin's eyes seemed to glow.

"I... Yeah. I was." Dream admitted carefully, cautiously, shifting slightly though he stopped when he saw Theo doing the same- the blond was tense. His body taut like a bowstring, "Theo." He warned and immediately, Theo shifted again, not as tense but definitely cautious.

The Priest snorted, muttering something in Piglish as he leaned back, "Calm yourself servant child. I am no threat to your master." All four of them winced.

"He's/I'm not Theo's master." The Dream Team protested in chorus.

Theo corrected him stiffly, "He's my owner. Friend. Both. He's my owner and friend." But technically, he could be his master, but that seemed pretentious even for his Dream who never called himself his master. Just owner. Which was good. Because that's what he was.

"Your owner then." The Priest conceded, huffing at the looks that were on George and Sapnap's face while Dream sighed deeply, scratching his head. "Nonetheless, I am only a threat if *he* is truly a threat to my faction and I. With your machinations and these two grounding him, he will avoid an unfavorable fate- though it will also depend on other factors as well."

Immediately Theo was on leaning on the table, leaning on his hands towards the Priest. "What factors? I'm doing everything I can to help him-"

*Thunk*

The head of the Warped Priest's staff collided against Theo's mask, not hard but certainly not soft. Theo swore, not out of pain, but out of slight panic at the thought of the mask breaking from such a hit, he sat down and brushed against the spot where the staff was, sighing in relief when he felt no crack. He waved off the concerned looks that George and Sapnap gave him as the Priest spoke.

"You must figure that out yourself. The main threat of this world has been taken care of, the abomination which both sides are cautious off is dead within this world. Though perils may still lie in the future, you must be careful. The Blood God is a cautious being, and he acknowledges the progress you have made warrior kin, servant child. You are a person of interest. Had there been another chance for a trial, you would have been chosen as a candidate."

Theo scoffed, "Me? Become one of your warriors? No thanks." He replied dryly, scowling underneath the thankfully in tact mask. "I'm content being Dream's weapon."

"*Theo*." Sapnap stressed, frowning at him in disapproval.

"Friend." Theo added in a way to correct himself. "I'm more than content to stay that way."

The Warped Priest hummed, "So you proclaim." He nods though, acknowledging Theo's words and taking no offense. "It has been voiced... Dream." He says aloud, standing up and alarming all four males as the piglin hobbles to one of the close vines that held a bowl of blaze powder.

"Uhh, yes?" Dream's back straightened, feeling slightly perturbed as for the first time since he's met the piglin. The Warped Priest was *using his name*. Something that seemed to be clear that he would never actually do, just calling Dream 'Legacy' and his best friends 'Overworlders' and Theo 'servant, kin, child'. It was- actually pretty off putting.

The elderly Priest came back, placing the bowl on the table and dipping his hand into the powder. It sparked and he started using his hooved fingers to write on the table, "You were named after your ancestors, the Admins that were your origin. You are their legacy and they are your heritage." He wrote two separate things that seem, at first, to be very similar.

⌘::L·J·JJ⌘!JL·  
⌘::L·J·J-L·/⌘L·

"Tell me Legacy Child." The Warped Priest murmurs quietly, tapping lightly against the table. "Which script calls to you?"

Theo's breath hitched and he's practically frozen in place as Dream looks at him and Priest in confusion.

"What?"

"I have written two names on this table. Which one catches your eye the most, Dream, Legacy Child of the Admins? Which script calls to you?"

*"I have written two names on this table. Which one catches your eye the most, Dream, Legacy Child of the Admins? Which script calls to you?"*

*Dream frowns deeply at him, "What is the point of this?" He asks- voice raspy, tired, empty but slightly irritated. Tommy offers him a drink of water, Dream accepts it.*

*"I will say after you've chosen."*

*Annoyed but slightly intrigued, he glances at the written but ultimately familiar language on the table. "This one." He says, tapping the side where the script he chose was. The Warped Priest closes his eyes and sighs in what seems to be disappointment.*

⌘::L·J·JJ⌘!JL·

*"I see. Servant child. If you would please leave for just a moment. I must discuss something with your owner."*

*"I'm not leaving Dream here with you alone!"*

"What's the point of this?" Dream asks, voice confused and cautious. Theo has nothing to offer, frozen in place at the familiar scene that plays out in front of him.

"I will say after you've chosen."

Hesitantly, Dream looks down at the slightly familiar language on the table. "This one?" He says, tapping the side where the script he chose was. The Warped Priest closes his eyes and sighs in what seems to be approval.

⌘::L·J·JL·/⌘L·

"I see."

"I'm not leaving Dream here with you alone."

The Dream Team gives Theo a strange look and Theo realizes he blurted it out out of nowhere and that the Warped Priest never even asked him to leave. Yet.

The elderly leader actually seemed amused by it all, "I did not ask for you to leave him alone child. Nor will I ask of you to leave him as such." The Priest glanced over to Dream instead. "Dream. Legacy of the Twin Admins Dreamohne and Dreamexde, your fate truly has become favorable in the eyes of the Blood God. It has been voiced."

*"Dream. Legacy of the Twin Admins of Dreamohne and Dreamexde, your fate has become unfavorable in the eyes of the Blood God. Leave, child of Dreamohne. You are not welcomed here. Your servant may return, but you shall never be. It has been voiced." With that, the priest turns away, confusing one masked man but enraging the other.*

*"Dream?" Tommy asked hesitantly, tugging on his sleeve. "Dream wha-" He was interrupted by Dream grabbing his wrist.*

*Dream with poisonous eyes and a tightly gripping hand on his wrist, leaned in with a deadly whisper. "You're not allowed to talk about that, you hear me Tommy? You're not even allowed to go back there- I **forbid** you." Tommy frantically nodded, wincing at the pain at his wrist. The poison recedes ever so slightly, "Good. Now come on, we're going home."*

Theo's mind whirls as he thinks on what the fuck is happening.

What the *fuck* was even happening?

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## Chapter End Notes

F a n a r t

[Sam and Eret by Reeena \(rena-draws\)](#)

[Small comic about Dream ALSO by Reeena \(rena-draws\)](#)

[Tubbo and Toby third coming from Reeena \(rena-draws\)](#)

[Schlatt and Quackity lowkey terrified over Toby by- you guessed it. Reeena \(rena-draws\)](#)

asjdnbu they made more fanart for rewind. i absolutely LOVE the mini comics XD

[Featuring by yourecool \(diddlydarndoodles\)](#)

they doodled! they doodled a lot and they actually did corrupted future dream! which is a first :D

we tons of new fan art and ngl i'm feeling high off the serotonin that i'm getting from all of these XD

it's not easy to get rid of something that important. an enchanted tattoo? definitely going to be difficult to break. honestly i feel like the chapters lately haven't had that same '*oomph*' as before. is it just me? hmm. eh, i hope you guys enjoy the chapter.

so about the end-

# Twin Admins

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"I don't know what the hell made us think about time travel to make this but honestly, this is pretty cool." Fundy commented with a grin, examining the carved *netherite block* that was sitting right on the table.

There were symbols and scripture that was carved smoothly into and all over the block's surface, connecting right at the edges and meeting in the middle. It was the same for the iron and stone blocks that were part of the portal that let both Theo and Toby travel into the past.

Toby had given the blocks to Phil and Fundy before he left with Technoblade and Wilbur, letting them examine the man-made gateway that had been capable of time travel. Had been being the key words here, as far as they all knew it, the blocks were essentially useless to use again. However maybe Phil and Fundy could do something about that, they *were* the ones who made most of it and had been researching and attempting tirelessly in the future.

*"A lot of us, including me, helped but you both were the ones who researched night and day for the portal." Toby told them, a wistful look on his face. "I know some of it, I'll tell you more when we get back but here, you can examine the blocks for now."*

The portal had been a normal four by five portal, like a nether portal but obviously way different, with four blocks of netherite, four blocks of iron and six blocks of stone. Each block carved meticulously.

From what Fundy could remember, the carved netherite blocks had been the corners of the portal, with all the iron and stone alternating between the netherite. The glow of the portal had been silver, and as soon as Toby had came barreling through the portal, the silver light that was the portal's entrance and exit disappeared. Fundy couldn't remember if the carvings of the portal had been glowing or not, too busy gawking at the appearances of the two time travelers that interrupted the presidential elections.

*'It is very cool. My son and his grandfather, figuring out time travel!'* Ghostbur exclaimed, floating above them with a happy smile. Gone was the coat, leaving behind a blue-stained yellow sweater. With the coat, the harsh and unstable look Ghostbur had had disappeared with it and Ghostbur was suddenly an optimistic man that did remind Fundy of his father. But way more optimistic and... wholesome?

It was very weird, but Fundy rolled with it because at least Ghostbur wasn't being lowkey terrifying anymore. And despite it all, Ghostbur was still a version of his dad and he was spending time with both him and Phil, the older male on the other side of the table, examining the netherite block with him.

Phil cracked a smile at Ghostbur's exclamation, "Never thought it'd be possible but here we are." He said, tracing the carved runes and symbols. "Ender's sake though, netherite, iron and stone- I can understand the netherite but why the iron and stone?" He murmured, brows furrowing as he placed the carved iron and stone blocks on the table as well. "Actually the iron does make sense but stone?"

Fundy could only give a helpless shrug, "Maybe they couldn't get enough netherite for their portal?" He suggested, still marveling the block that was made out of the rarest and most durable metals that he has ever heard of- these were *four* blocks of netherite. *Four of them*. And they were essentially indestructible...

Wait... Indestructible?

Fundy's eyes furrowed and he quickly went down a line of thought.

"Toby said this was *supposed* to be a one way portal right?" He questioned aloud, looking over the blocks and glancing to both his father and grandfather. Both men blinked at his question but nodded.

*'I believe he did... I think? I can't really remember.'*

Fundy gave the ghostly version of his father a reassuring smile, "That's fine, but if we're thinking that way and that this portal was supposed to be a one way portal then maybe the reason they made it out of stone and iron but kept the netherite corners was because of that- the Crimson it's... it's a lot worse in the future, they probably didn't want anything infected coming through with them." He said, grimacing as he remembers the vivid explanations about the dark future that Toby and Theo came from.

"Right... Toby *did* say that he and Theo had been escaping from the Crimson- it broke into the location they were all in in their Overworld." Philza murmured, eyes cast down in thought.

Apparently the portal could only work in the Overworld for some reason, which is why the location they had been in was overrun by the Crimson so easily when the time came. Toby had said that any tests in the Nether would fail but the tests in the Overworld had more than half a chance at working. Why exactly, they still didn't now. Fundy- Toby's Fundy, Fundy's future self, had been trying to figure that out for the longest time before Toby disappeared, chasing after the reckless Theo who saw the break in as an opportunity to go to the past.

The portal was only a prototype. Something that they weren't even sure could really work just yet, they had created it for the purpose of time travel and that it would only go one way- well, it wasn't *suppose* to be but that's the extent they were able to conclude during their research as far as Toby knew. With the prototype portal gone and the location in the future overrun, Phil and Fundy from the future would have their hands full with trying to create another portal.

Toby felt guilty for leaving them so suddenly like that but he couldn't let Theo go off on his own. He sincerely hoped that they were both doing fine and by the existence and presence of

Ghostbur, it certainly seemed that at the very least, they were alive and in the process of recreating the portal.

"When Toby comes back we should ask if he blew up the portal in his future before ending up here." Phil said, carefully mining up the stone with a silk-touch pick. He didn't want to end up turning the carved stone into cobble after all. He grabbed the iron as well but left the netherite block.

The reason for the iron and stone was because they didn't want the portal to be recreated by the infected, or at least that's what Phil and Fundy were hedging on. Toby would confirm when he came back much later that night.

*'How do you think they're doing in the Nether? They've been gone for a couple of hours now.'* Ghostbur hums, checking the clock on the wall. The sun was setting, Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo were out, showing Ranboo around L'Manberg on a tour, they as well as Toby, Techno and his living past self should come back soon.

Fundy shrugged, "They should be fine- Dad has Techno and Toby with him so whatever fight might happen, they'll handle it." They'd probably end it fast actually.

Meanwhile in the nether, three men lingered right on the border of a teal forest. Agitated and waiting for four certain men to leave.

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*Dreamohn and Dreamexde.*

Dream hasn't heard those names in a *long* time.

His parents had told him stories about those two names to him and his sister, he could barely remember what they were. The only reason he could even remember those names was because his own name was derived from both. *Dream*.

It had been his mother's idea apparently, since Dream was their first born son who was born from two families connected to the twin admins. His mother was a descendant from Dreamohn's line while his father was Dreamexde. They weren't related of course and if they were, it was a very small and distant relation from the fact their ancestors were twins.

And when Dream was born, of course his mother decided to name him based on both their ancestors.

"Woah woah woah, okay- back up-" Sapnap said, holding both his hands up with a furrowed brow on his face. *"What is happening here? What happened? What the- you wrote two things down, told Dream to pick one and- can we get an explanation here?"* He questioned, looking lost- he wasn't the only one of course.

"Yeah, an explanation would be great thanks?" George supported, rubbing his eyes and forehead before he glanced over to Theo. "Theo? Are you okay?"



Even with the mask on, or especially with the mask on, Theo seemed to be reeling. His shoulders tensing and untensing, a general air of confusion around him- "I- this happened before, but different. I don't- Dream is- I don't know what's going on. My Dream never explained to me whatever the hell *this* is. But, he chose the other thing and we- well, *he* but I followed him of course, we were kicked out of the Faction territory. Dream wasn't allowed to come back ever, I could but- he never allowed me to come back here." Theo answered and explained, threading his hands in his hair. "I'm- I'm very confused."

"Then I shall clear that confusion." The Warped Priest rumbles, "But first, I shall confirm something. Your original owner, he chose the other scripture, correct?" He asked Theo who hesitantly nodded. "How unfortunate, but unsurprising for a Fragmented who was not grounded. Tell me legacy, do you know who your ancestors were?" He questioned Dream who stayed silent for a moment before nodding slowly.

"Somewhat? It's- I haven't thought about them in a very long time. Dreamohne and Dreamexde were twins, admin twins, Dreamohne liked to cause mischief while Dreamexde was some great warrior or something." Dream said, trying to recall the stories that his parents had told him.

The Warped Priest paused, tilting his head as if he was listening to something before he snorted, muttering something in Piglish and shaking his head. "A mere paraphrase as to what they were."

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## Admins.

An old civilization of Overworlders who had created the basis of their current world. They had been powerful, talented, skilled beyond measure. Ancient ruins depicted them as practical deities that roamed the land, creating and destroying anything and everything on a mere whim. Perhaps they were deities, gods bound to human form who ascended in their later life. It would explain the sudden disappearance in history, a void of knowledge that no one seemed to know what happened.

Those who were descendants to an Admin were typically very powerful, either blessed or even cursed with their lineage. 'Active' descendants of Admins were the ones who were recognized and considered powerful one way or another because of what they inherited. Through their unnatural skill, talent or even luck, Active descendants were one of the most dangerous overworlders to exist, even more so than specific hybrids.

Some Actives had powers beyond comprehension, some had more passive abilities that were still considered unnatural to explain.

Either way, the Admins left a mark on all the realms that existed.

Some more than others.

Dreamohne and Dreamexde were twin admins, identical brothers who lived their lives very differently near the end. A story of two brothers who started so close together, and ending in what one could assume is tragedy in the end.

From the start, they had been powerful individually but practically invincible when together. Quick-witted, physically gifted and mentally brilliant, they were twins who were quick to grow up powerful in the realms. They were infamous for their conquests and battles, their achievements wide-spread as they climbed their way to the top together and even among Admins they were phenomenal.

However at some point, the two twins who had been near identical from the very start began to change. Dreamohne had been indeed mischievous, a silver-tongued trickster that enjoyed mischief like fine wine. However too much indulgence to something you enjoyed can become quite the problem if handled poorly, and Dreamohne's mischief slowly shifted into pure malice.

His nature turned darker as his japery, antics and stunts became larger, more complicated and grew out of hand. His silver-tongue swayed many into a spiraling void they could never escape, and when the deaths of many were at Dreamohne's fingertips, the admin smiled and whispered sickeningly sweet whispers to those that listened and escalated worsening problems to the extreme until they ceased.

Dreamohne tasted the wrong darkness and became addicted to the madness and chaos it offered him.

Thankfully Dreamexde seemed to go the opposite pathway to his brother, becoming a protector to those who sought him out and to those he cared about. He saw his brother's growing addiction and tried to dissuade him from it, however by that time Dreamohne had become too enthralled by the amount of damage he had sown and the people demanded retribution for his crimes.

Bound by duty and the morality of the situation, Dreamexde faced his brother.

---

The Warped Priest paused, sipping his cup of water and was amused by the expectant looks he garnered from the Overworlders that sat at his table.

"Well? Did he win?" Sapnap asked, leaning against the table, eager to learn more.

*he won. he lost. they died together. it's hard to remember. it happened so long ago. none of us were around for that to happen. not even the blood god knows he was tricked and trapped and ascended before the battle.*

"It is unclear as to what happens, no one knows what happened." The Priest told them, snorting at the disappointment and confused outrage at his answer.

Theo gripped the sleeve of his hoodie tightly, "Not even you? When you're the one here telling us about Dream's ancestors? How accurate is the story you're even telling?"

"I do not know. The voices of the beyond can only tell so much, the ones who stay with me are old. Very old, older than us all however the origins of the two admins are even older. I can only offer the information they provide. If it is accurate, then I am not sure. However a few things are for certain, Dreamohne is not an admin that the Blood God respects, he views him

in a negative light. And should the legacy have picked him, then I apologize but I would have to cut ties with him for the sake of our faction. Dreamexde on the other hand is the admin brother that he respects and sees in a fairly positive but neutral light."

*exde was formidable. the blood god misses him. his last mortal desire was to spar with exde once more. the descendant of exde is a formidable foe.*

"Why?" Dream asks, sounding very bewildered and incredulous, "And like- how? Can you *hear* the Blood God or something? I don-"

The Warped Priest interrupts him to answer, "You are in the Nether, the main domain of the Blood God. He reigns the Nether, he created the basis for this realm. He created us, the piglins, are his children and people. Admins were mortals who had the potential to ascend, the Blood God was once an Admin who became the God he is now far long ago. Us piglins, even hybrids are all his legacies, his descendants."

*with the confirmation of this legacy being of dreamexde, our god favors technoblade a bit more for his triumph years ago. ah yes he won against the legacy did he not? reminiscence to the god's old days as mortal. perhaps this counts as his win this time? perhaps.*

George's brows furrowed, "But you don't like legacies? Or is it just the fact Dream was also uh- *Dreamohne's* legacy?" He couldn't help but ask even though he was *reeling* with the amount of surprising information that was coming right now. Admins weren't just a powerful race of people then, they were people who eventually became *gods*. Ender, it was learning about the future all over again but definitely different.

"The legacies of other admins are treated with caution. Especially those of fragmented legacies. After all, it is because of those fragmented legacies and a few specific admins that we, the piglin race, cannot leave the Nether without turning into the despicable undead." The Warped Priest's tone turned a bit more darker and somber at the end.

*cannot leave. we can barely remember the sun. it's been so long. we can never leave.*

"*That* is why piglins turn into zombie piglins when they step out the nether portal? But what about piglin hybrids?" Sapnap blurts out, cringing at the look he gets from the Warped Priest. "I- uh, I always kinda wondered about that."

Theo's hand was underneath his mask, rubbing against his forehead. "Obviously hybrids were are an exception to whatever happens there or else Technoblade would be a mindless pig-well, more mindless than he is now." He muttered to himself, he yelped when the Warped Priest whacked his staff against his shoulder.

"Refrain from insulting one of our warriors."

"Was Dreamohne one of the admins that caused that?" The Warped Priest paused at the quiet question that Dream gave him.

"... No. He was not." Not directly at least. He and the voices were not entirely sure.

*dreamohne and dreamexde was gone by then. the blood god certainly thinks he was not involved. it is hard to remember but he was not mentioned in malice by our god. only disappointment.*

Dream nodded slowly, though he seemed unsure about something before he shook his head and finally said something that probably should have come first. "Tell us more about fragmented legacies. About the Separation? It's about time we learn more."

"Uh yeah! Yeah it's- wow we're really gone off the rails here." Sapnap sighed, rubbing his face as they all tried to move on- they'd ingest the sudden bout of knowledge and revelations in their own time but they really needed to know more about Dream's current situation and Theo still needed to ask the ancient piglin something important.

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## Chapter End Notes

### SEROTONIN TIME

#### [Toby by Reena](#)

toby just looks so done. with everything. and i love him so much. he's a biased tired man who wants his best friend back, we stan him (kindabcbiasedbuthemeanswell) also someone FINALLY drew toby having techno in the triangle hold from chapters ago i was HOPING someone would draw that.

#### [Warped Priest + Bonk doodle by diddlydarndoodles](#)

we love the bonks. the warped priest and his bonks. this old ass piglin will have NONE of that personal drama in his territory nope! BONKS FOR EVERYONE.

honestly this chapter is just lore. more and more lore to the admins and dream's ancestry and the start was just some phil and fundy and some information for the portal. i hope it's alright! next chapter we learn more about split and separation and finally get to move on from the warped priest!

# Explanations and Questions

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"Fragmented Legacies are of two types, those who undergo a mental divide as of result of either extreme circumstances or perhaps even traumatic events. And those who have more than one admin ancestor whose heritage shows prominently in them. Typically, a descendant can have as many admin ancestors in their lineage however usually the heritage that they inherit comes from only one of their ancestors. Nonetheless a legacy might awaken more than one heritage from multiple admins and through circumstances what they've inherited clash in one way or another, it usually happens when the admins they are legacy of were enemies or at odds with each other, their opposition might manifest in Separation and causing that descendant to Fragment as well. You, overworld child, are a little bit of both." Dream's mouth thinned at the pointed look he received from the Warped Priest.

Extreme circumstances or traumatic events?

*Dream's family dying when he was young. Dream running with George and Sapnap when they were young. Dream hunting the hunters making them pay for what they did. Dream realizing he's losing control over his SMP. Dream going to war against L'Manberg. Dream taking both of Tommy's lives. Dream meeting Theo and realizing he's spiraling down a path he felt complicated about but ultimately wanted to avoid.*

Check.

Having more than one ancestor of admins that were at odds?

*Dreamohne and Dreamexde.*

Check.

At this point it seemed like that Dream was slated to undergo Separation and Fragmentation from the very beginning.

"Fragments in the mental state are either two or more sides of the being they originate, they may be influenced by the remnants of their admin ancestor on which side they most harmonize with but ultimately they are a side of that legacy. It could be a small portion of who they were taken to its extreme, or a repressed emotion that grows farther than it should. Generally the legacy has no knowledge or awareness about the fragment or even the start of the separation until it is too late, the beginning is very subtle and the growth can vary from moderate to rapidly growing. Fragments also have physical tells though to those unobservant it could not be spotted easily or if at all, be it body language or perhaps something more."

Theo took in a deep breath, hands clenching in his lap. Physical tells huh?

*Green green eyes, leaves, grass and poison. Green leaves. Green grass. Green poison. Kind, possessive, cruel. Kind green leaves. Possessive green grass. Cruel green poison.*

Theo had spent years by Dream's side, with his focus entirely on Dream, of course Theo noticed the tells and body language. His whole purpose was to Dream, he knew him better than he knew himself at this point.

"The Separation is the main process and progress for a Fragment's growth and existence. How those fragments come into being depends on the legacy's environment, what the descendant thinks they need, what they feel deep, deep down or perhaps what they've repressed in favor of the situation. It all depends for them and what they need to adapt, survive, live. If not grounded properly or taken care of however, the stronger fragment, the one the descendant leans towards the most shall dominate the mind and the legacy will change to that mindset. If one fragment cares for glory and it is dominate, then the influence will be more prominent and glory shall be what the fragment legacy will crave. The weaker fragment may dominate a few times if given the chance but in the end, the stronger one shall be the main drive within the descendant's mindset unless something interferes with their reign."

George grimaced, remembering Theo's words and the way he described 'Friend' Dream and 'Owner' Dream.

*"He's my Friend, he's my Owner. He's fucking confusing at times but it's okay, My Friend in Dream was kind to me even if My Owner wasn't really. Dream still cared, and he cared until he died. He was more friendly when he got infected because My Owner was the one who was fighting off the The Egg's influence the most in his head and he flipped a lot while he was infected but it was mostly My Friend Dream who stayed with me the last few months before he died."*

When the Egg infected Dream and interfered, it was only then that 'Friend' Dream, who was the original Dream? Things were still confusing but ultimately, *Dream* showed more compassion and was more kinder and was more... George and Sapnap's Dream to Theo than he was 'Owner' Dream. The Dream that made Theo his ser- so *Loyal* to him. Theo seemed to be so bewildered by the Dream that George and Sapnap knew, he enjoyed his presence but was still obviously unused to this Dream even though in the last few months, a shadow of that Dream gave him company.

"The legacy... they are still themselves. But they are a facet of themselves heavily influenced and matured by their extremely grown innermost thoughts, emotions, desires- they may seem different but they are no different as to a child who simply grew up nurtured by their surroundings. It is better if they have an anchor to stay true to themselves but once the Separation starts, it will not stop until the fragments have settled for either balance or dominance."

Sapnap's brows furrowed and for the first time in a few minutes since the old piglin started his explanation, he spoke up and asked a question. "What happens if Dream gets like, the balance thing? Will the fragments go away?" He faltered when the old mob shook his head, "Wha- what happens then?!"

"I believe they will settle. I have only met one fragmented legacy who achieved balance, their fragments still existed and only came out in extreme circumstances but they weren't prominent in that legacy's life on a daily basis. They stayed a fragmented legacy until they died so I do not believe they will ever disappear, they *are* part of the descendant. Again as I said, they facets, sides, splinters of the original..."

Dream let out a humorless chuckle, "Oh, well isn't that comforting?" He questioned sarcastically. So he was essentially stuck warring with himself until he died? It was hard enough to distinguish which thought of impulse was which without his friends.

"Somewhat." George joked lightly, though his tone was weak and when he reached out to hold Dream's hand, his grip was tight but reassuring. "Good thing we're here to keep you anchored and all that. Don't worry Dream, by the looks of things we're already making progress." He pointed out, motioning to the names still written on the table in sparkling bright yellow and orange blaze powder.

They *were* making progress, telling by Theo and the Warped Priest's reactions.

Dream wasn't going to end up like Theo's Dream.

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"How long are they going to stay there?" Wilbur questioned with a scowl, storing away the now empty glass bottle. It was his last one, if he wanted anymore he'd have to ask from either his brother or Toby though he'd rather avoid it. He knows they can withstand the Nether heat better than he can but they still needed water as well. "What do you think they're asking the Priest about?"

Toby's lips thinned and he closed his eyes, "No clue. It's hard to even think of any ideas for what." This was out of his expectations, he never expected Dream or Theo to come to the Warped Faction to speak with the Warped Priest. They had never done so before, he never heard of their presence within the area or the surrounding areas. Again, it seemed like they avoided the faction entirely.

Technoblade was silent, eyes half-lidded as he stared at the border of the Warped Faction.

*STORM IN AND FIND OUT! we'd be crowding the faction and get kicked out! MAKE HIM PAY! Lookie lookie there's a skeleton over there! We're too far to hear the Elders and figure anything out. perhaps we should leave, they may have already left without our knowledge. BUT THEO! we gotta get him away from dream! Do we have to? YES WE DO! i don't know about that. blood blood blood blood. Don't you remember what the Priest said? SCREW THE PRIEST WE NEED THE FUTURE CLINGYDUO I CAN'T STAND THE TENSION BETWEEN THEM!! we don't have to beat dream up but theo does need to gain some distance from him. Respect the Priest you utter dolt! E E E E.*

Toby took in a strained inhale while Techno sighed as Chat warred with itself, in an effort to distract himself from Chat's chatter, Toby took out his bow to shoot the skeleton before it spotted them while Technoblade let himself remember the Priest's last words before they left and met with Theo and the Dream Team.

*"Your anger and thirst for bloody retribution, revenge and justice is understandable, however if you let it fester and grow then it will blind you. Bind you in place and you may come to regret in the end when you give yourself time to see everything once more. Emotions and logic come hand in hand but do not let one overcome the other, not for long at least. If you want progress in whatever problem you are facing, you must pace yourself, see through clear eyes and think. You may still feel, let the emotion drive you to your goal but your mind must be able to process clearly and be part of your decisions and actions. There are times where being blinded by either could be considered a blessing however on the same side, it can also be a curse. If you truly wish to accomplish anything, then wield both emotions and rationality in both hands, do not forget the other. It has been voiced."*

Technoblade huffed quietly, thinking back to his reactions as of late. He's been more invested in his emotions lately, which would be and is somewhat concerning but whenever it came to his family he always invested more emotions to it.

He's tried to be aloof in this situation but whenever he sees Theo, he doesn't see his little brother. Theo was *supposed* to be Tommy. His little shit of a brother who was loud and bratty and a downright nuisance, an unfortunately loving nuisance as he made his thoughts loud and clear to the world. *Very loud and clear*. Techno had before tried to imagine Tommy as a grown man, maybe he'd be less loud, less prone to swearing but in Techno's mind he would always be bright-eyed and grinning widely with a twinkle of mischief.

Who was he kidding, Tommy would probably just as loud, maybe even more so but he'd make more effort to control himself.

But his thoughts on it never changed. Tommy would be a bright-eyed man who wore his heart on his sleeve like always, a reckless grin on his face and bursting with energy.

Theo was not that man.

Theo was the opposite of the man that Techno imagined Tommy would be.

Theo was dull, reserved, quiet in a way that was *wrong* whenever Technoblade thought about his little brother.

Theo was a man that Technoblade couldn't recognize as his brother and it *hurts* to know that.

Toby at least was still somewhat Tubbo, jaded, tired and older but he was still *Tubbo*. Techno could only try to find glimpses of his little brother in Theo who caged hid his own heart away from *everyone else* including his own family, offering it to someone who *wasn't* family. Who neither of *any* of them trusted. Who didn't have the *right* to have access to Theo's heart and loyalty. Not after what they've learned.

However Dream hasn't done anything yet.

Still, they were wary and they wanted Theo home. Away from Dream. He doesn't trust that man- he respected and maybe still respects the man's combat prowess and the reputation he had but he doesn't trust Dream. He was not family, not pack, not even a friend.



It's biased thinking, Techno knows, but at least Toby and Ghostbur were close friends and family. Toby was trying, he really was but it was clear he was running on fumes- hot fumes and embers for the want of Theo back. Ghostbur was a wildcard who was just *Wilbur* but played to the *extreme* with his instability.

Don't get him wrong, there's plenty of things he's going to talk about with his dead future brother and his future student -he has a student, he was a fucking *sensei* dear Ender- but he *definitely* wanted Theo away from Dream. The way the blond man was fixating on the masked homeless man -no matter what the hell anyone said Techno was *convinced* Dream was homeless and will not say otherwise until Dream showed him his house- was extremely unhealthy.

Technoblade had let himself be blinded by emotion, the instinct to protect his family and the rage at the knowledge that one of his family- *Tommy little Toms bright sunny brat brother Tommy*- had caused him his mistakes to a case that he recognizes now as Stockholm Syndrome. Chat certainly wasn't helping, fueling his emotions and bloodlust for Dream but now that things were a bit clearer and Chat was more divided, Technoblade had been reminded by the damned old hog. Technoblade made conclusions.

Antagonizing Theo about Dream wasn't going to help any of them, much less Theo, Techno recognizes that now.

They needed to go at it a different way.

Toby had to realize that, and maybe he was slowly realizing that on his own. Wilbur certainly needed to.

Either way, what they needed to do now is...

"Okay let's go back."

Wilbur and Toby's heads snapped towards him with a look of bafflement as the hybrid stood from where he had been sitting. Taking a water bottle from his inventory and chugging it down. "*What.*" Wilbur spluttered, "We can't just- we can't just *leave*, they haven't left yet-"

"We have limited water and they might have left another way. We're wasting time here and frankly I want to head back anyway." Technoblade grunted, taking another water bottle and tossing it his brother's way, knowing that he was out of water. "Let's go."

Toby opens his mouth to protest, but he hesitates and Techno gives him a patient but knowing look. The Warped Priest's words were lingering in his head.

*LET'S GO HOME TO PHIL AND THE OTHERS!! we can still enjoy young clingyduo. For all that's happened we need to think carefully here. BUT THEOOOINNIIT! he's not going anywhere and we can always see him again for the contract thing that's happening remember? Oh yeah he's coming to L'Manberg to sign and talk about the undying totems! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! it would be best to retreat for now.*

Chat had also spoken, more than half were speaking to go back though they were still worried for Theo.

"Fundy and Philza *are* examining the portal blocks..." Toby muttered, frowning but ultimately he too, knows that waiting for Theo and Dream to come out was going to waste a lot of time that they could be using for something else. "Theo is coming to L'Manberg for the Undying Totem contract. We'll talk with him then." He told Wilbur who was still protesting to their leave. "Come on Wilbur, if we stay any longer you'll eventually have a heat stroke, we only have so much water on us."

Out numbered by the two warriors, Wilbur grimaced and sighed in defeat before they started to walk away.

However all three couldn't help the occasional glances back to the border to see that maybe, maybe the blond that they were hoping to see was there.

He wasn't.

In fact he and the Dream Team would be staying at the Warped Faction for longer than they would have expected.

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*Tommy snorted, grinning widely at his best friend. Their surroundings are familiar but Tommy can only focus on Tubbo. "Clingbo! You're so goddamn clingy Tubbo!" He teased even though he was the one who was holding on to the other's arm. ~~don't leave don't leave please don't leave~~.*

*Tubbo laughs with him, eyes bright and smiling ~~eyes glaring and scowling~~ as he replies, "Me?! You're clearly the clingy one between us!" He exclaimed, tugging at his arm. ~~no no no no~~*

*"I am no-" Tommy starts to protest before Tubbo interrupts him. A calm look on his face. "Let go Tommy." He does.*

*"I have to go Tommy." "Go where?" "You have to go Tommy." "Where do I go?"*

*Tubbo's face is blank.*

*"Exile."*

*Oh. ~~tubbo?~~*

*"Toms!" The blond whirls around and suddenly there's someone hugging him. Someone familiar and Tommy's breath hitches just for a moment before he's back to normal.*

*"TommyInnit c'mere you little shit!" Tommy squawks at the rough hair-ruffling he's getting as Wilbur laughs at his dismay. ~~wilbur please please let me out it's dark it's scary please wilby don't leave me alone here please please~~*

*"Stoop thaaat!" He whines, trying to bat away the hand but he seeks out the comfort of the hug like a thirsty man in the desert. "Wilbur-"*

*Pain. The hand that was ruffling his head is suddenly gripping his blond locks tightly and he's forced to look up. "Tommy," Wilbur says, his eyes turning blue and blood drips from his mouth as an insane smile paints his face and his eyes start to swirl with blue coated madness. "Tommy let's blow it all to hell, yeah? No one can have Manberg, let's be the bad guys-"*

*"NO!" Tommy screams, pushing the ghost away. Wilbur stumbles back and Tommy screams as a sword pierces his chest from behind, Philza stands behind the laughing Wilbur, face shadowed and wet. Tommy covers his head and cries.*

*"Hello Theseus." His head snaps up and there's a hulking figure standing before him. Tall big and familiar, a glinting crown on a grim grinning face. "Are you ready to die like the hero you are?" There's hissing in the background and suddenly the air is hot and smells like ash and gunpowder. His mouth is dry as two silhouettes with six pairs of glowing white eyes on each six head glow from the smoke that surrounded him and Technoblade. ~~blade brother~~ ~~techie why please stop i'm sorry~~*

*"But I've never been the hero!"*

*He steps backwards and he's falling. A terrified scream comes from his thirsty throat, his body malnourished and his clothes in tatters. There's a pole behind him made out of dirt and the ground is fast approaching.*

*"Hello Tommy."*

*He lands in the snow, weak and cold and so so alone.*

*No, he's not alone.*

*Dream. Dream is there, he offers a hand to Tommy. A smile on his mask that glows white with green eyes that keep on changing. Leaves. Grass. Poison.*

*Tommy takes the hand, gives himself to the man who breaks him and turns him into something else. He's not Tommy.*

*Toby, Techno and Wilbur watch from a distance, screaming at him, screaming for Tommy but he's not Tommy anymore is he? He can't come back to them, he's too broken to be their Tommy. But that was okay. Dream was here. And he wanted Theo.*

*"You're mine." Dream says with six eyes, all green but different. He likes the leaves on Dream's face, he's okay with being Dream's even if the leaf eyes are crying.*

*"I am." Theo mumbles and there's static everywhere. It's everywhere, he's older, there's red everywhere too. He's partly blue now, on the back- he can barely see it. "I'm yours Dream. Your friend, your tool, your protege and weapon." He says with a broken shattered smile on his face. He was broken, he couldn't go back- he's hurt everyone else too much by now but that was okay. He had Dream. Dream was all he needed.*

*"Are you really now?"*

*Theo blinks in surprise. "What?"*

*The blue is gone. Dream is suddenly coated in red. There's a flower in his head and he's eyeless.*

*"Who are you?"*

*It's gone. Dream bursts into flames and the static disappears.*

*"Tommy?"*

*Where is it? Where was Dream?*

*"Theseus?"*

*Where was Dream?*

*"Theo?"*

*The Warped Priest gives him an expectant look.*

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

*Dream? Where is he?*

*Don't leave.*

*Please don't leave.*

*don't leave me alone.*

*dream?*

*who am i without you dream?*

---

Theo inhaled sharply, heart beating out of his chest and static clouding his head as he forced himself to sit up, panting heavily.

He's in his room in the Stronghold.

They had finished the visit with the Warped Priest just yesterday- or rather hours ago telling by the clock.

*"Servant child." Theo pauses and turns to the old piglin who stands behind him. "I have one last question for you."*

*Warily, Theo crossed his arms. "What is it?" He had got what he wanted, he knew how to help Foolish now thanks to him. He and the Dream Team were tired, they should head home to the Stronghold now.*

*The Warped Priest gives him an expectant look.*

*"Who are you without your owner child?" Theo freezes at the question. His mouth opens to answer but no words come out. The Priest hums and shakes his head, "You may answer at another time child. Now leave. I expect payment the next time you come and ask for something. It has been voiced." He turns and hobbles away and Theo is left standing there. Shocked and speechless.*

*"Theo?" Theo mechanically turned to the concerned Dream Team. His gaze goes to Dream automatically.*

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

*"Are you okay? What did he want?" George asks him.*

*"I'm- I'm fine. It was nothing important, let's just go."*

It wasn't important.

It wasn't.

The question wasn't important at all.

Without Dream he was...

Theo was...

...

"Damn that fucking pig." Theo whispered hoarsely, burying his head as the static *screamed* in his mind and his tattoo *burned* at the base of his neck.

He was nothing without Dream.

He didn't know.

He was nothing without his friend.

He didn't know.

He was nothing without his owner.

*He didn't know dammit.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

[Theo Comic by Reena](#)

i feel spoiled with the amount of art they've made for the fic. i absolutely love it

nonetheless! dream and theo's dynamic is always nice to see drawn :)

forty chapters.

we're ten chapters away from fifty chapters.

did you think this was going to be long? i certainly didn't. we're almost 50 chapters and currently sitting at 155k+ words.

also dream made a song. that's- like ranboo i never expected him to go there but whoo! good for him! i'll add it to my list of songs i like on spotify, it's actually really good and i'll enjoy listening to it from time to time.

i am steadily catching up with the tales of the smp. currently going to watch the masquerade episode and my mind is immediately going to go 'hmm how the hell do i put this down in the story'. i probably wont, or maybe i will- it all depends. this story isnt exactly on the canon tracks here.

anyway! technoblade is trying to steer him, wilbur and toby into a better pathway here. he's just been a bit preoccupied before, reeling from the differences between theo and tommy. chat and toby weren't helping and technoblade, for all his tsundereness is a family man at heart. he cares. and he hasn't gone through pogtopia and everything afterwards so he's actually a bit more cooperative.

meanwhile theo has an existential crisis. but he'll be fine... mostly.

# Apologies and Contracts

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

He didn't know.

He didn't have to know.

He didn't *care* to know.

It didn't matter. Whatsoever.

It. Did. Not. Matter.

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

Theo resolutely ignores the question that begins to haunt him, for once embracing the static that clouded his mind.

It didn't matter.

He was Dream's protege.

He was Dream's weapon.

He was Dream's friend.

He was Dream's tool.

He was Dream's.

That was that. That was it.

Even without the enchantment, he was Dream's. He'd continue to be Dream's. It was who he was.

*He was nothing without Dream.*

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

"Shut up." Theo hissed, slamming the book close with a bit more force than he intended to. He takes a moment to breath in a deep breath, shaking his head and clearing his thoughts.

He puts the book back in its original place on the shelf and walks over to the large map that Dream had in the library, he squints at it, noting how outdated it was compared to the map

that Theo remembered. He would have to update it when he got back, he'll bring along a few empty maps along the way. "If I leave immediately after the contract then I can get there in less than a week." He ponders aloud, brows furrowed as he calculated on how long the journey to Foolish's temple was going to be. "Maybe two weeks at most, hopefully less if I shortcut through the Nether and find a horse along the way..."

The real problem were the enchanted traps, Evokers and Cultist Pillagers that stood between him and Foolish.

The door to the library squeaks open and Theo turns to see George coming into the library, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Oh, there you are Theo." The colorblind man said, yawning at the end. He sniffed, trying to shake off the effects of sleep off himself. "You weren't in your room. Did you already have breakfast 'cause Sapnap's making some if you want."

Theo shook his head, "I think I'm good thanks." He says, unfortunately he, himself forgot that he barely ate anything since he woke up *hours* ago. Meanwhile his stomach and subconscious did *not* forget. Shortly after he says that his stomach makes an audible growl and both men pause, George squints at him and Theo smiles a sheepishly crooked smile. "On second thought..."

"Yeah there better be a second thought." George huffed and motioned Theo to come with him, "Come on Theo, honestly you and Dream are so lucky Sapnap and I are here for you idiots." He commented lightly.

It's a light comment from George but it impacts heavily on Theo who helplessly followed after Dream's best friend.

They really were both lucky in hindsight. Theo was thankful that at the very least, he and Toby ended up before the Pogtopia-Manberg war for many reasons. It would have been so much harder if he had been dropped off afterwards.

Ender, the possibility that he'd even be dropped off during his *exile* that...

*"Drop your things in the hole Tommy."*

That would've...

*"I'm your friend Tommy. I'm the only one who's been visting you lately haven't I? I check on you, I hang out with you, I'm your friend."*

It would've been *difficult* to say the least.

"Morning Theo!" Sapnap exclaimed, snapping Theo out of his thoughts as the scent of cooked meat and potatoes invaded his nostrils. ~~*For a moment there he thought he smelled gunpowder and ash.*~~ The man grinned at him, gesturing him to sit down. Dream was already sitting down, his face maskless and groggy. He just woke up. His eyes are normal, leafy.

Tension seeps out of him, he hadn't even realized it'd been building up in his shoulders.



His stomach growls again much to his dismay and George snorts, herding him to sit down across from Dream. "Eat." He simply said before sitting besides him while Sapnap sat with Dream after distributing the food and drinks.

Breakfast is pleasant, it has been ever since George and Sapnap stayed with Dream and Theo. Bad and Skeppy had returned to their mansion for a bit, but they would come back soon to continue looking for any source of information of the enchantment on Theo's back. Bad had already found a few books that mentioned enchantments, however they were old and needed translating- it's been a long time since Bad had read the language it was written in and needed to brush up on reading in that language. Even then, the mentions might not even help but it wouldn't hurt to check.

"We're heading back to the SMP for the contract signing and all stuff tomorrow right?" Sapnap said aloud as the topic shifted to that. "You never did tell us on how the hell you're going to get so many Undying Totems. What did it have to do with the potion you got from the Priest?" He asked Theo who was chewing on his steak.

Dream looked thoughtful, "Dark Mansions can only hold so many totems I hear, it won't be enough to fill a small chest unless you know another location of a Mansion or even an Outpost." He says, giving Theo a curious look. He wouldn't be surprised if he did at this point, though a small part of him grumbled at the loss chance of finding out where it was on his own. It was small and a bigger part of himself *did* want to know where it is so he could go towards the location and raid it.

"I'm not going to a Mansion or an Outpost for Undying Totems." Theo said after swallowing his steak, he couldn't help the amused look on his face when he saw the faces of dumbfounded shock on the three men.

"I'm going to break an ally out of his prison."

---

Bored.

*Jingle jingle jingle.*

So bored.

*Jingle jingle jingle jingle.*

Rubbing a thumb against the polished green gem, he brings it up to the light, watching it shine. It's pretty. Pretty boring.

*Jingle.*

Still, he imbues the gem with the magic it needed to work correctly.

*Jingle jingle.*

Sighing, he presses the green gem against the small, brightly glowing and ultimately hot little statue laid in front of him. Fresh from the furnace. He watches as the gem assimilates into the

steaming metal.

*Jingle jingle jingle jingle.*

One eye down, one last to go.

*Jingle jingle.*

"..."

*Jingle jingle jingle.*

He was so bored.

*Jingle.*

~~*he was so alone.*~~

---

*'Hmmmhmm mhmhmm mhhmm~'*

A strum of strings plays out and Schlatt ignores it, reading the papers set out on his desk though he couldn't help checking the clock from time to time.

*'Mhmmfuck you Schlatt~ You're a terrible asshat~'*

Schlatt's eye twitched as he kept his focus on the papers. The votes were all calculated, majority voted for the walls down. So now they could take down the walls without much of a problem. The strum continues, playing out a tune.

*'Your suit looks like shit~ And you smell like it too~'*

L'Manberg's economy was looking pretty good, the trades would pick up once the walls were down. That should be what they should be focusing on next. A few people were submitting proposals for a few build that would hopefully help with the country and the Crimson plant shit that Toby mentioned haven't made a grand appearance. Yet. Hopefully it never will at this rate.

*'I hope you fucking die soon you fuck.'*

He couldn't help the snort that escapes him at the flat tone that came instead of a sung out short insulting sentence. "That doesn't even rhyme with anything Soot." He quipped, flipping the paper he was reading to the back so he could read some more. Something appears at the edge of his top vision and he instinctively looked up, his gaze meeting with a pair of milky faded white eyes that held a cage of repressed anger. The eyes were paired with a curling, mocking smile.

Ghostbur floats atop his desk, holding a guitar in his hands that he strums randomly on the spot to annoy him. *'Either that or find a dick to suck.'* He added, smile turning into a smirk as Schlatt groaned in clear annoyance.

"Very classy." He replied dryly, rubbing his face. "How about we go back to you trying to kill me?" He suggested as an offhand comment, there's a tempted look on Ghostbur's face before he shrugs.

*'Nope! No can do! Toby said so and you know what Toby says, goes!'*

The ghost cackles, strumming his guitar hard while floating away from the desk for a bit but keeping close to the exasperated President.

It's been some time since the spectral entity had appeared from practically nowhere as far as JSchlatt was concerned, one moment there was only one Wilbur Soot and *he* was already annoying. Though they've both settled down to a more professional relationship, heckling can only go so far during an important meeting after all and then the next moment; *Ghostbur* arrives alongside a new citizen to their nation. A young teenage enderman hybrid named Ranboo.

There were *two* versions of Wilbur Soot now, one younger and alive and one older, dead and a ghost.

Said ghost had tried to kill him the moment they met.

*'YOU!'* Ghostbur snarled, eyes swirling with blue and white, bloody and torn coat flapping in the nonexistent wind.

*Schlatt choked as the transparent man slammed into him, hands circling around his neck-*

The ram hybrid grimaced, rubbing the now completely bruise-free neck he had.

Toby had interfered quickly, managing to pry the ghost off of the President and shove the wheezing man towards the horrified and terrified Quackity. They, along with half of the others who were present quickly escaped the room as it turned into a screaming match between the two time-traveling men.

*'TUBBO HOW THE FUCK COULD YOU LET HIM BE PRESIDENT AGAIN!? YOU KNOW WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED LAST TIME!'*

*"Are you okay?" Tubbo asked quietly, wincing at the crash that came from the room they had just escaped from. The young teenager fidgeting nervously as he heard his future self's voice reply- loud but not screaming, muffled by the wall.*

*"Someone had to be President Wilbur, I couldn't do it, I refuse. Schlatt is actually pretty good at politics and at the job when he's not drunk off his ass and high on power." Schlatt coughed while thinking dryly to himself, well it was nice to be acknowledged by the man who threatened him the night he was elected.*

*'HE EXILED TOMMY AND I! We were forced out with only the supplies we had during the election- we had to move into a damned RAVINE to stay safe! HE PUT UP BOUNTIES FOR US!'* Tommy's brow furrowed as he glanced at Schlatt who smiled sheepishly at the young teenager. *It was a thought of impulse and hey- it didn't happen! Toby stopped it all!*

*"Well he hasn't here and he never will! Wilbur, you can't kill Schlatt."*

It took a solid hour of convincing for Ghostbur to reluctantly agree. Everyone had ganged up on him and Schlatt back then couldn't help but feel grateful for the defense from them.

Tommy had been especially effective against Ghostbur.

*"You're not killing Schlatt Wilby." Both Wilbur and Ghostbur froze at the nickname, the usually rambunctious blond was calm and firm. Giving the ghost a stern scowl, "Schlatt might've been a dick to you, your Schlatt and shit but this Schlatt is not that bad. He hasn't done anything bad. Yet. So you can't just kill him- sure it's fucking making you upset and all but you don't have to like him to not kill him. You're just being a gigantic asshole here! So no, you're not killing Schlatt Ghostbur."*

Really surprising, or actually, probably not. Ghostbur had caved in not long afterwards, promising not to kill or hurt Schlatt whatsoever.

So of course the ghost found a loophole and started to annoy the shit out of him whenever he was around. Which meant barging in at random times of the day, strumming his guitar obnoxiously, pelting Schlatt with insults and empty threats or just being a little shit whenever possible- he's even started messing with his office placement. Shifting things around.

At the very least though, he didn't touch the important documents, despite being insane and a pain in his ass at least Ghostbur recognized that the documents pertaining L'Manberg's integrity and everything were important enough to not be messed with.

Either that or Toby warned Ghostbur off and Schlatt owed the man more than his life at this point.

*'You're a diiick. A stupid fuuuuck. L'Manberg rocks but you suuuuck.'* Ghostbur sang *purposefully* high-pitched and off key.

Schlatt's forehead collided against the surface of his desk, groaning. The ephemeral snicker he got from the ghost wasn't helping as he tilted his head to look at the older dead man before him.

His eyes lingered over the stab wound on Ghostbur's chest, the ragged, messy hair barely trapped underneath the beanie, the tattered and stained coat that the dead spirit wore that seemed to have a mind of its own as it kept moving even when the ghost floated still in the air. Ghostbur's face was gaunt and laced with a type of madness that made the ram hybrid shudder if he let himself think about it too longer, his eyes swirled with milky white and deep mysterious blue and occasionally, blood would sometimes appear on his lips, dripping and staining teeth.

This was Wilbur Soot from the same fucked future that Toby came from.

A future that Toby prevented and changed as he kept Schlatt alive and president and the monster Egg thing was dead and gone.

This was the Wilbur Soot that JSchlatt would've created if his declaration for exile came through. If Theo and Toby hadn't appeared and interrupted everything, changed everything.

Schlatt felt... guilty.

"I'm sorry."

The dead man froze in the air, the guitar making an off-tune sound as the fingers slipped from the strings. '*... Excuse me.*'

Schlatt shifted at the dead, monotone reply he got. He straightened his back, straightened his tie and looked at the wall. "I'm- I'm sorry. For whatever my other self, the Schlatt that got you through- a lot of shit happened." He huffed, trying to apologize and wincing over how unsincere it sounded, even to *him*.

His limited time in L'Manberg have been hell on him, he was going through withdrawal (Quackity and Toby were helping him with that, Quackity especially, he was a good guy.) and being curb-stomped into the life of a sober man whose realized he was being a piece of shit for a while now.

Before even coming to L'Manberg, Schlatt had been at his lowest point. Spiraling into drinking and making impulsive decisions that would've caused him his death. Alcohol muddled his mind to its worse setting, even when he was tipsy it brought out his darkest side.

Being forcefully dragged out of that mindset, being forced to become a better person just to avoid death- he's really been made to think over his actions and his own self, especially when the two men from the future keep comparing him to his future self who was apparently so drunk and such an asshole he had *killed a teenager right in front of everyone after making said teenager arrange the festival*. Holy fuck, he did not think he could go that low.

But apparently he could.

And that was...

A low, sinister chuckle grabbed his attention. Ghostbur's shoulders shook as his head was kept bowed, shadowing his face. The chuckle escalated into maddening laughter, gut-wrenching and *coated* with insanity. Schlatt felt a chill go down his spine at the sound as the specter finally lifted his head.

Eyes closed, smile calm and peaceful. It's the most sinister thing that Schlatt has ever seen.

*'Fuck you Schlatt.'*

*CRASH*

Schlatt flinched back as the guitar was thrown *hard* against the wall behind him, breaking on impact. The door slammed open then closed and the President was left alone in his office, clutching his rapidly beating heart.

The ram hybrid took a few calming breaths as Quackity slammed the door open, looking frantically concerned. "Holy fuck what happened? I heard the crash and Ghostbur came out all murderous-piss looking- Ender damn Schlatt are you okay?!"

"*I'm fine.*" Schlatt wheezed, patting his chest rapidly, coughing. "I'm fine kid I- Ender." He panted, wiping his forehead while Quackity went over and picked up the broken guitar. The neck had broken, the side of the guitar cracked and a few strings snapped from the crash.

It was Wilbur's guitar, Ghostbur had borrowed it to annoy Schlatt over the few days. "Oooh, Wilbur's not going to like this."

"Yeah, no shit." The President sighed, rubbing his face. "... Fuck am I glad that Toby stopped me from exiling Wilbur. Having *two* Wilbur's is bad enough but having *two* Wilburs that act like *that*?"

Both President and Vice President shivered violently at the thought.

Quackity placed the broken guitar in his inventory, "I'll uh- hand this to Wilbur later. Maybe after the contract signing." He said, thinking of a way to give it to Wilbur straight and hopefully not anger the man *too* much. Before, he had thought Wilbur to not be that bad- he could be scary in his own right. Everyone could but after meeting Ghostbur...

Schlatt was right. He really was.

Having two Wilburs was bad enough, but at least one Wilbur was sane and alive. Toby had really prevented them from making a grave, grave mistake.

---

The meeting for the contract was right at the border of Dream's SMP and L'Manberg. A small quaint spot between both territories, practically neutral ground and perfect for negotiations between both factions of power without having to brave between both territories.

Theo wasn't comfortable with going into L'Manberg at the moment, wasn't comfortable with letting the Dream Team be in L'Manberg as well. While likewise, Toby and the others didn't exactly want to go into Dream's SMP.

So the spot was just fine for both sides.

A table was set, a couple of chairs.

JSchlatt sat down on one side of the table with Toby, Techno, Philza and Tommy standing behind him. Tommy had secretly followed them before he was found out. The blond was stubborn in wanting to join in the meeting, arguing that he's been in meetings before and had promised to behave.

Eret sat down on the other side with Theo, Dream, George and Sapnap standing behind her. Her arm was still wrapped and in a sling. Though Dream was the one who put her in power, Eret had to be there because of the fact she was the current ruler over the SMP. Eret didn't

mind, thanking Theo for his help in getting rid of the parasitic crimson flower that fucked with her hand.

She was more than happy to participate, she would give the contract a wax seal as her signature since her dominant arm was currently healing.

They would discuss the terms of the contract today.

And though it was originally for a supply of Undying Totems, it would evolve into a peace treaty between the Dream SMP and L'Manberg.

---

## Chapter End Notes

yeee

[Time Portal by Blueberry\\_Dance](#)

they made the time portal :D

to those who wonder how the hell i do daily updates. here's my answer;

i have no fucking idea.

i mean i just write what i think is okay? also yeah i do try to write everyday, i busy myself with like a few hours to write and end up writing about 2-3k after that.

sometimes more if i give myself enough time or if i'm writing something particularly important and something inspired me.

it helps that a lot of ideas i have for this story float around me like insistent flies that refuse to go away until they're used. honestly it's a miracle itself that i've been updating this as much as i have.

it's almost been two complete months since i started and i am on CHAPTER 41 OF THIS STORY.

crazy i know.

also the support really really helps. each and every comment gives me fuel to write along with the hits and kudos and bookmarks, and i do give myself a few breaks a few days apart so yeah.

idk how that ends up to me updating almost daily.

ghostbur has p r o b l e m s. at this point he's setting himself up to burn again from his own actions. at least toby and theo are being somewhat reasonable but ghostbur needs a lot more help to control himself.

the dream smp and l'manberg- peace treaty signing + undying totem supply!

i have no idea what i'm doing i am tired and hungry!

dont worry foolish theo is coming!

a lot of things are coming actually, i have tons in store :)

i've been thinking of making a new story and i'm wondering if you guys would like to read it. i'm trying to hold back from making new stories until i'm done with this one but i'm tempted. ive got ideas for lots of stories but i'll give you three concepts.

whacky wholesome but somewhat serious found family in a zombie apocalypse feat gods

serious found family with hybrids and modern dimensional hopping

angsty madoka magica-esque with adults trying to help traumatized but badass minors

all three involve a certain level of angst, the magica idea especially along with the hybrid one. but all three involve clingy trio (ranboo, tubbo and tommy) because i've found myself craving a clingy trio story. what do you think?



# A Treatise Of Peace

## Chapter Notes

i'm glad that people like the ideas! i really really like them too!  
and just like how Rewinds was starting to itch in my head, the ideas are as well!  
that's why i've made a decision.  
it'll be in the note below so be sure to read that please!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

<Dream> how's your arm eret?  
<The\_Eret> It's doing alright, it still hurts from time to time but I can curl my fingers just fine :)  
<GoergeNotFound> do you have text to speech and speech to text on?  
<The\_Eret> Just speech to text so I don't have to type with one hand much. I typed the smile :)  
<TheoInnit> Eret can we borrow your royal seal  
<Sapnap> we're going to be doing imporant contract stuff tomorrow  
<The\_Eret> Important contract stuff? Why am I finding out about this just now? I'll come!  
<TheoInnit> Eret you are injured  
<GeorgeNotFound> theo has a point there eret you're injured  
<Sapnap> yeah it's important but you don't have to come with us all we need is your seal and we're good  
<Dream> You shouldn't be straining yourself to do anything  
<The\_Eret> And I haven't.  
<The\_Eret> I'm King guys I'm going to this contract signing and I just want to get out of the castle for a bit, it's no big deal!  
<The\_Eret> I'm coming with you guys so you better inform me about what this contract is about anyway

---

Out of everything that Eret expected to hear, getting a supply of Undying Totems and sharing it with L'Manberg wasn't what she was expecting. Nor was the possibility of an actual peace treaty with the nation either. Sure Dream had declared independence and a cease fire, but there hadn't been mention of a peace treaty whatsoever in the past months.

But then again, a lot of things were happening that she had never expected or thought to be. And this month alone seemed to be changing a *lot* of things. The reasons being the two time travelers who were so familiar yet different. Theo and Toby. Speaking of Theo...

Theo was now technically one of her subjects since he stuck to Dream, George and Sapnap so closely. He was on the SMP's side and was so unlike the Tommy she knew. ~~That she~~

~~betrayed~~. And L'Manberg had Toby who apparently was an Ex-President of it from the future that would never be for them.

She had been given the run down on a lot of events and even just *that*, the edited, short version was enough to her feel dizzy just trying to think of everything. At any rate though, she was still adamant to join in with the contract signing. She was King, royalty. This was still important *and* she did want to get out of her castle for a bit. She's hardly left since her arm was...

*Eret screamed, both agony and roots in her veins- beads of red dripping off her arm and staining her finger- the floor- Sam- her clothes-*

Her castle lacked red roses and tulips now. Any red flower she had before was gone, stored away since she couldn't bear to see them while her arm healed. Maybe she'd replant them in the future but for now, she just couldn't stand to look at them.

*Red red Petals digging into her skin- Sam panicking as he tries to pry the petal from her arm- It only hurts more-*

At any rate, here she stood, right outside the confines of her castle, near the border of the SMP. Patiently waiting for Theo, Dream, Sapnap and George to arrive so they could group together and head towards the meeting place.

Eret knows that she didn't have to be there for the contract to be signed. She knows that Dream was the true powerhouse of the SMP, it was *his* SMP after all- he made her King, he didn't need her there. But Eret was still King, and she wanted to participate.

Also, she wanted to personally thank Theo, for everything that he's done.

*Theo slicing the parasitic flower from her flesh- cutting her arm open- It stings and it's still painful but the flower is **gone**-*

And...

She wanted to talk with him.

"Eret!"

She sees George and Sapnap waving at her, looking much better than the last time she had seen them. Less tired, not looking horrified over her arm- they do look at her limp arm in her sling, their faces contort briefly before they plaster a smile instead. She's not bothered, she probably would've done the same.

Both Dream and Theo greet at her with nods, masked. A smiling face and a frowning one. It's bizarre to see them there, especially Theo because she *knows* he's Tommy.

Tommy would never be by Dream's side, wear clothes like Dream's or even wear Dream's *mask* but here he was.

Here Theo was. His hair duller than Tommy's bright blond locks- Eret hasn't seen his eyes or face, Theo had worn the mask the whole time she had been awake. Theo was really different to Tommy, but he saved her life and she is grateful.

"Hey guys." She smiles earnestly, waving and nodding back. "Shall we leave?"

They do. They head towards the spot where the meeting and contract is supposed to be held, walking through the forest. As they walked however, Eret manages to shuffle her way over to Theo who hangs back behind Dream, George and Sapnap- all three preoccupied with discussing something. Theo notices her as she walks by him but says nothing and it's a bit awkward.

Nonetheless, she tells him. "Thank you Theo. For uh, for-" *Screams. She's screaming, it hurts, Ender it hurts, the blade cuts into her arm and slices against the roots that were trying to twine itself in her muscles, bury themselves into her veins and flesh.*

"You're welcome." Theo says quietly, tilting his head to her. With the mask on, she can't tell if he's looking at her or not. "No one should have to suffer from the Crimson. Just glad we managed to get there in time to save your arm."

*"Cut- Cut my hand I can't take it anymore Sam please." "But Eret-" "PLEASE! I can't- I just can't- it HURTS!"*

She clenches her hands- or tries to, she winces as a jolt of pain travels along her arm in the sling. "Yeah. Yeah, that would've been bad." It would never be the same though, she knows. But she's kept her arm. The Crimson didn't take it from her, she's been marked by it, some lasting scars from her wrist to her elbow but they just proved that she had survived, she kept her arm and that she was alive.

Thanks to a man from the future.

A man she had betrayed in their past.

"I..." She wants to say more, to ask more but it clogs in her throat. How can she ask? How can she speak? How can he be so amicable to her when Tommy himself keeps glaring at her and avoids her whenever they're in proximity? She doesn't understand Theo. She is forever grateful, but she's also filled with latent guilt.

"Eret."

Theo's stopped and so has she. She looks at the unfamiliar man before her through her shades, white eyes glowing softly behind her aviators. "If you're thinking about the past then don't. I'm over a lot of shit now. Your betrayal included- look I'm on Dream's side and everything so don't stand there looking guilty for shit I don't even care about anymore." Theo tells him and it shocks her to her core. Dumbfounds her as Theo pats her shoulder, "I've long forgiven you Eret. Dream's side is way better. You made the right choice."

You made the right choice.

Betraying her friends, the nation she once was part of and leading them all to their deaths-

*You made the right choice.*

Something she'd never expected to hear from TommyInnit. "Ah..."

"Theo? Eret?" Dream calls out to them, he, George and Sapnap looking at them from afar.

Theo perks, turning his head as he called back, "Coming Dream! Come on Eret, let's go. Gotta set up the contract with L'Manberg and all that fucking nonsense. Wish we didn't have to, but since Dream, George and Sapnap won't let me blow up the country we're doing this instead." He says in an obviously light and joking tone.

It doesn't feel like a joke to Eret. She can spot the bitterness in his voice, the slight tension in his shoulders.

TheoInnit joking about blowing up L'Manberg?

*TommyInnit* joking about blowing up L'Manberg?

Her stomach roils uncomfortably but she gives Theo a slight smile and nods, "Yeah let's- let's go."

Eret is grateful to Theo. She really is, and she is the King of Dream's SMP. She *is* technically on Dream's side just like him.

But the Tommy that leads her to Dream, the Tommy that quietly follows after the green hooded and masked man without a word of complaint, only speaking when spoken to and acting so *different*...

TheoInnit unsettles her in almost the same way Dream unsettled her weeks after she was crowned by him.

---

They're the first to arrive at the spot. With minutes to spare.

Theo sets down a table and a couple of chairs, letting Eret sit on one side of the table.

"Here's to hoping they don't bring Ghostbur." Sapnap whispers to George and Theo who both grimace and nod in agreement.

Theo would rather not face Ghostbur after... well, *everything*. It'd still be fine though. If he did. He was fine, everything was fine.

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

He takes in a deep breath, ignoring the persistent question, letting the static drag it into the deepest depths of his mind. Again. Was this another unfortunate quirk to the Warped Priest? Did his questions linger in Theo's mind because of some mystical bullshit he put on Theo? Fuck him if yes, if not-

No it had to be.

The question didn't bother him so much that he it lingered in his subconscious. That wasn't the case, *it had* to be mystical bullshit. He wouldn't think on how he was without Dream. He was fine as he was with Dream.

It didn't matter.

Things were fine.

"Theo are you sure you and Sapnap can handle yourselves after the contract?" George asks, bringing Theo back into reality. "Dream and I can come with you."

The masked blond shakes his head, "We'll be fine. You two can stay in the SMP or go to the Dark Mansion or just look for the book, Sapnap and I will go get Foolish just fine."

As much as he wanted to take Dream with him, he knows that they can't stay together but as long as he'd like. Dream needed a break from him and Theo-

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

Theo would give him that break. Theo knows he can be ~~clingy~~ *protective* over Dream and this Dream wasn't used to him and needed some time and space away from him. ~~Give him a break from the bond they shared, a distance to not worry about the enchantment that Theo wore.~~ George would stay with Dream and as much as he wanted Sapnap to stay as well, the three of them were insistent that either George *or* Sapnap to come with him just in case.

"if you're sure Theo..." Dream said and Theo smiled at the concern he heard from Dream.

His friend Dream.

Things were going well.

"They're here." Eret says and Theo watches as JSchlatt, Techno, Tommy, Toby and Wilbur come from the forest. His stupid younger self must have followed after them. He's relieved to see that Ghostbur was not accompanying them at the moment. He scans the area for invisibility potion effects and finds none that he can see. He takes in a deep breath as the ram-horned President greeted them with an amicable and polite smile.

He and Eret shook hands before Schlatt sat down on the opposite side, bringing out quill and paper.

Theo sees the way Tommy, Wilbur and Toby eye Eret, Wilbur and Tommy with wary and lingering distrust and anger while Toby with more of a calm but slightly curious look.

Toby looks up at him and Theo quietly snorts to himself.

If Toby was going to involve Schlatt just because he was L'Manberg's official President then Theo would let Eret come because he was Dream's chosen King over the SMP. They were playing fair here, Toby.

He has to say though, he's surprised.

All four males weren't glaring at Dream. Much. His naive younger self just couldn't help giving Dream the stink-eye, but Wilbur, Techno and Toby were being commendable with their efforts to not look at him. More focused on more important matters.

Though his youngerself can't help quipping sometimes throughout the meeting, looking both bored and intrigued as he was kept in line by his bro- by Techno, Wilbur and Toby.

"And just when can we expect the amount of Undying Totems?" JSchlatt asks and Eret glances over to Theo.

"I'm planning on leaving as soon as this meeting ends so you can expect a small chest amount of Undying Totems in three weeks or four." One or two weeks spent rescuing and escorting Foolish into the SMP and then another week or two for him to make Undying Totems.

"Leaving so soon?" Wilbur blurts out, looking at Theo with a lost look that Theo ignores.

"If you want the totems at their earliest conveniences then yes. Right after this meeting ends Sapnap and I will be going to collect them." He says and the look of dumbfounded shock on their faces was funny as fuck, he couldn't help the slight cough that escapes him that hid the snicker that he wanted to make.

They hadn't expect him to be bringing Sapnap now did they?

Hah.

Schlatt clears his throat, "Impressive," He praised before tilting his head at Theo, "Would you like any assistance from L'Manberg? Anything to possibly shorten the time span?" He offered, making a careful wager.

Theo narrowed his eyes, of course they were offering help. They wanted someone else to come with them. He opened his mouth to decline-

"Oh yeah sure, wouldn't mind the extra help."

His neck practically made a cracking noise as he turned to look at Sapnap who stood there as if he hadn't just *accepted* what was *clearly* an unnecessary offer of help. "*Sapnap!*" He exclaimed, "*We do, we do mind* the ex-"

"We actually don't Theo." Dream interrupts him with a gentle tone that has Theo shutting up instantly- even without the tone, Theo would always stop talking to let Dream speak. Theo gives him a perplexed look that he knows Dream can spot even with the mask, why? What- What was going on? "Theo, you and Sapnap will probably do great-" They *would*. Theo knew exactly what to do, he could've done this all on his own but they *insisted* to let Sapnap come with him and he already *was*. They didn't need anyone else. Theo was more than capable on his own, Sapnap could help- "-But you might need help. And since George and I can't come with you, whoever L'Manberg sends can."

Theo's fists clench, "We don't need them." You and I don't need them Dream. None of them except George and Sapnap.

"So you might think, but extra help would be nice Theo." Sapnap chimed in, "We have each other's back but sometimes that won't be enough."

It *would* have been though. Theo was more than enough to protect Sapnap should anything happen, he wasn't going to let anything happen to Dream's best friend. He was Dream's anchor and Theo would give one or two of his lives for Sapnap *and* George if he needed to. Not all of them of course, his last one would always be for Dream.

George gives him a soft look, "It'd ease our worries if someone else comes with you and Sapnap Theo. We trust you Theo, we do, we know you're capable but having someone else will benefit everyone involved." Theo doesn't how it would benefit *them*.

"But they'll know of-" Foolish, his trapped ally and friend. He's stuck in the temple. Alone with only the selfish, cultish Pillagers and Evokers who do see him as their god but also a precious *resource*. He's waiting for Theo even if he doesn't know it yet. "Of the source. They might take hi-it for themselves then the contract would be *pointless!*" He points out, they might take Foolish for themselves. Trap him in their own prison.

They won't, Toby wouldn't do that, wouldn't let that happen but *still*.

They didn't need anyone else for this.

He and Sapnap were enough.

*He* was enough.

"We can just add that into the contract." Schlatt spoke up, smiling at Theo who glares at him- the smile falters but Schlatt plows through it and continues on. "We of L'Manberg, promise not to take advantage of any knowledge on the source of Undying Totems. We will not take advantage of said source aside from the agreement we have made in the contract. You can hold us accountable if we break it. You can read the contract for loopholes and if you spot any then you're free to point it out and we'll fix it."

Conniving fucking- Theo should've either kicked Schlatt out of L'Manberg or just straight out killed the man.

But then probably Wilbur or Toby would've suggested that or something similar then.

*Fuck.*

"Theo." He looks at Dream, his tense shoulders dropping a bit when the man puts a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Please, we just want you and Sapnap to be safe."

Dream said *please*.

It-

It didn't seem like an order.

Theo could argue back, he could be firm and say he didn't want anyone else but...

Dream said please.

It wasn't an order.

"... We need someone who won't drag Sapnap and I down. And someone *not* on their last life." Theo finally says and there's a triumphant look on L'Manberg's side.

Fuck them. Seriously, just fuck them. Toby especially.

Oh fuck Toby might be coming with him.

*Fuck-*

"Technoblade and whoever he chooses to accompany him." Schlatt says and Theo stares at the ram hybrid.

*Really should've dealt with Schlatt himself dammit.*

"He's not a L'Manberg citizen." Theo deadpans.

Technoblade deadpans back, finally speaking, "No but I'm on their payroll. I'll be paid by them if I do this so I work for this." *They planned this from the fucking start the bastards.*

"You're an anarchist, you wouldn't be working with the *government*."

Toby speaks this time, "Technoblade's against *tyranny* and there is no tyranny in L'Manberg." He points out sunnily with a smile on his face, Theo itches to punch it off. However, Technoblade *has* worked with L'Manberg before technically, Toby doesn't say but Theo *knows* he's pointing it out as well.

In their future, Techno had helped L'Manberg and every other Overworlder because of the damned *Crimson* though. He had a *reason* to be able to work with them without wanting to take them down. They were all trying to survive, trying not to die to the damned *Egg*. *It made sense then.*

It didn't make sense *now*.

"Okay I can understand then," No he can *fucking not*, "About Technoblade but *whoever he chooses to accompany him*? Just Technoblade will be *fine*." He says through gritted teeth. It was bad enough as it is now.

"But it'd be fair though, having two from the Dream SMP and two from L'Manberg work together for the sake of the contract between us." Wilbur says with an amused smile.

Eret unfortunately, looked very swayed by what's going on. Theo takes it back, he doesn't forgive her as she says, "It *does* make sense."



Theo should've pushed back the contract, if he'd known it was going to spiral then he wouldn't have made the fucking offer anyway. They weren't in war, they didn't really need totems- but the meeting was underway and *somehow*, during the clusterfuck that Theo has no control over and has no idea what the fuck is happening even though it's happening *right in front of him*, a peace treaty was drawn between the Dream SMP and L'Manberg.

Theo wants to scream.

This was not how he thought everything would go.

He thought he and Sapnap were just going to off and rescue Foolish but *no*, there was *Technoblade* now and whoever the hell he decided to bring with him- hopefully not Toby. Two warriors would be bad already. Fucking dammit.

What he doesn't really get is the fact that Dream is letting this happen.

*Why* is he letting this happen?

He thought Dream didn't like L'Manberg?

Theo had thought they would both leave L'Manberg alone, perhaps blow it up if Dream wanted but a *peace treaty* between his SMP and L'Manberg?

Ender, had Theo and Toby changed *that much* to this timeline?

Theo has no idea, but he could only hang on for the ride.

---

Technoblade messaged Tubbo\_: ready? we're leaving a lot earlier than expected.

Tubbo\_ messaged Technoblade: ye!! ranboi nad ggostbur helped phil n i!

Technoblade messaged Tubbo\_: great, meet us at the border in about an hour. contracts still being written down and stuff.

Tubbo\_ messaged Technoblade: pog!

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## Chapter End Notes

i want to work on clingy trio but i have this story to focus on but i really wanna work on clingy trio but i really really want to do one of the clingy trio ideas-

i'm basically the ball in pong as i try to decide what the fuck to do here. i want to write, but i already have to write and i just- it's complicated. so you know what? i'm going to start off one of those ideas! from this moment on Rewind will be ON HOLD!

not for long! i just want to build up the other story up until maybe chapter 5 or 6! then i'll be switching back to Rewind! that's the plan anyway.

i figured that Rewind, on its own is alright enough- we've got 42 chapters in, i can afford

to work on another story for a bit. so for the upcoming week, until my other story is at chapter 5 or 6, Rewind will be paused! i would want to work on both stories but i know i'll just burn myself out faster if i try to handle both at the same time.

so i'll be taking a slight break from Rewind BUT i'll still be writing!

which idea shall i be writing? well i just used a random number chooser thing, putting the ideas in and it landed on one idea! i'll eventually get to the other ideas dont worry. but which idea is it, i hear you ask.

you'll see soon enough because... if you haven't noticed... I'M PUTTING THIS IN A SERIES.

i'm staying anonymous. i feel most comfortable anonymous, but you call can refer to me as Non! i'll be linking up my stories in a series so you can find them easier and as soon as the other story is up, you should be able to get to it.

anyway, i hope you enjoyed chapter 42! i'll see you guys in my next story! i'll come back to rewind soon! (tbh itll probably be a week if my miraculous update schedule goes with my other story if not oh well)

EDIT: NEW STORY IS OUT! either click the series to see it or click [here! Presenting: Wishes and Family!](#)

# Off on a Journey

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"You're absolutely *fucking* with me. We are *not* taking him with us." Theo spat, arms crossed as he stared defiantly into Techno's deadpanned gaze.

Behind the hybrid was one bright-eyed, smiling *young Toby*. Aka, *Tubbo*.

Technoblade leveled a bemused look with him, "Oh yes we are. Schlatt *did* say, *whoever I choose to accompany me*. And I chose this small feisty child." He says, placing a hand atop of Tubbo's head. As if to prove his point, Tubbo huffed, glared at Techno and kicked at his shin. Unfazed, the hybrid smirks at Theo, "He's coming with us."

"I've already packed everything and I've got fully enchanted diamond armor, tools along with extra supplies!" Tubbo chimed in cheerily, smiling widely at Theo and Sapnap.

*Those absolute fucking pricks they definitely planned this from the start.* Theo thought to himself darkly with gritted teeth, he turned to look at Sapnap, motioning to Technoblade and Tubbo, "*Sapnap*."

Sapnap, he's always been kind of a prick but *seriously*, looks amused and he shrugged at Theo's look. "What? Tubbo's a capable teen, with Technoblade with us he'll be fine. Sure I'm kinda worried on how things will go but as long as he can prove he can keep up with us then he can come with." He said, eyeing Tubbo who beamed at him.

Beset on all sides by *bastards*.

Theo should have *known* that things have gone too smoothly, the universe was *out to get him*.

He should cancel the fucking mission, push it aside for a while, do it on his own in secret after shit died down but-

*Sad emerald green eyes paired with a resigned smile. A boring, suffocating and empty temple. All alone with no one but cultish pricks.*

...

But Foolish was waiting.

And he's accomplished what he first wanted, Dream would be in George, Bad and Skeppy's care, they'd look after him. Keep to his side and anchor him, George especially. What right did he have to even try and push back the rescue mission? He had promised to help Foolish and by *fuck* was he going to keep that promise. He had already helped Dream, in the process of helping him at least and now he had the golden opportunity to help and free Foolish.

"*Fine.*" Theo snarled lowly, turning on his heel and stomping off from L'Manberg's gates towards the Community Nether Portal. He only stops when he doesn't hear footsteps, he tilts his head back to look at the three males, "Well? Are you coming or not?" He questioned impatiently before stomping off. He continues as he hears footsteps behind him. He spies something see-through, yellow and grey at the corner of his vision and resolutely ignores it.

*'Be careful Tubbo! Theo! Techno! Sapnap!'*

"We will Ghostbur!" Tubbo's the only one who calls back though Techno probably nodded or something, Theo doesn't know. All he does is keep his focus forward and ignore the ghost of his brother and insane man.

Thankfully it doesn't seem like the ghost follows them to the Community Nether Portal where everyone else was waiting for them.

"Tubbo!" Tommy exclaims, grinning widely at his best friend who grins back. Theo pays them no attention, he doesn't. "You better take good care of Tubbo Techno! Or else I'mma whoop yo' ass!" The younger blond declares, punching the hybrid in the arm. Techno doesn't react in anything else but amusement. "And you Big T- you be careful a'ight? Don't go dying on me like a wuss!"

Tubbo laughs, waving off Tommy's concern. "Tommy I'll be fine!"

"You heard him Tommy, he'll be fine." Technoblade drawled, patting Tubbo's head, the young teen grins widely and Theo's mind unwillingly flashes back to-

*"Technoblade?" Tubbo's voice cracks as he backs into the corner of the concrete box, Tommy's heart pounds in his chest as his own fucking brother raises his fireworks launcher.*

Theo shakes his head, taking in a deep breath. It was in the damn past, Toby's over it, Techno hasn't even done it and probably never will thanks to Toby and his fucking machinations and finally Theo- *Theo didn't care.*

Not anymore.

He didn't care.

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

*He didn't care.*

He's left that life behind him, broke the bridge from the other side and broke the ties that bound him to *them*. He wasn't part of their world, he was part of Dream's. Dream's world was what mattered to him, Dream's *word* was what mattered to him. Everyone else didn't matter except George and Sapnap, but they were being assholes too so fuck them.

Fuck everyone.

Except Dream.

Sure he's a bit of a bastard but, he means well.

Dream's always meant well for him, even if Theo didn't like it sometimes.

He could do this.

*He could do this.*

Eret, George, JSchlatt and Toby were talking by the portal, probably discussing a few things before they left. Wilbur, Techno, Tommy and Tubbo talked among each other while Theo listened to Dream and Sapnap talking.

"Don't do anything stupid Sapnap."

"Pfft, when do I ever-"

"Theo ma- Try to keep an eye on Sapnap so he doesn't do anything particularly stupid." Dream says, turning to Theo who couldn't help the snort that escapes him.

Sapnap splutters as he nods, "'Course Dream. I'll keep him away from any pets or like, cute animals we meet and shit." He jokes and a snicker escapes him when Sapnap smacks his arm and Dream laughs that teakettle laugh of his. Hearing it makes him smile and he feels much better.

Yeah he could do this.

His good mood sours though when his younger self suddenly decides to come over with a loud shout. "OI! DICKHEADS!" Theo steps forward as Tommy stands just a couple blocks away, naturally his shout not only gains their attention but everyone else's as well. However Theo and Tommy lock eyes, Tommy's bright blue eyes glaring right into Theo's dull grayish ones. Theo thinks that Tommy knows that he was glaring back despite the mask that covered his face.

Scratch that he definitely did.

"Tommy-" Tubbo started, standing behind the younger blond who waves off the clear concern of his best friend without breaking eye contact with Theo.

Tommy's eyes narrowed and his mouth is set into a firm line, "I'm good Tubso, I just want to talk to my shitty future self alright? You got to talk with Toby, I should get a chance to talk with this dickhead yeah? Fair's fair and that bullshit. C'mon bitchy old ass me, let's go talk." He said with a biting, arrogant grin. Theo though, could see the seriousness in the younger man's eyes.

"Or are you too much of a pussy to talk to a big man like me?"

Theo's eyebrow twitched, "You want to talk kid? Let's talk then." He says, motioning to the side where they could separate from the others to talk privately but stay within sight. He huffs at the hesitant looks the others gave, especially Toby's. "He wants to fucking talk with me,

fine- we're talking alone. I won't touch the bitch, it'd be pretty fucking stupid of me if I tried anything."

"*WHO ARE YOU CALLING A BIT-*"

"Shut up, let's just go and talk so I can leave already. We're wasting enough time as it is." Theo hissed, going off and walking towards the stairs where they could talk alone. He glances back and sees that no one was stopping them but there was definitely hesitance and concern around. Theo rolled his eyes as he and Tommy stood in the middle of the stairs, far away enough from the others that they couldn't hear them if they talked normally but staying within all their sights.

Crossing his arms, he looked at his younger self and is hit with a feeling of nostalgia and regret. Regret for agreeing to talk with the younger version of himself because it's just reminding him on how different things were. His hair was so much brighter, his eyes so full of life and a type of blue that Theo's eyes has lost so long ago. His skin is mostly unmarred save for the few scars from the war for L'Manberg's independence but Tommy doesn't have the blatant face scar that Theo has.

And Ender, Tommy still had *braces*.

Theo's braces had come off shortly after the Pogtopia war, during the brief time of peace- Theo was lucky that his teeth were healthy and straight despite the years he had spent within the damn ravine with Wilbur and the war going on. Couldn't risk breaking a tooth, getting an infection and shit when he couldn't go to the dentist because of the fucking conflict.

Tommy was everything that Theo left behind after Dream had taken him in.

After Dream broke him, trained him and made him into the man he was now.

Tommy was the past that Theo didn't want to think about and yet here he was, right at this moment, facing the past that he thought- no, he *knows* he left behind.

Theo doesn't regret anything. The static coils in his head and he doesn't regret anything at all. He was on Dream's side, he was Loyal. That was it. Nothing else mattered, the past didn't matter, neither did the future but he hoped to live peacefully by Dream's side after he freed Foolish. And even then, even if Dream didn't want him ~~uselessuselessfriends~~ he'd be content with living on his own. ~~alonesofuckinguseless~~

"So? What the fuck do you want?" He asked, tone dead and bored and he watches Tommy's face go through a whirlwind of emotions.

It makes him uncomfortable, seeing his younger face displaying those emotions so blatantly and his hand twitches. He resists the urge to adjust his mask, it was sitting just fine on his face. Dream gave him the mask for a reason, and hiding his emotions with it was one of them.

Tommy's face settles into a surprisingly calm look, though his eyes were still glaring up at him and the calm doesn't stay for long as his lips purse into a scowl. "Tubbo better come back

safely. Don't want no bullshit happening to him." He told him, fists clenched at his sides.

"His safety is not my responsibility, if you want someone to look after him ask your *brother*." Theo replied calmly, "*He's* the one who decided to bring him along, or did he? Either way, I don't fucking care."

There's a brief look of disbelief in those blue eyes before it twists into rage, "*Wha- Why?! He's Tubbo-* he's our best friend! You *should* care!"

"I don't." Not anymore. Their friendship ended the moment the exile began, he'd just been too blinded to see it back then. "He's *your* best friend. If you want him safe then convince him and Techno to get someone else on the damn trip." Though there wouldn't be enough time, things were already delayed as they were. "Either way, this talk was pointless and I have more important things to focus on."

Just as Theo was about to walk up the stairs, to return to Dream and Sapnap's side, Tommy speaks up. "I don't fucking get you."

Theo pauses as his younger self continued. "You're- you're *me* how can you be like this? *How the hell are you like this?* You don't- You don't- you're not-" Tommy stammers, his voice not as loud as before and his face conflicted before it settled into determination. "I'm not going to end up like you." He declares, lips set in a firm frown and eyes blazing defiantly. Daring Theo to say otherwise. "I'm not going to become, whatever the fuck you are. I'm going to be better. I'm going to be *so much fucking better*, you're gonna end up weeping in jealousy. That's what's gonna happen. I'm not- I'm gonna be Tommy. I'm gonna be *me*, not you."

He's so defiant, fired up by his declaration that he would never expected Theo's answer.

"Good."

Tommy blinks, his strong determination faltering at the simple and short answer. "I- uh- *what?*"

Theo turns, his back facing Tommy as he starts walking up the steps. "I said, *good*. Be you, be whoever the fuck you want to be. I don't care. You're not becoming me, pogchamp and all that crap I used to say. Toby and the others wouldn't have let you become me anyway so again, this is *ender-damned pointless*." He pauses and turns his head, reaching up to move his mask just a bit, his dull gray eyes clashing with Tommy's shocked bright blue ones. "Besides, Dream only needs *one* of *me*. He doesn't need you. He doesn't even want you. So yeah, you be you and I'll be me. We stay the fuck away from each other and call it a day."

Affixing the mask back on his face properly, Theo continues walking up the steps. "I have important shit to do."

Tommy didn't want to become Theo? Great, amazing, Theo didn't want him to become him in the first place. And at this point, neither did Dream.

Dream only needed one Theo. One Theo was enough.

Tommy could become whoever he wanted to be, Theo could care less. Unless it was becoming another Theo, then *maybe*- and that was a big maybe, *maybe* Theo would care about it.

But why would Tommy end up like Theo? He had his family back. ~~Theo's family left.~~ He had his best friend. ~~So did his best friend.~~ He had L'Manberg. ~~He blew up the country.~~ He's young and energetic. ~~He's older and so tired of everything.~~ Tommy had his whole future to look forward to. ~~Theo's future was linear and his past haunted him constantly.~~

Tommy didn't want to become Theo.

Theo didn't want him to be.

They could all chill the fuck out for that, Theo and Dream had no fucking *nefarious plans* for TommyInnit.

Theo didn't want to become Theo, so he won't.

~~Did Theo want to become Tommy again?~~

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

End of story.

---

Tubbo smiled and waved at the others as he, Techno, Sapnap and Theo left through the portal.

The portal's noises grow louder and louder, drowning out the voices of his best friend and his family as the four of them begin to phase in and out of reality. It doesn't take long for the Overworld to disappear around them, for their vision to turn purple and for the temperature to spike sharply. Stepping out of the portal, the Nether greets them all with a Ghast to the face.

"Crap!" Tubbo squeaks, startled at the giant white mob's sudden appearance but before anything bad could happen and just as the ghast's mouth glows with a readying fireball, an arrow pierces the ghast's head, killing it instantly. The body falls from the sky and into the lava below with an almost wet-sounding *splash*.

The young teen glances and sees Theo putting away his enchanted crossbow and Sapnap grinning as he patted the older blond's shoulder. "Good job Theo! Okay, which direction are we heading towards?" He asks, looking around.

"This way." Theo says, walking on one of the bridges.

They follow him seeing as he's the only one who knows where they're going. Tubbo tries not to look over the edge too much, disturbed by the sea of magma that awaited any unlucky fellow that took a misstep off the edge or maybe get even knocked off.

Unlike his older counter part, he's not really that used to the Nether. He's been there before of course, everyone has at least once and Tubbo had come to the Nether with Tommy and the



others to mine for either gold, quartz, even tried to go and find netherite if they could, trade with a few piglins and such. But no one in their right mind would stay any longer than a few hours. Not unless they were a Nether hybrid.

Or desperate people of a future that would never be.

He looks around the Nether, trying to imagine the environment like Toby had described it. Heat-proof glass sectioning off the Nether, cultivated green grass or even just smooth stone blocks as pathways, a lake with actual water here and there...

It's hard to imagine any of that when Tubbo was surrounded by netherrack, lava, hostile mobs and more.

At least he wasn't alone though.

"Chat, Tubbo doesn't hear you." Techno sighed besides him as soon as they got to the netherrack hill. "No matter how many times you'll scream, Tubbo cannot hear you so *please* just *stop*."

Tubbo gave him a curious glance and admitted out loud to him, "Kinda wish I could hear them, just to see what you and Toby are dealing with."

Techno snorted, shaking his head, "Trust me Tubbo, you shouldn't." He replied, "Toby and I can barely think for ourselves sometimes. You should be glad you've got an empty head with no one but yourself." He said, poking Tubbo's forehead.

"Hurry up. We'll make camp in a couple of chunks." Theo called out to them both, sounding annoyed.

Tubbo looked at him, at the man that was Toby's Tommy. He thought back to earlier on when Tommy came back from that short talk with the guy.

*"Tommy?" Tubbo questioned quietly, seeing how subdued Tommy seemed. "Tommy what's wrong? Did he say anything bad to you?"*

*His head shook and a standard TommyInnit grin plastered itself on his best friend's face, "No- Naaah, he was- he was just being a fucking bitch boy was all. It's nothing Tubso, it's nothing!" He exclaimed, curling an arm around Tubbo's shoulder and waving off the concerned looks they both got from the others. Though Toby was looking at Theo again.*

*Tubbo frowned, "Are you su-" "Tubbo." Tommy interrupted, his voice low and serious. Tubbo straightened as Tommy continued, "Be careful okay? Keep- keep yourself safe and keep an eye on everyone yeah? I know... I know you got a plan and shit to uh, talk to pussy boy future me and all but... Be careful." He said, the arm around his shoulder tightened a bit, Tommy giving him a one armed hug.*

*The brunet blinked before he smiled, "Yeah yeah I know." He said, knocking Tommy's arm off his shoulders so he could give Tommy a proper hug.*

*Tommy for once, didn't really complain, wrapping his arms around Tubbo for an actual hug. "Clingbo." He muttered and Tubbo rolled his eyes.*

He wondered on what the two Tommys talked about.

It was something important, he could feel it.

Unfortunately he couldn't really ask right now.

It's fine though, he had about two weeks more or less to talk to Sapnap and Theo. Theo especially.

"We're camping in the Nether?" Tubbo questioned, "Are we going to use the Nether to head to wherever the um, the source is?"

Sapnap glanced back at him, shaking his head before pausing, "Well, sort of?" The man shrugged, "Theo hasn't told me everything but he did tell me that we can't really use the Nether to get to where we exactly need to be. Something about the exact coordinates being blocked off from portals, so the plan is, we get as close as we can using the Nether and then heading the rest of the way there in the Overworld."

"You can block portals?"

Techno answered him, looking very intrigued, "Yeah but it's very difficult to do so. How long are we going to stay in the Nether?"

Surprisingly it's Theo who answers him, "A full day or so, we're going to a specific coordinate location where we'll build a portal to the Overworld. *Then* we go the rest of the way, the area the source is is a completely anti-portalspawn zone. The cultists are very paranoid and protective over F-the source. So they made as much of their lands anti-portal as possible." He answered, crossbow in hand as he shot the couple of magma cubes that were coming their way. "In the Overworld it'll take about three or four days to get to where we want to be. Less if you two can keep up."

"Wait, you said something about cultists?" Tubbo prompted incredulously.

Sapnap snorted, "Yeah he hasn't said much about it but apparently there's a cult involved- a pillager cult. With tons of Evokers, a shit ton of them."

Tubbo has never seen an evoker, but he's heard plenty of them from Philza and Technoblade who have traveled far and wide and experienced many things.

Evokers being one of them.

Techno leveled a deadpanned stare at grinning Sapnap and the uncaring Theo, "And you didn't care to tell us this in the beginning? I don't think we're exactly prepared to take on, quote, 'a shit ton of evokers' unquote." He said with a dry and somewhat tense tone. Tubbo did not like that tone *at all*.

All three males were startled at the dark chuckle that came from the usually quiet and stoic Theo.

"Oh trust me. *We're more than prepared.*" Theo purred and Tubbo can just *imagine* the dark smile that would come with that.

Not many people knew but Tommy could actually be quite terrifying, mostly on accident but Theo?

Theo clearly could be terrifying on *purpose*.

"Those shitty-ass pillagers have no idea what's coming to them."

Tubbo didn't know either but he couldn't help but pity them for whatever Theo was planning...

It certainly didn't seem good.

---

*Jingle jingle jingle*

"Emeralds, gold, potions, more emeralds, more gold, *more potions...*"

*Jingle jingle*

In a large room, a figure stood before a wall of chests. Boredly checking out the contents of the chests, both out of boredom and out of habit. They sifted through the chests but paused as they felt something off.

*Jingle*

It felt like something was going to happen. They blinked and a small smile curled on their lips.

Something big.

*Jingle jingle jingle jingle*

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## Chapter End Notes

WE'RE BACK BABY

[by rena-draws](#)

adjfhnslk SCHLATT GHOSTBUR COMIC XD

[by Anonymous](#)

anonymous be back WITH ANOTHER PIGLIN FACTION LEADER! we got thymu!

[by Astraoid](#)

they made a great drawing of theo, toby and the egg! looks like a cover :00

[by lavabug>](#)

they drew theo and dream together!! poggg!!

apparently the concept of theo and dream and like, fanart was up on tommy's among us stream???? i'm fucking DYING. okay that's- mhmm, i'm just gonna continue with my life trying not to die of shock.

also i hope everyone enjoyed Wishes and Family! i've got an update plan and that is Rewind gets two-four updates AND THEN i switch to Wishes and Family, continuing on vice versa after that. i'm going to switch between stories every two-four updates. so if i update two times with Rewind or three or four then i switch and do the same to Wishes and Family. and yes i took a break yesterday, no writing. but i'm back today :)

it's the start of an adventure guys gals and nonbinary pals! what will happen between the four of them? what happens between l'manberg and the dream smp while they're gone? we'll see in the future!

also, i'll posting something else soon. it's not much but it'll be something i'll come back to from time to time. to those who are worried i'll burn myself out, it'll be fine! it's not a story, just something i'll occasionally go to.

EDIT: VISIT MY STORY SHELF, THE PLACE WHERE I WRITE SNIPPETS, ONE SHOTS, STORY IDEAS AND STUFF;

[Non's Story Shelf](#)

:)

# Temple of Undying

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Sapnap has to say, sleeping in the Nether? Not as bad as he'd thought it'd be.

Especially with a couple of blue and packed ice helping keep the temperature stable and make sure that none of them overheat while they were sleeping.

Apparently it was a normal-ish thing in the future, creating a room of obsidian, both normal and crying obsidian and then putting ice within. A lot of the ice melted at first but the more ice that Theo put, the more the temperature lowered just a bit, it eventually got to the point where the ice didn't immediately melt. Sure it still melted but that's why Theo had put down two blocks of packed and blue ice to help battle the Nether's natural heat.

They couldn't sleep in beds, but that was fine. Some soft wool and a blanket was more than enough for them. And with the obsidian up, they didn't have to worry about being attacked, even then they had dug into a netherrack hill, blocking their entrance and such. They were all safe to sleep without problems. It was still kind of shit to those who weren't used to sleeping within the Nether.

And they didn't get to sleep eight hours straight, they managed to get five hours of sleep at best before they continued their trek through the Nether.

It wasn't much of a problem, Techno wasn't a fan but didn't complain and Theo was used to it. Sapnap and Tubbo on the other hand weren't used to sleeping five hours within the Nether. They didn't complain either, they definitely wanted to get out of the Nether as soon as possible and Theo had promised Sapnap he could sleep more the next time they made camp within the Overworld.

Which they would get to in time, right now, they traversed the terrain of the Nether. Staying cautious in the hellish landscape that could mean death for any of them if they were not careful.

"We're bordering Blaze territory." Techno notes, easily spotting the blaze powder smeared permanently on some netherrack in a very vague but familiar shape. It shined gold and orange from afar, "Are we crossing their territory?"

Theo tilted his head, "Not exactly. The coordinates we have to get to is right at the border. We're going to have to dig down and cover our tracks, I know how territorial the Blaze faction can be." He said making Techno nod in agreement with a grimacing look. Clueless to the deep culture and nature of Piglin factions, Sapnap could only shrug at Tubbo's equally clueless glance at him.

The journey so far has been... amicable.

It was awkward of course, what with the tension between Theo, Techno and Tubbo. But it could've been a lot worse, Sapnap thought to himself. If Techno had chose anyone else, like Toby for instance, things could've been a lot worse.

Theo sometimes answered questions that Techno and Tubbo gave him but mostly kept to himself and to Sapnap, Sapnap on the other hand gladly talked with them and Theo. Theo was a good guy, he really was, he tried his best and was looking out for Sapnap but without Dream around, Theo was definitely more *subdued* and off putting. Which... unfortunately made sense to Sapnap. ~~He tries not to glance at the back of Theo's neck often, he doesn't want to tip Technoblade off.~~

Still, that just meant that Sapnap had to use this opportunity to get closer to Theo without the influence of Dream around and help him- he and George had been debating on who to go with and Sapnap pointed out that George had already been on a 'journey' with Theo, and Dream. However short it was, it still counted to Sapnap's eyes.

He wanted to involve himself, see a bit more action and be able to help Theo.

So of course he ended up being the one to accompany Theo on the trip.

Also the added help thing from L'Manberg was a semi-impulsive thing being totally honest. Sapnap and his best friends hadn't exactly expected L'Manberg to offer their services, hadn't expected for Technoblade to step up and bring Tubbo along but it was a good opportunity to try and mend things between them as well.

He, George and Dream agreed that Theo needed to *at least*, find closure with his family. What Theo was going through was unhealthy -an understatement of the *decade*- and with how things were going, everything was going to boil over and *no one* would be happy in the end. Especially with how the others felt about Dream.

Which was both fair and unfair for obvious reasons.

At any rate though, Sapnap was trying his best to be the bridge between Techno and Tubbo and Theo. Trying to coax Theo into talking to them more often, which was... slowly working? He thinks? He's not exactly sure, but it's just been one day since they left and Theo was at least answering their questions without much prompting.

Also, talking to Tubbo was great. It's been a long while since Sapnap has talked with him, and with Tommy so peacefully. Well, as peacefully as talking in the Nether was.

Tubbo was doing surprisingly well in the Nether despite being young and inexperienced, though he had Techno *and* Sapnap helping him and the kid was incredibly stubborn. Sapnap was worried that that stubbornness was going to drag him under though, keeping up with three adults in this hellish landscape wasn't easy. But Tubbo was a determined teenager and all three men could just easily see the potential Tubbo had to become like his future self Toby.

Theo especially.

Sapnap let out a refreshed 'Ah' as he tucked the now empty water bottle away deeper into his inventory, besides him, Tubbo does the same. Currently they were underground, deep within the netherack, apparently underneath a nether fortress that belonged to the Blaze piglin faction.

He and Tubbo, being unused to the Nether, were taking a short break while Theo and Techno dug their way towards the coordinates where they would build their portal. It was pretty deep.

Theo didn't want the portal to appear above ground, he said. It was better to hide it underground where the pillagers couldn't see it. Which made a lot of sense.

"Hey Sapnap?" Tubbo speaks up, holding another water bottle though he didn't uncork it just yet.

Sapnap hums, "Yeah Tubbo?"

"What do you think about Theo?"

The question made him blink and he glanced at the teenager sitting besides him. The brown-haired teen wasn't looking at him, just at the water bottle in his hands. He thinks back, to the time they both last spoke within Tubbo's house. He had been trying to ask him about Theo back then too didn't he? Though Sapnap couldn't answer because Ghostbur had suddenly showed up and swept everything aside with his appearance.

"Theo is..." He starts slowly, trying to form a good answer. "Complicated." Nailed it. "The dude cares a lot about Dream, which is surprising I know and he's got his reasons." Ender knows he's got his reasons, both good and bad. "... Look, I don't know man. He's... Underneath the fucking... mask? He's actually a good guy, like Tommy but, very different. And there's reasons for that, a lot of it is shit I... can't really explain. Well? At all? I don't exactly have the right to explain but, he's a good guy. He... He didn't mean to threaten to blow up L'Manberg. I don't think he actually wants to, to be honest, but it felt like he had no choice. He's just... *really* protective over Dream, George and I." He explained awkwardly, scratching his arm as he thought about Theo.

It had been surprising to hear the threat, *very* surprising. And for a moment, Sapnap thought he was legitimately serious about it- well, he *was* but then after the stressful day. When they came back to Dream's base, Theo just... fell apart.

He realized that Theo, despite his words and dark promises. Didn't *want* to do it. He'd been scared by Ghostbur, he'd been stressed by the day, and all he wanted was the safety of Dream and now, both he and George. Which was, nice? They were included, they were the Dream Team, the three of them and Theo just wanted them to be safe for Dream's sake.

Theo cared.

For fuck's sake he *kept* George's ridiculous quartz cat ears headband thing on the shelf of his bedroom at the Stronghold. He could've thrown it away, Dream didn't order him to keep it. But he kept it.

Sapnap glances at Tubbo and his face is scrunched up thoughtfully and he was frowning, trying to comprehend Sapnap's *stellar* explanation. "That's..." Tubbo trailed off, deep in thought.

"*Hey! We got the portal up! You two c'mere!*" Technoblade's deep voice came from the depths of the underground pocket they were in, both males jumped at the sudden sound but were quick to get to their feet to head deeper into the man-made cavern.

Waiting by the newly made portal, both Theo and Techno waited for their respective partners to come towards the portal. "Let's go." Theo said, stepping into the portal.

Stepping into it alongside him, Sapnap hoped that by the time their journey ended, things would be better between them all.

That and for both the Dream SMP and L'Manberg to be standing as well as be on actual peaceful terms.

---

Long ago, back when the admins were still around and were creating and destroying things.

A certain admin, their name lost to time, created something miraculous.

A Totem of Undying.

With barely any side effects and the possibility of escaping death, the Undying Totem quickly became a sought out item.

Today, it's one of the rarest and most valuable items of the land. Anyone who got their hands on one was certain to escape death, to live longer and not suffer from an unfortunate life-taking accident.

And the only way to get these totems were to find Evokers and either bargain for one, or kill the Evoker and get one upon their deaths. Killing Evokers was the better known and best method.

"So we're bargaining for totems?" Tubbo questioned after swallowing the steak he'd been munching as they all sat around the campfire. The smoke of the fire collided harmlessly against the ceiling and dispersed without a problem.

Techno shook his head, "No, Theo said something about a 'source'. Plus, didn't you hear his sinister chuckle from yesterday? He's definitely *not* bargaining for totems from these, 'cultish pillagers and evokers'. Which by the way, I'm still very cautious about." The hybrid said, giving Theo a dry look.

Theo rolled his eyes underneath his mask, he had it lifted a bit so he could eat his own food. "As much as I hate to admit it for this asshole, he's right. We are *not* bargaining for totems, Dream and I tried that before and it's a fucking hassle and a waste of time trying to bargain with any Evoker. And like I said before, we're more than prepared to take on those damned cultists." He smirked, biting into some bread.



"It'd be nice to know *how* we're prepared? And what we're actually going to do when we get there?"

"I'll get to that later." Theo waved off after finishing off his bread, "Continuing on; no one really knows where Evokers even *get* their Totems of Undying now do they?"

Sapnap shrugged, swallowing his food down to answer, "I guess not. Personally it never really crossed my mind."

"I've thought of it before, I was tempted to try and find out myself but I figured it would take too long and that it didn't matter for the most part. You kill an Evoker, you get a totem. No questions asked." Techno admitted, looking very intrigued as Theo adjusted his mask back over his face. "You know how they get their totems." He said rather than asked because it was obvious.

Theo smiled an unseen smile on his face, "Dream found a lead and we found out together." He replied with a slightly wistful tone, Techno's intrigued face soured a bit and Sapnap made a small wince, Tubbo just silently watched Theo as he continued. "So Evokers can get totems two ways; they create a totem by themselves, or by going to... The Temple of Undying. That's the location where most totems come from, it's where the 'source' of Totems reside."

"Wait, if they can create totems themselves then why even go to this Temple?" Tubbo questioned with a confused tilt of his head.

"They were probably too lazy to make them themselves? I mean, it's a literal item that saves you from like, dying. I'd imagine that creating it won't be easy so they wouldn't want to put in the effort there's another way to get totems." Sapnap suggested thoughtfully, grinning when Theo snapped his fingers and pointed at Sapnap.

"Exactly Sapnap. Creating a totem takes a lot of work for Evokers, plus, I don't think every Evoker can even make a totem but then whenever you kill an Evoker, they drop a totem. They had to get it somewhere, which is the Temple of Undying... It's almost like a desert temple. But unlike those temples, this one isn't abandoned. Dream thought those smaller temples were small shrine replicas of the Temple of Undying."

Techno rose a brow, "Small replicas?" He repeated, thinking back to the temples he and Phil had found during their journeys. They weren't humongous no, but they were fairly sized for temples, especially with the traps underneath the floor. "And how big is this temple?"

"Ginormous. You'll see. But anyway, the temple will be guarded by pillagers and evokers. They worship the source within the Temple; like I said, fucking cultists. Paranoid cultists. They set up an anti-portal area all around the temple and kept it a guarded secret. Most people who come here don't come back, and those that do, don't remember what the hell is here because of the Evoker's magic. Pretty sure they have a couple of witches with them as well. It's hard to remember what exactly was here before the Crimson." Theo admitted, thinking back.

When the Crimson came, most of the pillagers were taken down along with the evokers and witches. It made things so much easier to get into the temple, but right now, they were at their

peak security. There was no Crimson to whittle down their numbers.

The area had been overtaken by the Crimson of course, but because of the paranoia of the evokers, it couldn't take over the Temple. Not directly or as quickly as the environment anyway. The inner chambers of the temple were practically impenetrable, but they were definitely not for people.

Only Foolish could actually live within the temple, being a totem god.

Theo's fists clenched together.

Just a few more days Foolish, they would get him out.

---

Quietly, Foolish watched as his grey-skinned 'followers' knelt before him, murmuring in their language and bowing before him. Worshiping him like they do every few weeks or so.

He's torn between wanting them to stop or just letting them continue because despite how much he disliked this whole pointless ritual worshiping thing they do, it was one of the only other sounds within the temple aside from-

*Jingle*

The accursed jingle of the chains that shackled his feet. Kept him within his temple.

A Totem God.

That was what he was.

One of the last ones if not *the* last one.

He was the main source of Undying Totems, created by the Admin who first created the Totems. He doesn't remember them, nor does he know much of them. He hadn't been around when they were alive, only recently created about couple of hundred or so years ago by the last Totem God who was at its ending life span. Or so the eldest of his followers told him. He doesn't really know.

He was a God, he was *their* God. They worshiped him.

At the surface at least.

In reality he was nothing more but a caged bird, their precious golden goose. Almost quite literally, his skin was made of gold, his eyes were emeralds and he created valuable items- their Totems of Undying.

His only purpose in this world, was to sit on the throne, look pretty and when he can, create totems for his 'followers'.

Foolish was so *bored*. ~~Foolish was so alone.~~

Each day passed just like the last. Either sleep the night or stay awake, stay within the walls of the temple, going inside the rooms he was allowed to go into, sifting through the amount of gold and emeralds he had as well as a few potions, create totems, depending on the week he would have to sit on the throne and be worshiped by dedicated pillagers and the newly trained evokers alike and then retire to his personal room to either sleep or just stare at the wall.

Still, as Foolish sat on his throne, he couldn't help but feel a strange sense of... *anticipation* in the back of his mind.

For the past week or so, was it a week? Time slogged and sped up within his temple, he only knew the time because of the Evokers that come to wake him up or escort him from room to room.

But for the past week, Foolish felt as if something *big* was going to happen. Something entirely different. He had no idea what it was, or if to even trust that feeling because sometimes he does this to himself. Think that something was going to happen only for *nothing* to happen and he'd end up being depressed for months on end. Years if he kept it up.

However this... This felt *off*.

"-aise be the Undying, praise be his golden being, praise be-"

Foolish shifted on his throne, ignoring the insistent *jingle* of the chains. Arranging his knee-length kilt skirt as the feeling of anticipation spiked, and if he had a heart, he was sure it would beat faster as-

*boom*

As his temple shook ever so slightly, enough to just shake a bit as the muffled sound of an explosion sounded out, startling everyone in the throne room. Him included.

"What is going on?"

"What was that?"

"Are we being attacked?"

"We're being attacked!"

"Protect the temple!"

"Protect our God!"

In a flurry of movement, the pillagers and evokers who were once worshiping him were running out the door as another muffled *boom* sounded, shaking his temple once more.

"Your magnificence, please, retreat to the safety of your room." An escorting elder evoker insisted, a grim look on his pale, old face. Oxel was his name, Foolish has known him for about forty years now, grandson of the evoker who first took care of Foolish.

Foolish didn't actually want to leave, he wanted to see what the commotion was all about but knew it was pointless to argue and let himself be escorted back into his room. From the

throne room to his personal one, it took a few minutes before he arrived. His room was probably the most safest room within the temple, getting inside it aside from the entrance way would be practically impossible.

The door shut close behind him, locking itself with intense magic and Foolish sighed, walking over to sit on his large, lavish bed. "I wonder what's happening out there." He said quietly to himself, the anticipation still thrumming at the back of his head.

"You wanna find out?"

With a short startled scream, Foolish jumped off the bed, looking around frantically where the voice had come from. He couldn't see anyone but he could *hear* laughter coming from... Underneath his bed?

Tentatively, he went on his knees, looking underneath his bed.

If he had a heart, he'd probably have a heart attack at the sight of a porcelain mask with a smiley face staring right at him from the darkness of his bed.

"Ow do Foolish." The man behind the mask said, offering a bandaged hand to the stunned Totem God. "It's nice to see you again."

Muffled from underneath the hole the man was coming from, there was a younger male voice speaking, "*Can I see the golden man now? Theo? Hello?*"

Foolish stared at him dumbfounded before a beaming smile nearly split his face.

Well he was *certainly* no longer bored!

---

## Chapter End Notes

\*scrolling through tumblr, suddenly finds one fanart for rewind\* P O G

[by RabbleDabble](#)

we got theo on the edge looking at lava again! whoo! i mean, tw suicidal contemplation but still! it's theoooo.

WE FINALLY GET TO FOOLISH! WHOOOOOOOOOOOO!! FOOLISH IS BEING RESCUED! WHOOOOO!

also with how foolish basically made egypt, let's just say foolish here is wearing some egyptian clothing.

how did theo get underneath foolish's bed?

well y'see-

# On the Way

## Chapter Notes

sorry for the wait you guys! couldn't write over the two days, first i had a headache and decided to take a break from writing Rewind, the second i was completely distracted! so i guess i took another break! at any rate, here we are!

i hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Three days into the journey and things were going unexpectedly smooth.

Somewhat at least.

In terms of traveling, things were going smooth. But during that traveling?

*talk to him. THEO THEO THEO! birb. Tuuubbooo I want him to heaaar usss. as much as i'd like tubbo to hear us you know he can't and probably never will. I MISS HOT FUTURE TUBBO! WHEN WILL YOU STOP?! blood blood blood. e. E! E. three days and theo still won't talk to techno alone! TECHNOBRO BE GOOD! he's trying. SCREAMING! hmmm. he's still wary of you. Are we there yet? no we're not there yet theo would've said something if we're there yet.*

Massaging his forehead, Techno expertly ignored Chat as he considered his situation.

His attempts to talk with Theo have been somewhat successful, but only when Sapnap and Tubbo were around. Or just Sapnap entirely. Whenever he and Theo were alone, the man would shut up and stay quiet, only answering sparsely and curtly before going quiet once more.

Techno has never been good at showing positive affection, emotions, feelings to other people. It was just not who he was, he wasn't an openly affectionate person, he could count the times he's said 'love' to his family on one hand. He might seem distant and aloof, which is how he wants most people to see him but he never really means to be towards his own family. At least Phil gets that, his brothers on the other hand probably don't much to his realizing regret. And of the times whenever he *was* openly affectionate, it's when his brothers didn't even know because of one thing or another.

Like the time Tommy had gotten sick when he was younger. He was sure his little brother could barely even remember what Techno did for him while he was sick.

*"Tech." Tommy whimpered, small and frail- sick to his core. A high fever condemning the young blond child to bed, his little brother could barely open his eyes and was coughing almost constantly whenever he was awake. "Tech 'm hot."*

*Technoblade hummed lowly, "Want me to take off your blanket?" He asked quietly, waiting for the slight nod to peel off the blanket off of Tommy. He grabbed a towel and soaked it in cold water, wringing it before replacing the towel that was on Tommy's forehead.*

*"Tech, 'm cold now." His little brother whined soon afterwards.*

*"Alright, want your blanket again?"*

*"Mn."*

*Without complaint, Techno tucked the blanket around Tommy once more. Though this time, he made sure the blanket was loose and could be easily removed for the next time Tommy felt hot.*

*Techno stayed with him as he slept, his father and brother were both out to find herbs for Tommy so no one was around when Techno murmured reassurance and quiet affection to his sleeping little brother. Hoping he would get better soon.*

Techno didn't stay until Tommy had gotten better even though he wanted to, he and his father had been commissioned into adventuring out once more and they couldn't put it away any longer. Wilbur stayed back for Tommy while both their eldest brother and father went out into the world. When Wilbur messaged them that Tommy had gotten better without any problems, they figured that they could continue with their adventure without worrying about Tommy and Wilbur.

Wilbur was responsible after all, he could look after Tommy while they were gone.

Techno doesn't remember when their adventures started to last longer, when he and Phil decide to split with Techno joining tournaments and creating a name for himself- at some point he got to meet and beat Dream, one of his greatest achievements. The amount of pride that filled him when he defeated the man had been enormous, doubly so when Tommy screamed excitedly after the whole ordeal and Wilbur congratulated him with a wide grin. The memory made him feel warm inside and he'll admit quietly to himself that he missed those times.

Sometime after that though, things had died down. Tommy and Wilbur finally decided to go out on their own, with Tommy heading to Dream's SMP on a whim and Wilbur shortly following after.

And after that, everything escalated on both his brother's parts without him or Phil realizing. ~~He and Phil should have known, should have visited earlier.~~

And here they were now, Technoblade on a journey to find the source of Undying Totems with his brother from the future who pretty much hated him, the best friend of the man who supposedly turned his brother against him and his younger brother's best friend.

The hybrid had to wonder on just *how* this was his life sometimes because the amount of impossible events that cropped up in his lifetime over the past few months alone was damning.

Back to the present and the point; Techno's plan to talk with Theo alone? Not going so well.

Though the plan had seemed simple enough, it really wasn't and Techno wondered if he should have let Wilbur take his place like his brother wanted.

But then again Wilbur would've probably ended up making a mistake, not on purpose of course but it was clear that with Ghostbur's latest appearance and the little song that sent both Wilburs to their knees, Theo wouldn't particularly like having him along. Plus, between the two of them, it was clear that Techno was more fitted to accompany and help with whatever Theo was going to go up against in retrieving the Undying Totems and the source. That and Wilbur was on his last life.

Techno would have to rely on three things this journey.

First off, Sapnap; who was surprisingly accommodating and supportive of their presence. Techno has definitely noticed that the man has been trying to get Theo to talk with both him and his young companion the entire time more often, there *are* things that the man has been trying to hide though. What they are, he doesn't know. Yet. But the hybrid can see that Sapnap was tentatively on their side in a way, why? Again, he has no idea. Still, Techno appreciates it and is equally cautious about it. That doesn't mean he won't take advantage of that support though. He's a surprising ally that Techno will keep an eye on.

Second off, his own patience; he already knew that this was going to be difficult. That trying to talk with Theo on his own or at all, would be difficult. Any mention of Dream from both Techno and Tubbo has Theo on instant alert, hyper aware and Techno knows that if he or Tubbo try to imply anything bad at all, Theo would either nip the bud with vicious precision or instantly defend Dream and then proceed to ignore them both. Something they can't have. Plus, Techno was still very suspicious over Dream himself, hearing Theo's Dream is uncomfortable to him but he bears with it and quietly learns more. He had to be patient.

And finally, Tubbo.

His final and not-so secret weapon.

Honestly Technoblade had been hesitant to let Tubbo come with him. Sure he was the younger version of Toby, he had clear potential and everything but he was still a teenager and wasn't used to big adventures. However bringing Toby in his stead would've been disastrous with how Theo and Toby clashed, Toby admitted that he probably wouldn't end up behaving too well on the journey anyway. Too biased and obviously too much of a charged history for Theo and Toby to end up working together.

They had in the past, but that was when survival was crucial and they had no other choice. However that stopped once Theo's Dream was dead.

There was too much between Theo and Toby, and anyone else didn't seem to fit.

But then Tubbo came up to the spotlight.

*"I'd like to go."*

*Tubbo looked determined which contrasted the stunned and dumbfounded looks he got from everyone else. "If Schlatt can get them to agree with Techno and someone else going with Theo, then I'd like to go." There were protests to that, reasons upon reasons he shouldn't go; he was young, he wasn't as skilled as Toby, he could lose his second life, Tommy didn't want him to go-*

*Techno however sees the steel in Tubbo's eyes, so similar to Toby's yet different. And sure enough, Toby saw it as well.*

*They both knew that having Tubbo come along would be the best decision.*

*"Alright mini-me, you can go."*

Tubbo has yet to do anything to Theo and while he did have a dislike for Dream, he hadn't spiraled into hate like Toby had yet.

Toby had lost a few traits he had when he'd been Tubbo, young, optimistic Tubbo who smiled in the face of Theo's blatant attempts to just ignore them both and was patiently trying to talk with him as well with varying results.

Their personal mission aside, Techno was more and more intrigued with the actual mission itself;

Getting the source of Undying Totems.

Theo was gradually revealing more and more of it and Techno was pretty damn sure that the source of the Undying Totem was a person.

"We'll also be raiding the temple for resources. Mostly emeralds, gold we can mine and get more in the Nether but they'll be needed for F-the source to make Totems of Undying." Theo had said and Techno was quick to catch on that the masked blond had almost said a *name*.

It would make sense, Evokers could apparently make their own totems but why make their own totems when you have someone else who could do it for you? Someone who could apparently do it easier and faster than they could?

His suspicions were confirmed when Theo finally admitted to exactly what and who they were aiming for at Sapnap's prompting that night when they found a place to settle down and camp.

"His name is Foolish. Foolish Gae-Mer. He's a Totem God." Theo said quietly, staring into the fire, "He's not actually an all powerful *god*, per say, even though he's worshiped by those damned *cultists*, he's actually their prisoner." He spat and if he didn't have his mask on, Techno was sure he was glaring. "He can make totems with gold and emeralds better than the Evokers can, and much, much faster. It's what his species was made for. He's trapped in the temple, not allowed to leave, not allowed to do anything else but just stay inside and make



totems. He's been in there all his life, he's never seen the Overworld. Just read about it or heard of it."

"The cultists aren't his friends or family, they don't exactly interact with him. The normal pillagers and new evokers worship him, they're dumbasses. The other evokers just want him to give them totems. He's got no one there. He's... alone. I couldn't free him in the future, the Crimson was running amok and all that bullshit, he actually preferred to stay and die in his temple rather than face the Crimson. This time though, he'll be free. I'm getting him out of there." Theo said, hands clenched on his lap.

Sapnap nudged him from where he sat besides him, giving him a serious look, "*We're* getting him out of there." He corrected, grinning widely as the man looked at him and nodded.

"So, we're on a rescue mission." Techno mused as Chat chanted in his head.

*RESCUE FOOLISH RESCUE FOOLISH RESCUE FOOLISH! rescue him! Rescue mission!! holy fuck there were still totem gods left?? KILL THE CULTISTS! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! we have no idea who foolish is but WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM! he cares for him, he may be able to help. THEO CARES FOR FOOLISH SO OF COURSE WE GOTTA CARE TOO! Poor Foolish being trapped somewhere doesn't sound good at all! no shit it's not good we gotta get him out of there.*

Tubbo suddenly gasped in horror causing all three of them to look at him, "If he's trapped in there then he has no idea what bees are does he?!" He exclaimed, looking *horrified* by the prospect, the horror shifted into determination, "We *have* to get them out of there and show him the bees!!"

"... *snrk*..."

Techno stared at Theo who had *snorted*, causing some disbelief before both Sapnap and Tubbo *beamed* at the blond man who tried to compose himself and act like nothing at happened. It was too late though and suddenly Tubbo *and* Sapnap were pestering Theo.

"We could show him all sorts of things! Like fish, birds, sheep-"

"You think he's going to like flowers too? Dude, what does he like? You know him best."

At the question, Theo hesitated before he answered. "He likes sharks. He asked me to make him a shark costume before." He admitted and immediately both males latched on to that.

Techno sat back, watching the three of them talk. Occasionally he'd speak up to add into the conversation but he was more than content to just listen to them and slowly learn more about Theo.

The journey so far has been smooth, slowly but surely, so was their personal mission in getting closer to Theo.

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"*Holy shit.*"

Theo look at the stunned faces with amusement, he and Dream had been similarly stunned and impressed when they first came to the area as well.

Looming over the distance, a gigantic pyramid stood on the sands of the desert. Even from where they stood, right at the border where the rich woods they had come from turned into the hot deserts, the structure was big.

For as much as he disliked the humongous building himself, he couldn't deny that it was impressive in its own right. Building it from the ground up wouldn't have been easy and its magnificence was palpable even from afar. It was just too bad that the amazing structure was just a pretty prison for someone he knew. It wouldn't be for much longer though.

"That's the Temple of Undying right there. To the east of it, there's a village where the cultists live in and to the west is a Pillager hideout. Right over that way is an evoker's dark mansion- though it's actually a school for evokers. Once the evokers 'graduate' or something, they come to the temple and get totems for themselves."

Tubbo shook his head, getting rid of his stunned look instead for a confused and thoughtful look as he looked over to him.

Theo's gotten used to Tubbo. He was... tolerable at the very least. He had thought Tubbo to be unbearable when he had first came to Tubbo's house, the teenager reminding him of his and Toby's past. Reminded him that right now, Tubbo and Tommy were still the best of friends while Theo and Toby were enemies.

And he still thought that, was still reminded of that- Tubbo and Tommy's very existence will always remind him of that.

But during the journey Theo has learned to ignore it in favor of just focusing on the mission.

At the very least Tubbo didn't try to strike up a conversation whenever they were alone like Techno did, which surprised and annoyed him. And even then, it was just questions that when Theo answered would get Tubbo off his back and they'd just stay in silence until Sapnap and or Techno came. He still would've liked it if Tubbo hadn't come with them but at least it was Tubbo rather than Toby.

It'd make the mission entirely insufferable and Theo was very much sure they'd head back as soon as he and Toby argued again about Dream the moment he would mention his friend.

Really he'd been surprised and actually a bit pleased on how Techno and Tubbo haven't been prodding him about Dream whenever he was mentioned. Techno especially, he'd been sure the hybrid was after Dream's head before... Suspicious but at least things were calm.

For now anyway.

"It's kind of bugging me now, you and Techno said that killing an evoker would have them drop Undying Totems but why don't the totems work for them? Can't they use them?" Tubbo asked and Theo had to admit, it was a good question. A question he had asked Dream before.

Sapnap's face scrunched, "Yeah, killing them would have them drop the totem but it usually works for everyone and like, everything else."

"It's because of their magic." Techno says before Theo can answer, he snorts at the looks he gets, "I know some things too. Evokers have a type of magic that can interfere with their totems- they *still* work but just on a slower pace. If you leave a totem with the body of an Evoker, the totem will break and the evoker comes back."

Huh, turns out Techno *did* know some things. Must have either seen it for himself or found it somewhere. He nods when Sapnap looks back to him, "He's right. Totems do work on evokers, but their practice in dark magic and shady shit messes with the totems revival magic. New evokers can use totems just fine, with only a bit of delay but older ones, the type you see in mansions and raids and shit- you get their totems after they die and they stay dead."

"Ohh."

Theo glances over to the temple before turning back towards the woods. "C'mon, we got a lot of shit to do before we can rescue Foolish. There's a shitton of pillager fucks in the deserts so we can't just walk over there." They follow after him, heading back into the woods and back towards where they had set up camp.

"So, what's the plan Theo?" Sapnap asks with a look of eager anticipation- as nice as it was to travel with Theo, Techno and Tubbo, it's actually been a bit more boring than he'd thought it'd be. *Now*, they would get right into the action. Hopefully at least. "What are we going to do?"

Techno hummed, "You've been keeping quite on what exactly you were planning to do. I hope you've adjusted whatever you had in mind to include us."

"Yeah! We're here too, we're here to help!" Tubbo exclaimed, grinning widely with eager and somewhat nervous determination.

"Don't you fucking worry, the plan I got in mind will do just fine. Sapnap and I could've done it just fine on our own," Or he could've just done it on *his* own. "But having you shits around will actually make this easier." He still could've done just fine on his own though.

However a little help wouldn't hurt he guesses.

Plus if he said they couldn't help they'd probably bitch and pester him for important things to do.

Either way, he's getting Foolish out one way or another.

And the way he has in mind was going to be great.

Kind of simple in retrospect but still great nonetheless, they all just had to be very careful.

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## Chapter End Notes

:D serotonin inducing fanart!

[by Owlwinter](#)

THEO RELAXING IN LAVA FUCK YE

[by xTyhex:D](#)

again i was scrolling through tumblr AND I FOUND FANART zfbz IT'S THEO!

[by shixiboiangsty](#)

owner and friend dream with theo plus his loyalty enchant :)

[by yeoubi-i](#)

we got more THEO!

[by yeoubi-i](#)

A MATCHING TOBY!

[by rena-draws](#)

DOODLES! we got some theo and tubbo interactions here :D

goddamn im happy i've been able to find a couple of cool fanart on tumblr X))))  
however if you're uncomfortable with me linking your art please do tell me! i will immediately remove it.

techno and tubbo are trying their best, but theo is a stubborn stubborn man. at least sapnap is there to help and it's working. slowly. gradually.

it was kind of hard to type out techno's bit in the chapter and it unintentionally took over most of it but hey! progress. also five chapters left before this turns into like, fucking 50 chapters. wow. and we're only a bit after halfway done with the story. we're getting closer and closer to the end.

SWITCHING TO WISHES AFTER THIS CHAPTER! which means three new chapters for Wishes and Family! gonna take a little break between though, admittedly i might be getting a bit burnt out haha. at any rate though, i'll see you all after i updated Wishes and Family three times!

# Tunnel

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"I was wondering why you told me to pack up the leftover soul sand we had." Sapnap said as he got out another stack of the blocks out of the enderchest that Theo had put down. "It's a good thing we got a shit ton of it huh?"

Theo smirked underneath his mask, nodding to Sapnap, "Definitely."

"This also explains why you had us stop by a bastion to get those damn boots." Techno muttered, remembering the strange moment when Theo had them stop at a certain Bastion that had been occupied by some piglins. It had taken a while to haggle for those boots and Theo's gold had certainly taken a hit, not that he cared. He could always grind for more later after they saved Foolish, besides, it was for Foolish anyway so it was worth every bar of gold Theo had given away.

"Think those'll last the whole way? I mean, the distance between the escape spot and the pyramid, temple thing is quite far." Tubbo pointed out, leaning against his enchanted pickaxe as he glanced over to them.

Theo nodded again as he mined up the ender chest and stored it away, "It'll be enough, we're not going the whole way with these. Just enough to put distance between us and that pyramid in the shortest amount of time possible. I would have used ice if I had enough but soul sand should be better for us." He said as he checked his coordinates as well as their direction. They were currently deep underground, very, very deep. Just a few blocks away from their camp initially but still very, very deep underground.

They were deep enough that they could find diamonds if they wanted, and maybe they would but that wasn't what they were doing.

Oh no, the main focus was to rescue Foolish after all. So they were going to dig a tunnel, right underneath the cultist's noses.

Their camp was far away from the temple, hidden within the forest. Though the camp was temporary, they'd abandon it as soon as they got Foolish out- it was still too close to the territory of the damned cultists for Theo's liking so they would get Foolish to the campsite where they started their tunnel and then flee the area towards a safer and more hidden location.

Thankfully their trip to the temple had given them a lot of locations to choose from.

At any rate though, they began to dig the tunnel. The tunnel was narrow, it had to be for the plan and half-way towards the temple, the tunnel split.

"Theo you are the *best* and I want to know that I love and appreciate you as a friend." Sapnap told him sincerely with a big smile on his face as they stood in a temporary little carved out hole they had made to rest and eat, it'd be filled up as soon as Sapnap and Technoblade left. "This is going to be *awesome*."

Theo snorted, smiling slightly at the man's enthusiasm. "Yeah yeah, go have fun but remember to be careful." He told him, he turned to Technoblade, "Make sure he's okay, I'll fucking throttle you if he dies or gets severely injured." He threatened, ignoring the protests that came from Sapnap. He had promised George and Dream that he'd keep Sapnap safe and alive after all, and though things right now were complicated, he had no choice but to rely on Technoblade to make sure nothing happens to him.

The hybrid looked amused, "I'll keep an eye on him." He replied, "Besides Theo, we have armor, food and potions. Sapnap will be more than fine."

"Yeah man! I'll be *great*- Techno's got my back!" Sapnap nodded, sending the piglin hybrid a thumbs up. When Theo huffs and looks away, distracted with something, Sapnap turns to Tubbo and whispers, "You got Theo's back okay Tubbo? He'll probably be a jerk and all that but don't mind him. And it may not seem like it but he's got your back too." The teen gives him a thankful smile and together with Theo, they bid the two a temporary farewell as they separated for the sake of the mission.

Theo didn't really want to be left alone with Tubbo, he'd been hesitant to send Sapnap off with Technoblade however Sapnap had *really* wanted to go and be the distraction needed for Foolish's escape. Not to mention he and Technoblade would actually make a good duo for chaos and destruction, what with Sapnap's latent pyromania and Technoblade's naturally destructive capabilities.

If they were working together to cause a detrimental diversion- well, it'd be *one hell* of a distraction. Something they'd dearly need for this.

So that left Tubbo with him.

He wanted Tubbo to go with them but Sapnap was adamant that *someone* should go with him to help place the soul sand, 'make it easier on his part' the man said.

It would've been too aggravating to be Technoblade, and thus Tubbo was his only choice.

Between Technoblade and Tubbo, he'd choose Tubbo. *Only* because Tubbo could behave and wasn't as skilled in defending himself. Yet. He was good but he wasn't Toby or Technoblade, he had potential but if push comes to shove, Theo could easily knock Tubbo down a notch and make sure he doesn't do anything. He wouldn't kill him of course, he actually didn't want that at all. Tubbo was a teenager, he was hardly a threat- physically at least.

Emotionally and mentally? Still definitely not a threat. *Totally*. Theo was over his past after all, why would this short male be a threat to him?

"Tommy look! *BEEES!*" Tubbo exclaimed happily, a bright smile on his face.

*Hand in hand, Tubbo gave him a determined grin, "Us against the world big guy. Us against the world."*

*Wincing, Tubbo carefully prodded the new scar that spanned across his torso and neck, "It's- it's not that bad Toms. I'm fine, see? Got a wicked new scar from the debacle. It's- It's kinda cool." He said with a strained cheery tone.*

*"WE WON!" Tubbo screamed with the rest of them as it finally clicked.*

*Tubbo looked angry and tired, "One day- you couldn't go ONE DAY without trouble- Tommy we can't risk going at war again with DREAM!"*

*"Dream I've made my decision." Tubbo said solemnly, his eyes going hard and his tone shaking ever so slightly.*

*In the distance, Tubbo watched him before disappearing into the trees like he'd been a mirage the whole time. Maybe he was.*

*Eyes wide and lost, Tubbo reached out to him as the world burned and exploded around them, "Tommy?"*

*"DREAM YOU BASTARD GIVE TOMMY BACK!" Tubbo screamed as he chased after them, desperation and fury laced in his voice.*

*He looked tired, exhausted, but no less steel-eyed and determined as the Nether heat bore down on them all. "Tommy."*

*"I'm not giving back Mellohi." Tubbo told him, trembling as tears gathered in his eyes, "Not until you come home Toms."*

*Hands clasped together, Tubbo grunted and pulled him up, panting as the screams of the egg-infected people rang down below. "I got you."*

*"... Why him Tommy? Why him?" Tubbo asks quietly, holding his torch up within the cave of their tunnel. "He hurt you, he- he-"*

*Tubbo rolled his eyes, a look of bitter amusement on his face, "Har har." He huffed, "Stop calling me that, I'm not even president anymore you ass."*

*Tubbo's hurt look morphed into hard, scowling anger, "He's INFECTED- I don't care if he's immune to the control- he's still DANGEROUS!"*

*"When Dream dies, what's gonna happen to you Tommy?" Tubbo asks him, looking concerned.*

*It's quiet before Tubbo speaks, smiling slightly with a tinge of hope, "You know you're always welcomed to come back Tommy, everyone misses you."*

*From afar, Tubbo pleads at him, hopeful and desperate, "Tommy please- Dream is dead! You can come back now!"*

*"TOMMY!" Tubbo runs right at him, the laboratory shaking around them before silver takes his vision.*

"Theo?"

Theo's breath hitched almost painfully and he realized he'd stopped mining. Tubbo was behind him, thankfully not *right* behind him but still too close for Theo's comfort. "Are y-" "I'm *fine*. Just got lost in thought." He interrupted coolly before he picked up his pickaxe and started mining once more. Thank god for the Efficiency enchantments, it made mining so much easier.

It's rhythmic almost, hearing the sound of hearing both their picks break stone, a small beat as Tubbo places soul sand behind him. It's the only sound Theo hears as Tubbo is mercifully silent, focused on the task.

Of course the silence can only last so long before Tubbo speaks up, "So uh," He starts and Theo opens his mouth to tell him to focus on mining, "What's Foolish like? You've talked a lot about him so far, I don't even know what he looks like."

Theo paused in his mining for a moment before continuing on. If he's a bit slower than he originally was as he talks, Tubbo either didn't notice or chose not to comment. "Foolish... He's a nice guy. In the future, despite being trapped in a temple and being unable to leave, he was optimistic and kind of cheery most of the time Dream and I visited him. As for looks-well, right now he's entirely made of gold, he's a totem in human form really."

"Woah... Wait is he *actually* made of gold?" Tubbo asks, sounding awed and confused on how a person could be made of gold.

Theo couldn't help the chuckle that escaped him, "He is. He bleeds liquid gold too."

"Holy crap... I wanna see the gold man!"

"You'll get to see him soon if nothing goes to shit too early."

"Hell yeah!"

He's forgotten how nice Tubbo had been when he wasn't hung up on something as stupid as hating Dream.

They'd been best friends before.

They weren't right now of course, but... Tubbo wasn't the worst company to have he guesses, even if he was essentially everything he had left behind.

~~He'd been made to leave it behind, in time he just embraced it. What else could he do?~~

He guesses Tubbo's not that bad.

He still wanted to get Foolish and head back to the SMP as soon as possible. Despite the consistent messages he and Sapnap got from George and Dream, he couldn't help but think



there was something going on back home.

---

Staring at the two discs in his hands, he glanced up at the man before him, disbelieving and wary. "These- Why- Why the fuck are you giving these back to me? What- Fucking hell, what is Dream up to? What is this? Is this a trick? If I actually accept this am I revoking L'Manberg's independence? I won't accept them if that's the fucking case. What the shit is going on here George?" he questioned rapidly, feeling leery over the sudden 'gift' that George had give him out of the ender-damned blue.

The colorblind man had come to L'Manberg to give Tommy back both Cat and Mellohi.

The *actual* two discs, neither were fake. Tommy would've immediately recognized if they were, but the discs in his hands were *his* discs. His Cat, his Mellohi.

He felt ecstatic, why wouldn't he? It's been *months* since he'd handed them both over to Dream for L'Manberg's independence and here he was holding them once again. But that was the thing. He had given both discs to *Dream* for L'Manberg's independence, for the freedom and stabilization of his country. Why the *hell* was he getting them back?

Was this Dream's way of saying that L'Manberg wasn't independent anymore?

"No no- L'Manberg's still independent. You can take your discs back and keep them Tommy, Dream doesn't need them anymore because of the treaty." George told him, seeming to be utterly sincere with his words. "I swear, that's all. Dream would've given them to you himself but..." He trailed off, looking over Tommy's shoulder with a somewhat nervous smile on his face.

Tommy looked back and saw Toby, Ghostbur and Wilbur watching from a distance. Toby and Wilbur looking at George with suspicious look while Ghostbur waved at Tommy cheerily. The blond teen snorted, waving back at the three of them. "I'd call him a pussy in any other situation but he's actually smart not to come here without Theo." He deadpans to the colorblind man.

"He didn't want to risk anything so I came instead." George told him, amused. Though that amusement dropped into a solemn look, "This... Dream won't be making any trouble for L'Manberg. Not unless L'Manberg does something serious first, okay? It's not a threat by the way, just try not to cause any serious problems or like, threaten the SMP in turn."

Tommy narrows his eyes at him, clutching his discs close, "You do know that this all seems hella fucking suspicious right? After everything that's happened, why the hell is he doing this now? I've-I've learned a shit ton from Toby, did you know that Dream turn into a complete ender-damned asshole or did Theo give you some rose-tinted overview of the Dream that he knew?"

He watches George wince and there's something in George's face that makes him pause.

"Theo told us a lot." George started slowly, pausing as if to think over his words, "He's- look, shit's complicated and as much as I'd like to say everything. It's not exactly my place to say

it." He sighed, shaking his head. "But let's just say that you're not the only one who's looking forward to a changed future and that like Toby, Theo's done his part to change the future for the better."

Ominous and confusing.

Tommy sent him a dissatisfied look that just makes the man laugh, still the blond contemplated his words as George left for the SMP and Toby, Wilbur and Ghostbur finally came over to his side. Worried over him and shocked at the sight of the two circular objects in his hands.

Theo had done his part to change the future for the better.

And just what did he exactly consider 'better'?

Fuck, there's a lot of things he wants to talk about with a lot of people.

His bitchy future-self being at the top of the list.

---

Despite the fact that Foolish at the moment had no idea of who he was, the totem god had grabbed his hand and helped him out of the hole he'd made and been in. Theo thanked him before getting his help in getting Tubbo out of the hole as well.

"Oh my Ender he *is* made of gold." Tubbo breathed the moment he saw Foolish in all his godly glory. "Hi Foolish! I'm Tubbo, it's quite the pleasure to meet you!" He greeted enthusiastically, shaking the hand that he was still holding.

Foolish grinned at him, happily returning the shake and greeting as well. "Hi Tubbo! I am very confused but it's a pleasure to meet you too!" He exclaimed and Theo smiled underneath his mask. The totem god turned to him, "And you are?"

"Theo. Call me Theo Foolish."

"Theo! Okay, wow. This is- this is very confusing but so very exciting. How did you guys get in here? I thought the temple was impenetrable." Foolish asked, not even panicked at the fact that there were strangers in his temple, in his *room*. If anything, he was ecstatic really. No one has ever broken into his room, also he had company! The last person that wasn't one of his followers or the evokers he had met had been *years* ago. They were probably dead by now.

Tubbo giggled and pointed back towards underneath Foolish's ridiculously huge and lavish bed. "We came through the hole silly! Also *technically* your temple *is* impenetrable but only if you try to break in from above or by the sides apparently. The below part is a bit weaker and it wasn't really easy going through those four layers of obsidian but Theo and I managed!"

"Ooh! Good to know!" Foolish's smile turned into a thoughtful frown and he tilted his head, "How do you know about that anyway?"

"I told him, and to answer your question on how I know this shit is that it's complicated and I'll answer that question way later on. Right now we're on a clock you two." Theo told them firmly, "Tubbo, go through the chests and get as many emeralds as you can, anything else that looks valuable, you can leave the gold though. We can get more later on."

Tubbo nodded, saluting at Theo before scrambling over to the chests that were in Foolish's room. He had an abundance of emeralds and a few other items within his room, it was nothing compared to the actual storage of the temple but seeing as they couldn't access that right now, Foolish's chest will have to do.

"Wha- hey! Those are *my* things!" Foolish protested but stopped when Theo stepped in front of him. "You're here to steal from me." He said, no longer smiling.

"You're half-right about that." Theo hummed, he took in a deep breath and adjusted his mask to the side of his face. His grey-blue eyes staring straight into Foolish's emerald green ones. "We're also here to break you out." He told him, watching those eyes widen with shock.

"I- *what?*"

"You can get out of this temple Foolish. Out of this *prison*. You can see the Overworld and experience things you've never experienced before." Theo told him, his face honest and true. As uncomfortable as it was to have his mask off his face, Foolish had to see that he meant every word he said. That he was telling the truth. "There's just two things you need to do to be free."

Immediately the awe and shock on Foolish's face was wiped away by caution and an expectant look.

Despite how Foolish had acted, how optimistic he'd seem.

He was still a Totem God.

He had lived a long life, and he was far from naive.

Theo knew that.

*"He has you branded." Foolish murmured as Tommy froze in place, the seeds clenched in his hands. "I feel the connection, the bond that chains you two together, that chains you to him. I can't do anything about it, but it's there."*

*Tommy stood there, little chicks clucking and gathering at his feet for the seeds he held as he and Foolish stared at each other. "It's not a brand." Tommy finally said, looking down at the chicks, sprinkling a few seeds on the floor for them to eat. "It's a tattoo."*

*"A tattoo that you asked for?" He questioned, smiling solemnly when Tommy didn't answer him. "You're kinda like me huh? Dream is your temple, but you're not his god. If anything, he's your god. You're like me and kind of like the old mindless followers that came to my temple." Carefully stepping over the chicks, Foolish tentatively wrapped his arms around Tommy, giving him a loose hug that he could easily break out of.*

*He doesn't.*

*"If you had the chance to be free from here." Tommy started quietly one day during one of their visits, he's sitting on Foolish's bed as Foolish played with his newest animal companion. A snowy fox, "Would you take it?"*

*The golden man instantly replied, "Yes."*

*"Even if you lost something important just to be free?"*

*"Of course."*

*"Even your godhood?"*

*It takes a moment before Foolish answered quietly, "Yeah. What's the point of being a god if I'm all alone in the temple now?" He smiled, it's a bittersweet smile, "I wasn't much of a god in the first place. Still not much right now either. I don't think I've seen myself as a god in a very long time Tommy. So it wouldn't really matter if I lost my godhood. Heck, if I did, I could finally eat things and leave this place!" Tommy nodded, watching Foolish laugh and coo at the playful fox he had.*

"I'll tell you this Foolish, I'm not breaking you out for free. I made a deal with a lot of people back home, if I do break you out. You have to supply a small chest amount of totems twice a month to them." Theo told him, smiling slightly at the bewildered look on the totem god's face. A small chest amount couldn't compare to the two large chests Foolish had to fill from time to time. "That's the first thing you need to know and do to be free."

There was hope building in Foolish's chest as he stared at the scarred, faded man in front of him. Tubbo had stopped pilfering his chests to watch the ordeal with curious eyes as Foolish asked carefully. "And the second thing?"

Theo offered him a potion.

It was a strange one that neither Tubbo nor Foolish had ever seen before.

It was orange and red, the two colors swirled endlessly in the bottle, the enchantment surrounding it was blue and though it looked similar to a certain potion that Theo favored, it wasn't that at all.

*"I need to you to make me a potion." Theo tells the old piglin. "I'll be in the debt of the faction if you do make this potion." The Warped Priest hummed, tilting his old head before nodding.*

*"Very well, I shall make this potion for you. It has been voiced."*

"Give up your godhood."

Foolish blinked as he stared at Theo with a dumbfounded look. "What?"

"If you really want to be free, then give up your godhood. As soon as you grab his potion and pour it on your chains, you won't be considered a 'god' anymore. Not a full one anyway. You'd still be able to make totems but it probably won't be as easy as before."

It had taken a couple of years of research. Dream had found everything to free Foolish before he died, unfortunately by then, Theo was still not allowed to go to the Warped Forest and the Warped Priest had finally died, not to mention most of the Overworld was overtaken and finally approaching the Nether. His Foolish had decided to stay in the temple, take care of his animals and planned to die the moment the Crimson breached his temple's defenses.

Theo hadn't wanted to leave Foolish alone, but the enchanted gold and netherite chains around his ankles would prevent him from leaving the temple ever and without the potion to destroy the chains...

"Well?" Theo questioned, holding up the potion to the imprisoned totem god. "This is your only chance of freedom Foolish. What do you say?"

The golden being stared at the potion in his hand before he smiled.

"I wasn't much of a god anyway."

---

His skin and hair wasn't all gold anymore, his hair was brown now like Tubbo's and his skin was more yellowish instead of shiny gold. And his eyes weren't all green, but green pupils on white. He would come to find he no longer bled liquid gold but bled red like most other people.

His body felt *weird*, like before things had been so different. But now he felt more grounded to reality, more weak, however at the same time he felt lighter than before as the binding enchantments on him disappeared and he wasn't forced to stay within the temple anymore.

Foolish stared at the melting chains that used to be around his ankles, he took a cautious step forward, almost stumbling on how weak his legs seemed to be compared to before.

No jingle.

*No jingle.*

"Heh."

He was free.

*"Hehehe!"*

*He was free.*

*"HEHEHEHEHAHAHAHA!!!"*

He threw himself at Theo, wrapping his arms tightly around the man who made a surprised noise at the sudden hug but thankfully didn't say anything and just hugged back. "Thank

you! *Thank you thank you thank you thank-*" He chanted, glee and happiness overflowing him as he relished on how lighter he felt without anything chaining him down.

"You're welcome! Now put these boots on so we can get you out of here!"

He doesn't hesitate, he slips on the enchanted iron boots and eagerly crawls underneath his bed.

Just in time too as he, Tubbo and Tommy climb down the hole, the door to his room was opened.

As Tubbo grabbed his hand and told him to run with all his might on the weird blocks that he finds out are called 'soul sand', he never once stops smiling and whoops loudly as he's suddenly *running* so very fast through the tunnel that Theo and Tubbo made.

Behind him, Theo places down block after block of Tnt. He doesn't know what they do but he doesn't care because he's *free*.

---

## Chapter End Notes

and we are BACK

[by rena-draws](#)

FOOLISH DOODLES.

[by Diamondia](#)

AAAA THEO COWERING FROM DREAM

[by rabble-drabble](#)

ehehehe techno tubbo and theo

YEAHHHHH FOOLISH IS FREEEEEEEE AND WE ARE BACK!!!!

so basically theo's plan was to tunnel underneath the pyramid, line the way with soul sand and use soul speed enchanted boots to run back, block the way with tnt as a trap for whichever unlucky sod that tries to come after them. to distract and mask the escape, sapnap and techno were unleashed on the unfortunate pillager cultists after tunneling towards their village. it works because that's as convoluted of a plan i can think of for this, i literally cannot think of anything else.

almost didn't update today, got swept into watching things and sleeping a lot. anyway, things are progressing quite smoothly. also??? 4 chapters??? away??? from 50???  
POG????

no seriously, i didn't really expect to get this far. thank you all so much for reading this. to everyone who's stuck from the start to the ones who just joined now, from the commenters short and long to the artists that gave fanart; THANK YOU SO MUCH. we're not ending on chapter 50, but that's one hell of a milestone.

~~get ready guys we're entering the end game now.~~  
~~we're a fourth away from the ending of Rewind :)~~

# An Explosive Escape

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Foolish has never brought his body to its very limits, with the chains on his ankles he couldn't really run properly and what would even be the point? He wasn't even sure what his limit was since he was a totem god.

Was being the newly important keyword here.

He wasn't a god anymore.

He had no idea what he was but he did not care.

Whatever he was now lacked the endless stamina that Foolish had once had, his chest was starting to hurt, his limbs were beginning to ache and there was a thin layer of sweat covering his now yellowish skin.

He has never felt more alive than he did right now, running within a somewhat cramped tunnel alongside the two males that had broken him out of his prison.

The sensation of wind tousling his hair as he ran as fast as he could, the slight ache in his legs as he was forced to run as fast as he could, the small but startling pain in his chest as for once in a very long time, he was breathing more heavily than usual. There was even a slight emptiness in his stomach, it grew the longer Foolish ran. Was this hunger?

Was he experiencing hunger for the very first time? Along with exhaustion?

He *loved it*.

He'd probably end up hating it but right now, Foolish laughed as he ran after Tubbo, the much younger male -so much younger compared to him- holding his hand firmly and tugging him along as they ran while Theo was preoccupied with running behind them and filling the tunnel with explosive blocks of Tnt.

Suddenly the speed they had seemed to drop as the line of soul sand abruptly stopped at a certain point. Foolish yelped as he stumbled from the sudden change, thankfully Tubbo seemed to have expected that and helped stabilize him. "*Wow! That was crazy!*" The once-god laughed, panting as something in his chest was beating heavily and something else in his chest was aching quite painfully. "Can we do it again?"

"Another time another place Foolish!" Theo replied quickly, "Quick, Tubbo message Sapnap and Techno, Foolish, put these on." He shoved an enchanted netherite chestplate and helmet to Foolish's direction. He and Tubbo had to take off their armor to get into the temple relatively unnoticed. There had been detecting runes carved into the sandstone of the temple,



if they had kept wearing their enchanted armor while using their enchanted picks to mine- they would've been instantly detected.

Theo had forgotten to get Foolish his own armor in his plan, but that was fine, Foolish could use his half of his armor instead. He might need it more than he did in the current state he was in, and Theo had gotten way too far to let him die so easily. He wasn't a totem god anymore- he seemed to be still part totem at the least but Theo had no idea how strong or how fragile Foolish was compared to them.

"Okay!" Foolish happily agreed, plonking the helmet on his head and slipping into the enchanted chesplate, it readjusted to his size easily and he had to say, the armor was pretty cool. Also he got to wear something else for a change instead of his usual garments! "Now what?" He asked as Tubbo frantically and quickly pressed his fingers against something, a communicator he'd come to learn later on and much to his delight, he'd get one of his own.

Before Theo could reply, the ground began to tremble, as did the walls and ceiling. A continuous and systematic *boom* was heard and both Theo and Tubbo paled, "They found the hole so soon?!"

Theo shoved them both forward, "*RUN!*" He shouted urgently as the trembling turned into violent shaking as the line of Tnt he had laid out in the soul sand tunnel had been set off to explode. Meaning that his trap had been triggered, it had been triggered earlier than he expected- Tubbo was right, they had checked underneath the bed and found the hole.

What was faster, three people running from an explosion without enhanced speed or the explosion itself?

The three of them were about to find out.

*boom boom Boom BOOM BOOM*

**"THEO!"**

---

There's enraged screams and explosions going off all around him, there's a scent of ash in the air as well as gunpowder, the ground shakes with each explosion and Sapnap is having the *time of his life*. Theo's plan was the *best*, no matter what George and Dream might say in the future. Anything involving arson was pretty good in his book.

Quickly throwing down a few more blocks of Tnt, Sapnap ignites it with his flint and steel, using the other unlit explosive block as a vaulting point to get away from the explosion, he quickly ducks around the corner for shelter and there's a manic, wide smile on his face as the resounding **BOOM** shakes the environment around him, damaging the sandstone shack he'd duck behind.

He looks back around the corner to see his destruction and laughs at the sizable hole that was left behind.

A low growl and grunt catches his attention and he smirks at the two pillager cultists that managed to spot him. He readies his sword for combat and dodges the incoming arrow shot by one of them before bolting forward to face them both.

Around him the once almost respectable looking village was in ruins, buildings were smoking and falling apart from the explosions he and Technoblade set off, their crops were on fire and the pillagers were raging at the destruction caused by the two of them.

Normally, the destruction and grieving of a village wouldn't really cause Sapnap to be that happy- in fact, he probably would've felt a bit guilty after the thrill of destruction left him. However this wasn't any normal village.

It was a pillager village, and a cultist one at that.

Pillagers were notoriously evil, they were rarely ever neutral. They decimated peaceful villages on the daily, kill innocent people and were followers of dark magic. Hell *these* pillagers were *cultists* and were keeping one of Theo's friends prisoner so as far as Sapnap could care- this village didn't mean shit.

And it was already lucky that Sapnap and Technoblade were meant to be distractions, it really could've been *so much worse*.

*"You have soul sand and wither skulls." Technoblade said slowly, a look of thoughtful consideration on his face.*

*Theo turned to look at him, "No. You and Sapnap are not making withers." He said firmly but paused, "Not unless shit really hits the fan. Stick to fucking good old fashion Tnt and arson."*

Sapnap could do arson.

He grinned as he set fire to another one of the few trees within the villages. Cackling as he quickly built up towards the top of the roof of a caved in building. *"Whoo!"* What a *rush!*

From afar, he could see Techno surrounded by pillagers, a small thread of concern appeared before it abated as he got a closer look. Techno was smiling savagely as he swung around a sword towards the incoming pillagers who wielded their axes at him, using his shield to block the arrows from hitting him and was pretty much holding himself easily against the crowd of cultists. It was hardly a fight, it was a one-sided slaughter.

It was one thing to watch the piglin hybrid go fight *and* wind against Dream, that had been impressive enough. But seeing the bloodthirsty smile on the hybrid's face as he ruthlessly killed one pillager after another- the sight made him shiver and be glad that Techno wasn't considering him to be an enemy. Ender, Techno's bloodthirsty piglin side was really showing right now.

High-pitched, creepy laughter echoed around him and Sapnap's guard instantly went up as he recognized the sound. Three small ghostly figures with wings and swords appeared from somewhere, probably where their summoner was. His smile dropped into a serious frown as

he quickly equipped his shield against the Vexes who stab him. The damn things were annoying, but at the very least it meant that the evokers were finally coming.

*"Make sure to be careful. This won't be like a normal type of raid, there's a school of evokers blocks away from the village. There'll be more evokers than usual in time, deal with them quickly but make sure to retreat when too many show up."*

Sapnap huffed as he sliced into the last Vex, watching it fade into thin air. Very quickly, he spots the evoker that summoned them and switches to his bow.

Just as he releases an arrow, his communicator let out a loud *Ping!* and he perks because the only group chat he's left unmute on his communicator was the one with Tubbo, Techno and Theo. Temporarily abandoning his battle with the evoker, he parkours to safer grounds, quickly checking the chat.

<Tubbo\_> WE GOT HIM!!! HWAD BACK 2 SITEWELL MEET U THERE :DDD

Grinning widely, he looks for Technoblade so they can make their retreat.

He finds the hybrid laughing almost maniacally atop one of the buildings, *"Blood for the blood god!"* The warrior shouts into the air, raising his bloodied sword before jumping down to kill some more pillagers, an explosion going off from the roof of the building.

Nice.

Impressive and slightly terrifying as it is though, it was time for them to go. Sapnap quickly and loudly shouts for him. *"HEY TECHNOBLADE! IT'S TIME! LET'S GO!"* He jumps off the building he was on, landing on a quickly placed block of water before running off towards Techno who grunts in something near disappointment but he definitely heard him and understood.

With a low animalistic snarl, Technoblade gave one last swooping swing before charging his way to freedom.

It's a chase to escape the enraged cultists from there.

They can't go back to the tunnel they had made, by now there might be pillagers already in the tunnel and while that wouldn't be a problem, it's harder to fight in such a cramped space. Not to mention the fact that there was a big chance they'd be caught in the explosion if they tried to head back through the tunnel. Theo's plan to line the tunnel coming from the temple with Tnt was great but also very dangerous, at the very least though, he had and Tubbo had armor to help deal with that.

So that left him and Techno no other choice but to flee into the woods.

Of course they didn't directly go to their campsite, they had to lose the pillagers and evokers first.

Thankfully they had planned it beforehand, there was a pathway they could use to get to the campsite while simultaneously losing their tails. They could easily kill any persistent or

unlucky ones that continued their chase after them.

"*Hehehe- that was awesome!*" Sapnap whooped somewhat quietly as he and Techno took a slight breather, panting as they hid among the dense trees.

The hybrid rolled his eyes, breathing heavily through his nose, "If you want us to be found out I'd say you should be a bit quieter there Sapnap." He tells him, taking in deep, steady breaths while wiping the blood off his cheek with a slight grimace.

Sapnap realized that Techno was splattered with more blood than he was, having gone more personally in dealing with the village. Sapnap cringed slightly but shook his head and shrugged, at least it wasn't *his* blood on him. Theo would have a fit and would legitimately try to throttle Techno if that had been the case.

He didn't have any particularly bad injuries, a few cuts from close axe swings, he was mostly considered about the bruises he'd find from running around, falling, hitting the deck to avoid explosions he and Techno set off. Already he could feel the adrenaline start to drain and the sore aches of today's activities coming to haunt his ass for the next couple of days.

"Let's go Sapnap."

"Right."

It's a careful but straight trip back towards their little campsite where they would have to quickly pack whatever was left and leave for a safer location. The camp might be hidden for now but who knows how long that would last.

There's a small sense of camaraderie between them. Apparently one great way to bond one man to another was to participate in a mutually enjoyable activity. Destroying a cultist village together was one great example of such an activity.

However there was more to that.

Earlier on a day or so, while he and Techno were mining a tunnel towards the village, Sapnap had gotten the courage to talk to Technoblade.

*"Dream, George and I want what's best for Theo." He told him, feeling apprehensive but also determined. "He's- a complicated dude. He doesn't actually hate you guys despite how he's been acting. He's just- he's just angry from how you all treat him."*

*Techno gives him a skeptical but thoughtful look, "Just that?" He questioned, knowing that there was more to it.*

*Sapnap gives him a helpless smile, "Well, there's also the fact that you're all so quick to dunk on Dream- which is very understandable but you don't see George and I hating on Wilbur so quickly." He pointed out, trying to get him to realize that hating Dream right now was pointless and very unfair.*

*"... You've got a point there..." Techno said reluctantly, frowning at the wall. Briefly his daze goes distant and Sapnap now recognizes it as the hybrid listening to the odd voices that only*

*he and Toby could hear. He kind of wonders on how that works but quickly waves the thought away as Techno's gaze focuses back on him. "Why are you doing this? Why help Tubbo and I with Theo? Also I hope you realize that even though yes, we were quick to 'dunk' on Dream, we don't exactly trust him for very obvious reasons."*

*Fair enough, as long as they knew that though. "Because I care about Theo. He's helped Dream, George and I a lot ever since he came and we want to help him. Getting him to at least talk to you guys and not end up aggravating you and Toby- that's kind of one the things we can do to help him. We..." He trails off, frowning.*

*They just wanted Theo to be himself and be happy.*

*To reconcile with the family that still cared for him and the best friend that still yearned for him.*

*However that would be hard after that Theo's Dream did to him, they still needed to find a way to get that enchantment off his back.*

*"It'll take a while, and it's not going to be easy. But it'll be kind of easier if you guys could stop treating the whole thing like he had no choice and that Dream's the big bad villain here. Maybe he was in the future but all Dream wants right now is like, fucking stability and peace. I promise that's all he wants, he also cares for Theo so like-" Sapnap struggled to put it all into words without blurting out everything. Damn it this hard, but he had to do his part. He had to get Technoblade to be open-minded or at least a bit more considerate.*

*Techno's eyes are searching and complicated, Sapnap shuts his mouth and nervously holds his look until the hybrid huffs and looks away. "Things are already complicated and I can tell it'll be more complicated from here on out." He sighed, shaking his head. "I'll think about it and tell the others."*

*Sapnap grins as they both turn in for the night. It would be one hectic day tomorrow after all.*

*That's like, two steps forward in the right direction at least. It'd be a long way there, but it'd be worth it in the end.*

*They arrived at the campsite, it was somewhat deep within a cave underneath a gathering of trees, it was empty so Theo, Tubbo and Foolish had yet to arrive. That was fine, they had time to pack up so they could immediately leave towards that safer location they had planned to go to.*

*They got to work, patiently waiting for the three males to appear so they could leave.*

*However, Sapnap couldn't help the small seed of dread that was within his stomach. Things were going well, nothing to worry about right?*

*Right?*

*From the staircase that lead down into the tunnel, two voices echoed upwards to them. One familiar, and one not.*

"SAPNAP! TECHNO!! HELP!"

"SAPNAP! TECHNO!"

Immediately they shared a wide-eyed look before bolting down the staircase and Sapnap was horrified to see Tubbo and the guy he assumes correctly to be Foolish, carrying an unconscious Theo between them.

An unconscious *hurt* Theo.

His mask had been cracked in two and it hung uselessly by the strap around Theo's neck, blood dripped down Theo's forehead and there was the smell of burnt flesh in the air coming from Theo's back.

"Theo! Oh Ender oh fuck-"

He and Technoblade were quick to take the unconscious blond from Tubbo and Foolish's tired grasp, the five of them quickly got back up the stairs and into the larger space of the cave. Just as they were about to set the blond down, there was the sound of horns being blown from the distance, loud enough that they could hear it from the cave they were in.

The brown-haired and yellow skinned man with emerald-colored eyes looked at the mouth of the cave with slight fear and panic, "That's- they're coming for me!"

With gritted teeth, Techno growled out, "We can't stay here- we need to go."

"But- but what about Theo?!" Tubbo questioned, glancing at the man with panicked worry and concern.

"Pour a regen pot on his back, it's not as effective as drinking it but we need to go. Now."

Sapnap's the one to pour the potion, and he cringes at the sight of the singed flesh and cloth- a Tnt block must have directly hit his back to cause that damage. And it did according to Tubbo and Foolish later on, he'd protected them both from the vastly coming chain of Tnt explosions. The trap had been triggered too early and maybe having the whole soul sand tunnel lined with Tnt might have been much.

Techno's the one to carry Theo on their way out. Sapnap helps both Foolish and Tubbo and they flee from the cave towards a safer, more hidden location.

---

There's something blue on Theo's back.

It's glowing softly despite the second-ish degree burns that painted his back in a horrific manner.

The back of Theo's hoodie is ruined, blown apart by the block of Tnt that should have killed Theo frankly but thanks to the enchanted netherite armor Theo had worn, he had managed to live through the explosion.

But with the ruin of Theo's hoodie, it revealed something surprising on the blond man's back.

Tubbo's not the only one to notice as soon as they lay Theo on a quickly placed bed for him to lay on so they could help him. Techno's brows furrowed at the soft glow at the base of Theo's neck. "What the heck is that?"

Sapnap's eyes widen as he realized what that was.

"H-Hey I think I should be the one to treat Theo's back, wait- hold on Technoblade-" It's too late, the hybrid easily rips apart the little burnt cloth that had been hiding the blue glow.

⋈||⋈|⋈| || |||

Tubbo's eyes are temporarily mesmerized by the shining letters on Theo's back, "Is that- *is that an enchantment?*" He asked with confusion, unable to read the glowing tattoo.

Techno winces as Chat *screamed* just as Foolish tilted his head with squinting eyes, easily recognizing and reading the letters. "Loyalty Three?" He reads aloud and he frowns. "Oh, so that explains some of the strange things I felt from him."

Sapnap pales as Techno's breath hitches as it *clicked*.

"Loyalty Three? Isn't- that's a trident enchantment isn't it? Toby has that on his trident. Why- why does Theo have it on his back?" Tubbo questioned helplessly, glancing between them before looking down at the unconscious hurt man on the bed.

"*That's a good question.*" Technoblade growls, eyes swerving to the pale and nervous Sapnap who flinches at the look he's given.

Oh, this was not good.

---

## Chapter End Notes

:DDDD

[by GasBoi](#)

THEO!

[by rena-draws](#)

theo being t-posed into submission by tommy and tubbo and then owner dream being decked by toby and ghostbur. glorious. amazing. 100% love it. and yes rena, that anon was me :)

[by rena-draws](#)

AJFBAEHB just noticed the second drawings requested by rabble-dabble. techno joins in while dadza sits back and enjoys his boys bonding over decking dream.

[by rabble-dabble](#)

speaking of rabble dabble- HELLO! we got THEO!

[by EmbrAce](#)

**JDNBFGWEIUSFA OH MY GOD???** someone MADE AN ANIMATIC??? IT'S SO

GOOD???? IT'S THE 'HELLO MR. PRESIDENT AND GOODBYE' SCENE  
BETWEEN TOBY AND THEO HOLY FUCKING CHRIST I'M W H E E Z I N G OH  
MY GOD GO WATCH IT PLEASE

there are multiple peaks for a fanfiction to achieve.  
first one? multiple comments saying they like the fic  
second one; fan art  
third one; support and screaming from the readers  
fourth one; FUCKING ANIMATIC SCENES HOLY SHIT

we've done it boys. WE'VE MADE IT. THIS FIC HAS IT ALL OH FUCK.  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

what an explosive escape! also heh the enchantment has been revealed! rather  
unorthodox way mind you, was planning it differently but the opportunity came and i  
took it.  
techno is not happy, sapnap is not happy, foolish is sad and tubbo is confused. as soon as  
theo is awake, theo will not be happy either :)

\*kronk meme\* oh yeah, it's all coming together.

also to be clear i have no idea what chapter exactly Rewind will end because, remember  
i don't really plan shit out? 70% of this story was me winging it and smashing certain  
things and ideas together "elegantly" for all to read. BUT we ARE nearing the end of  
Rewind because the things on my story list here for Rewind is getting shorter and i can  
feel that the end is near. it's approaching.  
can't wait to see you all at the end :)



# Freedom With A Shade of Blue

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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'Why the hell would Dream give back the discs?'

Toby's fingers rubbed against his tired eyelids, "I don't know Ghostbur." He answered, feeling both frustrated and tired at once.

'It doesn't make sense! The bastard is planning something, he *has* to be.' Ghostbur scowled, arms crossed as he glared at the wall. He, Toby and Ranboo were currently in the living room of Tubbo's house. Ranboo was still staying over for now, he really had no idea where to stay but at least Tubbo was gracious enough to let him stay while he was away.

"What if he isn't though?" Ranboo winced at the way both men's head swiveled to look at him, though only Ghostbur looked appalled. "Look just- just here me out here. I've been hearing all this bad stuff from you guys about Dream but so far nothing has really happened *because* of Dream? I-I'm not saying that whatever he did isn't true it's just- isn't he like in Wilbur's situation? Where he hasn't even done anything yet? I mean, Theo *did* say-"

Ghostbur interrupted him, a seething look on his transparent face. 'It doesn't matter what he says!' He exclaimed, looming over the now terrified Ranboo, 'Ranboo I dare you to look me in the eyes and tell me that nothing is wrong with Theo, just- just look at me and say that oh! Theo's just fine being by Dream's side! I want you to look me in the eyes, say that *after* you remember Tommy fucking Innit. You've met Tommy, you've hung out with him, you've seen how Tommy is, you know how- Theo? *Theo is not Tommy*, not the Tommy that we know, that I remember, that is living here in this L'Manberg! He hasn't been ever since Dream got his fucking claws on him in exile!' He couldn't help but send a pointed look at Toby who looked away in return.

Ranboo shrunk down into himself, fingers twiddling nervously as he leaned away from the looming ghost. "I never said that nothing was wrong with Theo!" He protested weakly, "Yes, it's obvious that *something* is going on with Theo but like, you're disregarding his opinion and choice entirely! He's- I don't know- *look I don't know okay?! It's just- it feels wrong* to completely charge ahead with the whole 'Dream is bad, we have to rescue Theo' thing in mind when Dream hasn't really done anything bad? *This* Dream, the Dream that uh, that apparently gave Tommy back his discs."

"Maybe I'm naive or because I'm an outsider or whatever but like, it doesn't seem right to me. I look at this entire thing and I just see how opposite everything is when compared to Wilbur who's being treated otherwise even though Theo is obviously more terrified of *you* than he is to *Dream!*" He blurted out in anxious reply, having gained momentum into blurting out his entire thought process from a rush of anxiety. Unfortunately he paled and cringed as he realized what he just said while Ghostbur flinched back.

"Ghostbur, I-" "Save it. I know he's scared of me. Rightfully so, I was *terrible* to him." Ghostbur huffed though he wasn't as angry as before, just subdued however it didn't last long and fierce determination mixed with paranoia and slivers of madness painted his face. "But that doesn't mean I'm just going to stand by this bullshit. Theo is still my little brother and I love him. I'm not going to let Dream use him ever again, nor am I going to let him get to Tommy. And whatever the fuck he's planning, it's not going to work. I won't let it." He said darkly before he floated out of the room, Ranboo jumped in place at the harsh way Ghostbur slammed the door behind him.

The enderman hybrid let out a shaky sigh, shaking his head and trying to get rid of the lingering feelings of fear and sadness that stayed behind despite the specter leaving. He wasn't used to this Ghostbur. On the way to L'Manberg he's certainly been emotional but it was usually just happiness, fear, some anger sure but this type of fury- Ranboo hasn't seen it before.

Fortunately or maybe unfortunately, Toby has.

"He gets terrifying when he lets his anger get the best of him." Ranboo glanced over to Toby who was suddenly by his side, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Let him cool off, believe it or not, he's actually a bit better than he was alive. If only because the madness slips in and out of him now." Toby said with a rather crooked and deprecating smile. "At the very least, he's not in a destructive mood."

Ranboo took in a slight breath, "At least there's that." He agreed quietly, though he glanced at the door before glancing back at Tubbo. He bit his lip before he finally gathered the courage to ask, "Do you- Do you agree with him? I know you don't like Dream but..."

He really didn't know.

He was the outsider in this equation, he had no idea what Dream did and he wasn't that close to any of them just yet. He liked Tommy, he liked Tubbo, Wilbur, Ghostbur, Philza, Technoblade. He didn't know what to think about Dream, he's heard of him of course, even before he had met Ghostbur. Ranboo never imagined he'd be involve with something so... complicated?

Toby's face contorted and Ranboo sighed as he saw the obvious hatred in his eyes. "It's an understatement if I say that I don't like him," He muttered, "I very well hate him. No, I *despise* him. He's done *so much* to me and everyone I know and honestly, coming from the very bottom of my heart? I wouldn't care if he dropped dead right now, hell, I'd probably laugh." He admitted making the tall teenaged hybrid wince.

"Unfortunately though, you have a point Ranboo." Ranboo blinked in surprise, "Dream right now probably hasn't done anything. He probably doesn't deserve *all* of my hatred, but that doesn't change the fact that *I do still hate him*. That I want Theo away from him. I've spent almost half a decade hating him Ranboo, that hate won't instantly go away just because the Dream before me hasn't done the reasons *why* I hate him. If anything it just makes me so anxious because that's what I'm *expecting* from him, and you know what? Things would probably be *so much easier* if he did everything I expected of him."

Ranboo frowned, tentatively speaking up. "But he's not. He- He hasn't really done anything you've expected yet."

Toby laughed, it's slightly hysterical, "*He hasn't!* Techno's pointed out that everything so far has just been me and Theo, *Theo* was the one who lead the charge to the Egg, *Theo* was the one who was leading Dream, *Theo* has been *telling* Dream what to do as far as I can tell and Dream is just... *following along*." He runs a hand through his hair, gripping his brown locks as he looks down on his calloused palms. "Fuck's sake, he's letting Theo and Sapnap go with *Technoblade* and my *younger self* on a journey for the source of Undying Totems! He actually encouraged it and now he's given Tommy's disc to George who gives them back to Tommy and he's expecting nothing in return?"

"I don't- *I don't even know what's going on anymore Ranboo*." Toby stumbles over to the couches just so he could sit down and hold his head in his hands. "I'm just *so tired*. The Egg is dead, Wilbur's not going insane, L'Manberg is young and alive, Tommy has his discs- what am I suppose to do? Theo still hates me, hates everything else aside from Dream and now George and Sapnap apparently- I just- I-"

Ranboo carefully sat by his side, this time, he put a comforting hand on Toby's shoulder. "It's- well, it's not really okay but. You'll figure things out. Things are- they'll end up working. I think." He said, cringing over his own words. It was an awkward attempt at comfort but apparently it worked as Toby let out a small, slightly strained but ultimately light chuckle.

The scarred man glanced over to him, "Thanks Ranboo. You always know what to say." He said in a teasing tone, Ranboo gave him a crooked smile in return. "I missed you buddy. You were always by my side until the very end." There's a sad undertone to Toby's words, and the look in his eyes has Ranboo finally wondering.

"What... What happened to my future self?"

"I think he died." Was his short and quietly subdued answer.

Bewildered, Ranboo gave him a look. "You *think*?"

Toby closed his eyes and leaned back against the couch, "I have no idea. No one's heard from him for months now- he left for a solo-mission while I was injured and he never came back. He either got infected by the Crimson and he's back in my future, being controlled and slowly dying or he's already dead."

"Oh." Well that didn't sound good to Ranboo. But another thought occurs to him, "What if... he ended up like Ghostbur?"

That made Toby open his eyes wide and he leaned in close to Ranboo making the teen yelp from the sudden closeness, "What if he *what*?"

Ranboo backed away slightly and Toby leaned back, feeling slightly sheepish for briefly spooking him but still, he was more focused on what Ranboo was saying. "W-Well, to you, Ghostbur like- disappeared years ago right? And it turned out that somehow, your Fundy?

Brought him to the past, to me. So like, maybe, something happened and now future alternate me is uh, some time else?" Ranboo fidgeted slightly at the wide-eyed look Toby gave him.

The enderman hybrid watched as Toby practically leaped to his feet and scramble for the door. "W-What where are you-"

"I need to talk to Fundy and Philza!"

---

Miraculously, Sapnap is not instantly murdered by Technoblade despite his thoughts on the matter.

There were more important things to focus on right then, Theo's burns still needed to be treated so it was only by that saving grace that Sapnap was able to live for about half an hour or so as Techno carefully soaked a few cloths with healing potions for Theo's back and then wrap said back expertly with bandages- getting rid of Theo's now ruined hoodie and mask. Thankfully Theo didn't get a concussion, the only injury on his head was the large cut where most of the blood came from. However, with Theo's hoodie gone, that meant Theo's enchantment tattoo was out for all to see, only semi-hidden by a few bandages.

For Techno and Tubbo to see.

"*Explain. Now.*"

Sapnap held his hands up in surrender, feeling terrified from the threatening growl the warrior hybrid made *while* brandishing his sword at him. "Okay! Okay! Just put away the swords sweet Ender!" He exclaimed, pressing himself against the wall and as far away from Techno as possible. "Calm down, how the hell can I explain if you're trying to kill me?!"

"Trust me, this isn't me trying. This isn't *close* to me *trying*." Techno rumbled, eyes ominous within the dim lighting of the room, the shadow of his face really bringing out the threat of violence in the man's eyes which was not really helping with the situation at all. Neither was the sword, which was still being brandished, the light of the torches making it shine ominously. "*Talk.*"

"Alright fine! Fuck, okay- how the- okay, okay so like- apparently Dream, *Theo's Dream*, not my Dream, not the Dream of now obviously, kinda sorta, totally put the Loyalty Three enchantment on Theo? To like, ensure his loyalty and all that? It's tied to Dream- well it was tied to Theo's Dream but since he died and all and Theo is here, it's now tied to our Dream. We have no idea how, it's fucked up but that's just how it *iIS HOLY FUCK!*" Sapnap squealed, dodging from the sudden swing of the enchanted sword which dug into the stone behind him. "What is *wrong with you holy shit Techno, CALM DOWN!*" He got his sword out for defense but he definitely knows that the chances of him winning against *The Blade*- well, they're looking very slim at the moment.

The hybrid chuffs, effortlessly prying the sword out of the wall with only a short grunt, "Calm? Calm? I am calm. I'm the calmest I've *ever been*." He replied *calmly*. "To repeat and clear some things; Dream in the future put a fucking *binding enchantment* on *my baby brother* that practically *ensures* and *enforces loyalty*. The guy died, my brother comes back

but the enchantment is still in effect and thus my brother is *bound to Dream*. Making him utterly loyal *against his own will*?"

Gulping, Sapnap spoke up, "There's some stuff you added but that's kinda it?" He really is a pyromaniac isn't he because he just added fuel to the already brightly burning flame. Look, he wasn't the best in explaining things and right now he was just as stressed as Techno who was threatening violence.

His eyes widen and he presses himself into the corner at the guttural snarl that escaped Techno's mouth.

"He's awake!" Foolish suddenly exclaimed, making both men turn to see Theo struggling to sit up on the bed. Face contorted in pain but also in anger.

Immediately, Techno and Sapnap came to his side as Tubbo tried to get Theo to lay back down on his stomach. "Theo you're still hurt! You're still-" Tubbo grunted as he was shoved away by the scowling Theo who had managed to get on his knees from the bed. Thankfully Foolish managed to catch Tubbo before he landed on his ass.

"What are you *doing*? Lay back down!" Techno exclaimed to him.

Predictably, Theo didn't listen, instead glaring at Techno. "What am *I* doing? What the *fuck* are *you* doing? Snarling at Sapnap- I see that dent there, did you fucking *attack him*?!" He growled- or tried to. His skin was pale and sweaty and his voice was raspy and rough, the potions had helped him but he was still obviously weak and in need of dire rest. "You *bastard* I should've *known*-"

"Theo, Theo it's okay! Techno didn't attack me- he was- we- it was a misunderstanding! And a bad argument! It's fine!" Sapnap quickly reassured him, trying to calm the angry but still very injured man. "Lay down- you look like you're going to pass out!" He gave Techno a pointed look and the hybrid scowl but stiffly nodded in agreement.

"I'm *fine*." Theo replied stiffly, clearly biting back a groan as he shifted off his knees. He was panting as he now sat on the edge of the bed, "I just- I'll eat a gapple and down some potions."

Foolish spoke up from the sidelines, brows furrowed but looking worriedly at him, "I may not really know some stuff but I think that just having a... gapple? Golden apple? And some potions won't be enough for you to be okay. You must be in a lot of pain Theo... I'm sorry." He apologized with a guilty look on his face.

Theo rose a brow at him, "For what?"

"Your chestplate. You gave it to me and-"

"Don't apologize over something stupid like that. Yeah I fucking gave you the chestplate, you-" Theo paused as realization dawned on his face. His *face*, his *hoodie*. Sapnap cringed as the blond finally seemed to realize that he was topless and his face was showing. "What the- no. *No*." He looked down on himself, pressing a palm against his face, "No nononono-

my *hoodie*, my *mask*-" He panicked then somehow paled even more than he already was, a hand came to cover his back and he hissed in pain at the strain he caused himself. But not only that, he realized-

His tattoo was showing.

Tubbo and Techno could see his enchantment, *had* seen it already.

There's a look of horror on Theo's face as he looks at Technoblade then glancing over to Tubbo. "... You saw it..."

Tubbo bit his lip and nodded while Techno grunted in confirmation.

Sapnap awkwardly and sadly scratched his cheek, "Sorry Theo, but they saw it before I could even do anything."

Theo's horrified face fell into a careful, blank look. His eyes were storming though and there was clear panic in those gray-blue eyes. "Sapnap, where's my mask?" He asked and he frowned when Sapnap got the broken mask out of his inventory- he had picked it up and had yet to try and fix it. Sapnap watched as Theo sighed and put down his enderchest, opening it and rifling through it.

"Theo?"

"Hold on." Theo mumbled as he pulled out a few things. Golden apples and a spare mask.

"Should you really be eating that?" Foolish asked as Theo bit into the golden apple.

Theo waved off his concern, "I'll be fine. It'll help numb the pain and enhance my healing." He should still rest though, but it was clear that Theo was stubbornly going to stay sitting up. Theo lifted the smiling porcelain mask to his head and saw the grimaced, angry look on Techno's face. Immediately he scowled and glared at the hybrid, "Got a problem there Technoblade?" He asked as he situated the mask over his face once more, only lifting it a bit so he could eat the rest of his golden apple.

"Oh I've got more than a problem Tommy."

Even with the mask on, they all knew the blond was glaring at him as he corrected the man. "*Theo*."

The warrior huffed but continued on, "There's an enchantment on your back."

"No shit."

"It's the Loyalty Three enchantment."

"And?"

Techno let out a frustrated growl, "*And?* That's *inhumane!* What Dream did to you- he's literally branded you to be his- his *slave!*"

"I am not his *slave*!" Theo shouted, trying to stand but failing, he waved off the concerned Sapnap and Tubbo to continue on, "I am his *friend*- his tool, his weapon! That's *different* from a fucking *slave*!" Theo tried to stand up again, this time with more success as he got to his wobbling feet.

"But it's not better!" Techno shouted back, one foot stomping forward as he glared at the blond man. "Toby was right- he has you brainwashed, has you *bound* to him. You're more than just *compromised* at this point! We should've gotten rid of Dream as soon as possible-" He dodged away from Theo's punch, the blond man too weak to be any faster or stronger and the action just makes him cry out in pain and almost collapse.

Techno goes to catch him but Theo tries to punch him again, "*Don't touch me*- You have no fucking idea what you're talking about! Don't- Don't you fucking touch him! Try it bitch and you'll fucking die! You don't know *shit*! He hasn't even done anything! He's- he's doing *so good*, he's *getting better* so don't you fucking *dare* you damned bastard-" He hissed, trying so badly to hit Technoblade but even with the regenerative and healing properties of the golden apple, it doesn't change the fact he was very hurt and that he was just straining himself in the end.

"Theo- Theo oh my Ender stop! You're going to end up hurting yourself! Your back!" Sapnap quickly grabbed the blond man who struggled against him, spitting out profanities at Technoblade. "*I'll talk to him! Just sit down and rest! Theo!*" He was quickly joined by Tubbo and Foolish, the three of them managed to force Theo to sit down back on the bed. "Calm down- Theo *please*- Dream wouldn't want you strain yourself any further!"

At the very mention of him, Theo froze and Sapnap quickly banked on that. "Dream would want you to sit down- lay down on your stomach actually and rest. C'mon Theo, chill out and let yourself heal man."

"He threatened Dream!"

"He doesn't know all the facts dude, just- let me handle this. Let me talk to him okay?"

Reluctant and tired, Theo could only glare weakly at Technoblade who glared back at him as he went to lay back down on his stomach. "The moment he starts shit I'll fucking deck him."

Sapnap could only sigh, rubbing his face tiredly. He met Technoblade's gaze, cringing at the anger that was in his eyes.

This time, he'd explain a bit more properly.

Fuck, he felt bad for doing this but he needed to tell him, and Tubbo by the looks of things, everything he could.

Maybe George should've came instead.

heuheuheu

[by rena-draws](#)

theo getting comforted by both tommy and tubbo is fucking adorable and dream being chased by techno, ghostbur and toby is fucking hilarious XD

[by rena-draws](#)

asdnasj i love techno holding theo like that XD also reading from your last comment rena, yes sapnap is a theo apologist. absolutely. everyone is a theo apologist in here.

[by rena-draws](#)

i lied, i prefer techno holding theo like THIS IEHBFRSJAN

irlquicksilver has made theo and toby spotify playlists! they're pretty neat, go check them out :D

[Theo's Playlist](#)

[Toby's Playlist](#)

also for those who are on tumblr and have fanart for rewind, tag #dsmp rewind so that i can find it! i've been looking through it lately :D it's actually really easy to find fan art that way

ranboo my beloved i need to write more of you i swear. i need to do a lot of things but yeap!

ehehehe, tension. and thus, whatever theo felt before about techno and tubbo is now gone! well, techno at least, tubbo did the smart move and didn't say anything damning yet.

but don't underestimate him, tubbo is just as angry as technoblade.

honestly i'm not satisfied with this chapter but i wanted to update today and it's at 3.4k maybe i shouldn't have started with ghostbur, ranboo and toby but it had to be done at some point.

welp, next chapter should be better! hopefully.

though i might not update tomorrow, i have some important things to do. idk.



# Two Steps Forward One Step Back

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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A *Loyalty* enchantment.

An ender-damned *Loyalty* enchantment.

*KILL DREAM!! holy fuck that's so messed up. THEO OH ENDER!! OH FUCK OH SHIT OH FUCK!! BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD!!! i'll admit not even i expected that. Oh my ender that makes so much sense but holy fuck is it horrific. TOBY WAS RIGHT WE SHOULD HAVE KICKED THE HOMELESS MAN RIGHT INTO DEATH! not pog so very not pog. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!! NOOOO THEEOOOOO!! can we kill dream now? we should kill dream now. HOLY SHIT CALM DOWN YOU GUYS DID YOU NOT HEAR THEO?! i thought we were agreeing that this dream was relatively okay?? THAT WAS BEFORE WE FOUND OUT THAT THEO IS BOUND TO HIM LIKE SOME FUCKING SLAVE??? he said he wasn't a slave though. he called himself a weapon and a tool!! so very not pog oh ender poor theo. TECHNOBRO TECHNO BRO KILL THE HOMELESS MAN AND FREE YOUR BRO. would that even work?? We won't know unless we try! OR WE CAN ASK SAPNAP! sapnap my dude you looked so fucking scared ahahaha. listen to him.*

Techno sucked in a deep breath, trying to calm the steadily building bloodlust that came from both himself and from half of Chat, the voices whispering and shouting threats into his head and the urge to pummel Dream into the ground gets more and more tempting to give in. But even though Theo is laying down and wearing that damn forsaken mask that is *not* helping his violent instincts right now, he knows the blond is glaring at him. Daring him to try anything because the moment he does, he'll get up and retaliate.

Despite the fact he was injured, despite the fact that in this state Techno could definitely overpower him.

Tommy's stubbornness persisted through whatever the fuck Dream put Theo into, that much was clear.

The fact angers him a bit more because there are *fragments* of his brother in the broken bound man laying on the bed- there shouldn't *be* fragments in the first place, his brother was supposed to be whole. His own whole person, he wasn't a fucking *slave*-

*"I am his friend- his tool, his weapon! That's different from a fucking slave!"*

People were not tool or weapons.

Friends did not refer other friends as tools or weapons.

*His brother was not a tool or a weapon.*

He's seething as Sapnap gets Theo to calm down, he's expectant when Sapnap turns to him with the intent to explain more. Honestly he feels like he knows enough, but he'd be fool not to listen. Also the Elder voice managed to muster through the chaotic cacophony that was Chat, speaking above the rest and letting their voice ring clear in Techno's head.

*we will listen to sapnap and calm our warrior's bloodlust. i understand that you are angry but this is no time for violence, if we do not act carefully then theo shall never trust in anyone else. hold your tongues and open your ears, there is more to this and we realize.*

And there is more.

*Separation and Fragmentation.*

Two things that apparently only happen in admin descendants, something that started out subtle and unnoticeable until it was mostly too late to do anything about it. He's never heard about it, but Chat did apparently.

*OH ENDER NOT AGAIN!! that explains things?? What the fuck. AHAH SO DREAM ISN'T THE BAD GUY! THAT HARDLY FUCKING MATTERS WE SHOULD STILL GET RID OF HIM!! it hardly exempts him from his actions. How the fuck can someone still be undergoing Separation but also be Fragmented? it still makes dream dangerous don't you all remember the last fragmented descendant? I REMEMBER WHEN ONE OF OUR WARRIORS WAS FRAGMENTED THAT WAS FUN THERE WAS SO MUCH BLOOD SHED!!! think carefully technoblade. is this or is this not pog i'm so confused. What do we do now? BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! it at least explains what was off with dream. IT EXPLAINS IT BUT IT'S NOT AN EXCUSE!! if he's fragmented then we should be helping him instead of condemning him! DOWN WITH THE HOMELESS FUCKER! I don't think Toby is going to like any of this. FUCK I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS!*

"You and me both." Techno muttered to that one voice, rubbing his forehead as he processed what the hell Sapnap told him and Tubbo. Foolish seemed to accept it but he was a man who had no context to as what was happening, he didn't really know any of them, just that they had saved and freed him from his somber life within the temple. At the moment, the totem human? Was just sitting by Theo's bed on the floor, quietly assessing the situation but also quietly conversing with Theo.

To the side, Tubbo was frowning and looked deep in thought. Techno doesn't know if the kid even understood any of that, Techno's still piecing things together and trying to understand it the best he could.

Sapnap wasn't exactly the best at explaining things after all, but he made the good effort for this so it was certainly important.

"So because of this... *Separation and Fragmentation*, Dream's got like, a split personality?" Tubbo questioned aloud, his frown deepening as he continued, "And everything that's happened is because of the bad personality?"

Sapnap hesitated but shook his head, "I think that's a gross simplification of it? I thought that way too at first but Theo said that it's not him making a new personality or anything like that,

it's still Dream just- part of himself that kinda just became a controlling thought? So it's not actually that. Dream said it was like intrusive thoughts but like, really, really worse. It was hard to notice at first but when George and I kept an eye out, we noticed some things that were off with him. We had to curb his impulse and actions sometimes, remind him on some stuff." He told him, arms crossed as he leaned back against the wall he was sitting against. "Dream always did like being in control of stuff, and with the whole Fragment, Separation thing, he would've become a total control freak plus a power hungry asshole like Theo's Dream-"

"Oi." Theo spoke up from the bed, sounding annoyed.

Sapnap gave him a pointed look, "Theo you literally call that possessive, controlling side of him *Owner Dream*. And from what we know about him, we was exactly as I described- fuck's sake Theo he's the one who gave you that stupid enchantment!" Reluctantly, Theo stayed silent which said enough.

A growl escapes Technoblade at the fact that Theo refers to Dream, *any* kind of Dream as *Owner Dream*. "Shut the fuck up pig boy." Theo spits at his direction, "You better not be thinking anything fucked up for Dream. My Dream, my original owner, friend, he's *dead*. He was too far gone in a lot of fucking ways and from the damned egg- This Dream is doing just fine and I won't let *anyone* get in his way to a better future." It'd be more threatening if Theo wasn't laying down on his stomach on that bed but Techno knows he'd try to keep to that promise.

"... I won't hamper on a person trying to get over their mental illness." Techno replied gruffly, still angered but he *understood* the situation. Mostly at least. "I don't like it though, so am I suppose to feel sympathy for the Dream that died just because his head was malfunctioning like a poorly built redstone contraption? It doesn't change the fact that because of what Dream did, you're still under *another* Dream's thumb and control."

"*We're working on that.*" Sapnap said quickly, intercepting whatever Theo might've said, "George, Bad, Skeppy, Dream and I are working on a way to get that enchantment off. It's- it's been slow work since we have no idea how the hell Dream managed to get it done but like..." He trailed off, glancing over to Foolish and he seemed to perk, "Hey Foolish. Do you by any chance know how to get the enchantment off?"

Startled, the emerald-eyed man blinked twice before shaking his head. "Nope! Sorry but uh- I may be able to read the script easily but I don't exactly know how this works. I mean, I can somewhat feel the binding that's on Theo. I actually could feel it better back when I was a god, all I can feel now is that Theo's connected to someone else who I assume is Dream. Other than that, I've got nothing." He admitted with an apologetic look on his face.

Sapnap slumped in disappointment.

Techno's brows furrowed and he asked Chat, "What about you guys? Anything?"

*NOPE! it's been so long since we even saw a tattoo'd enchantment! It was always an Overworlder thing wasn't it? wish at least one of our warriors had one!*

The hopeful look on Sapnap's face disappears when Techno shook his head, neither did Chat.

The whole situation seemed absurd, but the fact of the matter is that despite everything, Dream- the Dream that Techno knows right now at least, wasn't as bad as they thought he was. Not yet at least, Techno was still worried and wary about the man as he had the potential to become the Dream that kept turned his brother into *Theo* after all and he would've immediately murdered the guy if he even dared to *think* about turning *his* little brother into another Theo but Sapnap really was insisting that he was getting better and had little chance to actually do that now.

But that still left problems for everyone and the bloodlust that Techno had felt still lingered as the hybrid felt frustrated that the man he wanted to be angry at was already dead in Theo and Toby's future.

Speaking of Toby...

"You're *not* telling him *shit*." Theo hissed, sitting on the bed once more. His skin was no longer as pale as before, his back must be feeling better as he wasn't straining to sit up anymore but they still wanted him to lay back down and rest more. "*No one else* is going to know *jack fuck* about this."

"But wouldn't it be easier if you all just sit down and talk? I may not know a lot of what's going on but, I feel like things would be easier if you put all your cards on the table." Foolish pointed out and he indeed have a point.

Things would've probably been easier if everyone was upfront with everything.

However Foolish was an outsider looking in and had no idea just how much tension there was between everyone, the history alone made things more complicated than they should be.

Techno snorted, "And you think it's going to be that easy to keep quiet about this? The moment Toby can hear Chat, they'll no doubt tell him all about this."

*no we wouldn't! YES WE WOULD!*

Technoblade could practically *feel* the intense glare that Theo was giving him through that irritating mask of his, "Don't look at me like that. I can't control whoever from Chat snitches to Toby." He snapped with annoyance.

"I shouldn't have let you or Tubbo come with, I could've done this mission just fine with just Sapnap!" Theo snapped back, "Actually I wanted to do this all on my own but everyone keeps insisting that I need help- well here's the thing, *I don't need help*. I can do tons of shit on my own, Dream's taught me *more than enough* to do things on my own."

Techno sneered at him, "Says the man with the burnt back. What if you *died* doing things on your own? Your plan needed more than one person to play out."

"The plan was *modified* for you *fuckers* to be involved because you all fucking *insisted* to be involved." Theo snarled, motioning to all three of them. "My original plan was more than

enough to get Foolish out- if I died doing it then I died, I lose one life. So what? I'd make a new ender-damned plan and try again."

Surprisingly it was Tubbo who spoke up, looking at Theo with a panicked, somewhat aggravated look, "You might have three lives again but that doesn't mean you should just throw one away so carelessly! 'So what?' What if you lose your second life trying?"

"I wouldn't-" "*But what if?*" Tubbo insisted, upset as he continued on, "You'd be on your last life *again*. What if you died a third time then? Permanently- if you went alone then no one would've known! We'd only start to suspect and worry after you didn't come back on time! Just because you can do it alone doesn't mean you *have* to. Let people help you!"

"*I don't need help*." Theo repeated harshly, "Frankly I don't want it. I don't- I'm not so *useless* that I can't do things on my own-"

"Useless? *Useless*? Where the hell did you get *useless* from *help*?" Techno questioned incredulously, "You're *far* from useless, wanting or needing *help* doesn't make you *useless*. Is that what Dream taught you? That- That wanting help from others makes you useless? Wow, *some teacher he was*-"

Theo got to his feet, "*Shut up!*" He hissed, taking a few steps forward and only stopping because Sapnap came between them- the man protested, trying to get him to sit back down on the bed but Theo wasn't having it. "*Don't you say SHIT about Dream*. He taught me everything he could, anything I couldn't learn was on me- Dream was the *best* mentor I could ask for. I learned more from him than I *ever* did with *you*." He said as Sapnap held him back, fists clenched by his side. Techno's jaw clenched.

The tension in the air is heavy, and there's practical sparks between the two men.

A growl interrupts it though.

And unnatural growl of hunger coming from the stomach of a certain ex-god.

Foolish looked surprised then sheepish, but Sapnap certainly looked relieved.

"*O-kay* time for food! I'm sure everyone's hungry! It's been a long day, let's just- wind down, eat food and get some rest. I think the sun's setting by now so let's stay for the night and we can leave in the morning."

It's an obvious change of subject, an out for both men that they both reluctantly take.

Any further and there might be new blood to be spilled and despite the anger that Techno was feeling, he didn't actually want to hurt Theo in any way. Even though his chest ached and he felt so very frustrated.

The meal is awkward and silent, with only Sapnap, Tubbo and Foolish speaking. Only lighting up when Foolish reacts to finally being able to eat.

Theo and Techno stay silent, watching the three males while avoiding looking at each other.

And despite whatever Chat insisted he say or do, Techno stayed silent and stayed put.

---

...

*Where was he?*

*It's dark.*

*He can barely move.*

*Everything hurts, that's why he can't move.*

*Why was he hurt? He can't remember why.*

*No, he can, he had tried to escape. Escape what?*

*Something red. Something dangerous-*

*Well.*

*Huh?*

*What do we have here.*

*Who was that?*

*How very interesting.*

---

Tubbo couldn't sleep that night.

Head filled with complicated thoughts and emotions-

He didn't know how to react to everything that he's learned just hours ago.

Theo's enchantment, Dream's situation... How the hell does one react to something like that?

He'd been angry of course, how could he not? Toby had been right in the worse ways. It wasn't just brainwash, it was downright *branding and binding enchantment* that kept Theo away from Toby for all these years. Theo and Toby's Dream was a *monster*, not that Theo would ever admit it it seems.

Theo and Toby's Dream.

Dream right now wasn't as bad? At least there was that?

Everything was so confusing.

All Tubbo wanted, was to try and get closer to Theo. To actually talk to him- he'd been trying not to push him too badly, tried not to overstep just yet because he doesn't want to end up

totally pushed away like Toby and the others had.

And it had been working. Theo had been willing to talk to him, had been willing to speak when they were alone- granted it was only about Foolish but it had been *progress* and Tubbo had thought there'd be more progress to make with Foolish by their side.

Unfortunately things ended up like *this*.

It felt like they had taken two tentative steps forward but in the end had to take one big step back.

At the very least though, they had freed Foolish and he was a nice guy. Tubbo smiled as he remembered how awestruck and happy Foolish had been when he'd finally bit into the steak. It was mind boggling that Foolish had never really eaten before. As a totem god didn't actually need to eat and the evokers never gave him anything because of that. Watching a man eat for the first time- it was hilarious and kind of wholesome.

It was less wholesome but definitely more hilarious watching Foolish almost choke from not chewing his steak enough.

He could already tell that Foolish was going to be a funny guy to be around and honestly, he understood why Theo wanted to get him out of that temple.

The room that Foolish had been in had indeed been lavish but at the same time, it had been kind of empty. Void of anything personal. So going on the mission wasn't something that Tubbo regretted.

Neither was learning more about Theo and Dream, because he could use it to his advantage even if hearing it had made him so angry.

Tossing a bit more in bed, Tubbo gave up on the idea of falling asleep and quietly sat up. Looking around and wondering what to do.

Surprisingly, it seemed like everyone else was asleep. Foolish, Sapnap, Techno...

Tubbo blinked as he spots the empty bed, feeling somewhat panicked but very concerned over where Theo went. When did he go? *Where* did he go? How had Tubbo missed him leaving their camp?

Their camp was in a cave in the side of a hill, Sapnap and Tubbo had covered the mouth with stone, making it seem like it was a only a very small cave that didn't go anywhere when in truth the cave lead much deeper into the ground. Tubbo hadn't heard any picks hitting stone so Theo must have gone deeper into the cave right? He wouldn't have been stupid enough to go out in the middle of the night while there were potential cultist pillagers looking for them right? So surely he was just somewhere deeper in the cave.

In light of this, Tubbo should have awoken someone- either Sapnap or Techno, so they could go find him but...

He ends up quietly sneaking away from camp, holding a torch up as he went deeper into the cave.

"Hello? Theo?" He calls out, his voice just above a whisper as he traversed the cave, going deeper into it.

It takes going down a few levels deeper but he does find the blond man, he finds Theo sitting on the edge of a small lava pool. His legs submerged in the hot lava making Tubbo squawk and drop his torch and alerting the blond of his presence. "Theo! You-" Aren't burning or screaming in agony, Tubbo realizes quite quickly as the masked man turns to look at him. "You used a fire pot?" He finally finishes awkwardly as he realizes why he wasn't taking any damage or screaming in pain from the lava that surrounded his legs.

Theo tilts his head and Tubbo can practically see the '*No shit*' expression the man might be making right now, it was what Tommy would've done. And Theo was still Tommy in a way. "The fuck are you doing here?" The blond asks as Tubbo picks up his torch and comes closer.

"Looking for you." Tubbo answered honestly, awkwardly standing just a couple of blocks away from him.

Theo snorts, looking away from him and towards the lava. "You found me. Now get back to the others and go the fuck to sleep." He said with a dismissive tone.

It irks Tubbo and he huffs, "Nope," he goes to sit down, making a show of making himself comfortable when Theo glances at him. "I'm going to stay right here until you come back with me." He told him, grinning widely.

He gets a derisive snort in reply and nothing else.

For a moment, they stay in silence, with Theo sitting with his legs dipped in lava and Tubbo sitting only a few blocks away from him, watching him closely.

It's quiet.

Until it's not.

---

## Chapter End Notes

WE GOT LOTSA SEROTONIN HERE FOLKS

[by rena-draws](#)

this technically counts as fanart and yes that anon was me. i couldn't resist after i saw rena's comment for more techno and theo interactions XD

[by rena-draws](#)

rena be cranking out doodles asjdbasd

[by sleepy04beehive](#)



POG SOMEONE ELSE MADE FANART AND IT'S TOBY!!!

[by raniLUL](#)

YEEAAA MORE TOBY we love theo BUT WE NEED MORE TOBY ART

[by rena](#)

and rena is back with some POG SAPNAP who is theo's #1 apologist

[by rabble-dabble](#)

SDFNBJA THE TAGS BY RABBLE IS SO TRUE

[by AnimuzNani](#)

asfdj THEO MEME

[by waddei](#)

toby and theo my beloveds

[by yeoubi-i](#)

ASFHNA ANIMATIC IN PROGRESS HOLY FUCK SOMEONE IS ACTUALLY TRYING TO DO IT??? POG???

[by rena-draws](#)

t,,tiny theo n toby-- fuck i wanna hug em

phew, sorry for not updating yesterday. had some personal things to deal with so i couldn't really focus on writing Rewind. in any case though, i'll be switching to Wishes and Family after chapter 50! seems like a good chapter to switch on. that means about five updates for Wishes and Family.

admittedly it was a bit hard to write this chapter, i try to emulate and write down the feelings and perspectives of each character the best i can but things can get complicated and sometimes i feel stumped or stuck on what these characters are feeling as. i try my best to keep them in character but also consider the situation they're in.

ah writing, i love writing but sometimes things can get so complicated that i back myself into a corner and i have to find a good and somewhat satisfying way out for both me and you all that still makes sense X'D  
at the very least i hope it's like that for you guys.

this chapter feels more techno-centric, which wasn't really my intention.  
don't worry, nothing bad happened in the end there- just needed a way to end the chapter. next chapter we get tubbo and theo talking! that'll be fun hehe  
nothing else happened in this chapter :)  
absolutely  
nothing

~~something happened. two new characters are here, both are very familiar and have been mentioned before. i can't wait to write more about them :)~~

# Why Can't You?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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For a moment, they stay in silence, with Theo sitting with his legs dipped in lava and Tubbo sitting only a few blocks away from him, watching him closely.

It's quiet.

Until it's not.

Tubbo breaks the silence, "Are you... feeling better?" He asks, carefully eyeing Theo's bandages that still wrapped his back, he had yet to put anything on to cover the bandages- not a shirt or another hoodie, it was probably uncomfortable enough to have the bandages on. Tubbo tries not to let his eyes linger at the softly glowing script that was half-hidden by the bandages. The sight of them just makes him angry but he can't exactly do or say anything about that- not if he wants Theo to actually talk to him.

Which he doesn't, the only reply he gets from the blond man is a nod.

Tubbo wasn't discouraged and gave him a smile, "That's good! Though if anything hurts please say something instead of like, just keeping it to yourself? It'd be better if you did because you'd feel better and be able to do things better and all that." And generally they were all concerned for him, after everything that's happened. Knowing him, he'd probably stay silent about it and try to alleviate the pain himself, which was- fair but still. Theo had to know that asking for help wasn't deeming him as 'useless'.

His stomach roiled uncomfortably at the thought but he still kept up a happy smile for him.

Again, Theo doesn't give him a verbal reply. He doesn't even do anything but just stare at the lava.

"So like, we're not going to immediately head back to the SMP and L'Manberg yeah? You said something about getting gold for Foolish for his totems and stuff- oh! I still have like, three stacks of emerald blocks for him so we're *definitely* good on emeralds. I can't wait to see how he makes the totems, I bet it's really cool. It has to be because he's making those totems, they literally save a person from dying so it *has* to be a cool process. Wait can he even still make totems now that he's not like, a god? No wait, you said he'd still be able to do it right? Just not as easy? So he can definitely still do it. Cool!" Tubbo rambled, filling in the silence with the only subject he knows won't set Theo off immediately.

Tubbo thinks it's working, Theo still hasn't said anything but he thinks his shoulders were less tense- it was kind of hard to tell and Tubbo was trying to not make it obvious that he was staring at the man as he continued to ramble. "Does he need anything else special? Just gold and emeralds or does he like, need a magical item to help him- but then again you'd say

something back in his room to grab aside from the emeralds and the valuables. Speaking of! I've got like, half a stack of diamonds now, do you want your cut? I'm obviously going to keep some for myself because I got them from the chests, oh! And there was a couple of enchanted books too, it's a Fortune Three and a Thorns Two book so we have that now! Just let me know if you need anythi-

"Why are you here Tubbo?"

Startled by the sudden question, Tubbo spluttered for a moment before he answered, "Uh... Because I wanted to find you?" It's more of a question than an answer because he's not exactly sure what Theo was asking about.

Finally, Theo turns to look at him. The mask shaded ominously thanks to the lava and Tubbo is trying very hard to ignore the mask. Though it's hard when it's right there on Theo's face. "You know what I mean idiot." Theo snapped, he waves a hand, "*Here*, on this mission, with fucking Technoblade, Sapnap and I- why the hell are you here? You could've been staying back in L'Manberg with *your* Tommy, the dipshit who actually gives a fuck about you."

Tubbo stares at him, "... I could've been yeah." He agreed slowly, but he smiles softly as he continued, "But I wanted to come anyway. Wanted to actually get the chance to talk with you- besides, who else would've come? You didn't let anyone with one life come, and everyone else was busy." Plus, it was better if Tubbo came instead of Toby, he doesn't say it because he doesn't have to.

Theo grunts, grumbling something underneath his breath and looks back at the small pool of quietly bubbling lava.

"Also Tommy's not a dipshit, don't call yourself that." Tubbo scolds, bringing his knees to his chest and grinning at the oh-so familiar indignant noise that escapes Theo's throat.

"I didn't- oh fuck off." Theo growls, it's not really intimidating, harsh sure but Tubbo does not fuck off. He stays, hugging his knees so his head can stay propped on them. "I'm not Tommy, I'm Theo. Tommy's an annoying loud piece of shit that causes problems left and right. I can actually behave and keep shit to myself."

Tubbo bites his tongue, holds back the instinctive outrage of what Theo said- he won't let what Theo said affect him. Instead he takes in a deep breath, "It's bad to be so self-deprecating y'know." He tells him as casually as possible. "You're still Tommy. You've changed a lot, for better and worse, but you're still the Toms I know."

"*Don't call me that.*" Theo all but snarls, bristling as he's standing now. "Don't- Don't you *ever* call me that you-"

"You saved me."

Theo freezes in place.

Tubbo gives him a calm, happy smile, "You saved me back then, in the tunnels."

*Tubbo gasped for breath, lungs straining in his chest while the ground's shaking got worse and worse and the sounds of explosions grew bigger and closer- "KEEP RUNNING!" Theo shouts from behind him and Tubbo tries. He does but the explosion is faster than they are and Tubbo ends up shoving Foolish forward in an effort to keep him away from the incoming blast.*

*Just as he does though, strong arms pull him into an embrace-*

## ***BOOM***

*"THEO!" Tubbo screams as he feels the explosion hitting Theo's back. Taking nearly the full force of the explosion, causing them both to tumble forward from the shockwave. They both collide with Foolish who was thankfully okay until all three of them were knocked into each other.*

*Along the way, Theo keeps his arms tight around Tubbo, protecting him even as Theo's head slams against the wall, cracking his mask and making him bleed while his back was badly injured from taking the explosion.*

"If you really had changed as much as you think you did, your first instinct wouldn't have been to save me."

Theo's hands clenched, "That meant *nothing* to me."

"But that meant everything to *me*." Tubbo countered with a slightly cheeky look, "I mean, you *saved* me. I was armored, I could have taken the explosion way better than you or you could have pushed me away like I did with Foolish." But in the end Theo had dragged Tubbo close, kept him protected and suffered for it- he didn't like how Theo had gotten hurt because of him but the fact of the matter was that Theo had *protected* him. And that made him insanely happy.

"I'm not, *I am not the Tommy you knew*." Theo insists, stepping out of the lava pool, the stone floor sizzling underneath his feet. "That Tommy, *your Tommy* is back at fucking L'Manberg, living out his stupid little life *freely* thanks to Toby. I am Theo, I am *Theo*- I'm Dream's friend, his weapon, his protege, his tool. I'm not the Tommy you knew. I will *never* be that Tommy ever again." Tubbo blinked as Theo stepped closer to him, eyes widening as the man bent down to grab him by the front of his shirt.

Tubbo yelped at the sudden action, struggling only for a moment before wheezing when he was slammed against the cave's wall. Fear quickly painted over his mind and heart as suddenly Theo was showing the sharp edge of his axe to Tubbo's face. Tubbo could see his own panicked and terrified reflection on the enchanted and shiny surface of the blade. The axe moved and Tubbo craned his neck to avoid it, the blade making a *clang* noise as it made contact with the wall behind the teenager.

He could feel the tip of the lower blade poking his neck as he stared at Theo's now very ominous looking porcelain mask with wide-eyed fear.

"I could kill you, right here. Right now. And I wouldn't feel bad about it. I've done *so many* awful things in the future, I've fucking blown up the nation you currently live in to it's final death. I've killed Toby before, he only survived because of the damned totems that Dream and I gave them out of Dream's charitable decisions. I hate Toby, *I hate you*. I hate L'Manberg, Philza, Technoblade, Fundy- *I hate your Tommy*. If my Dream was still alive I'd be by his side in a fucking heartbeat. I'd help him with whatever plan he had in store for this stupid fucking place, I'd give him everything even if it means destroying it all. *I am not the Tommy you fucking knew Tubbo*."

Tubbo's breath comes in quick and panicked, his heart beating right out of his chest and his mind swirling in a near-frenzied state as he gripped the wrist of the hand that was keeping him pinned to the wall. He couldn't move unless he risked the axe slicing into his throat, he couldn't scream because his mouth wasn't cooperating with him, if he struggled- the axe was still there and who knows what Theo would do to him.

Theo was right, this wasn't what the Tommy he knew would do.

But Theo was *still* Tommy, despite whatever he said- despite...

Despite...

...

*Oh.*

Tubbo took in a deep breath, setting aside his fear, his doubts, the slight anger he felt and looked at Theo.

And he smiled.

"Well- I uh, I guess you're sort of right."

---

Theo's grip faltered at the unexpected answer he got from Tubbo.

The unexpected smile, the look in Tubbo's eyes and the soft tone of his voice-

Where was the fear?

The panic and slight anger he'd seen, reminiscent to Toby's gaze?

"Y-You're not the Tommy that I knew, you've really changed a lot. But at the same time, you're still *kind of* the Tommy I knew. Know. You're Theo." He's right, he's saying the right things now but *why*?

*Why was he saying it like that?*

His grip on Tubbo's shirt tightened, "Shut up."

"Normally I'd say okay but, I don't think I will Theo." Tubbo refused, gently, with a stupid apologetic smile.

"Shut. Up."

Tubbo shakes his head, wincing only because the axe manages to prick his neck and break flesh. He doesn't know why but Theo's axe disappeared back into his inventory in light of that, a horrible feeling of dread at the sight of the small red bead on Tubbo's neck. Why? He's seen Toby bleed before, it didn't seem as horrifying then-

The fucker gives him a thankful smile and before Theo can even do or say anything else, Tubbo continues to speak.

"You're right on a lot of things Theo, but at the same time you're wrong. It's a contradictory kind of situation on some point but yeah, you're right about one thing. You will never be the Tommy I and the others know. The Tommy back home with Wilbur and everything. You can't. Not anymore."

It's the truth.

It's the hard truth that he's been trying to hammer into *everyone's* head, even his own.

So why does hearing it finally be confirmed hurt so much?

His chest aches, almost as much as when the blue on his neck starts to hurt really bad but right now it was startlingly calm. The static is silent and his head was clear.

He should be happy that Tubbo was confirming it, because it meant that it was true. That someone was finally looking at *him*. That everything he's done, everything he was- it was the truth that he could accept.

He's not Tommy.

Not anymore.

"You don't have to be though."

*What.*

Theo's grip loosens completely, the younger male grunts but manages to slide down the wall and land on his feet but his gaze never strays from his. "What the fuck does that mean." His voice is shaking- no, no, it wasn't. He was strong, Tubbo wouldn't make his voice shake.

Tubbo keeps on *smiling* and Theo wants to look away, he does but-

"You won't be the Tommy I know. I'm fine with that. You're Theo, a Tommy that became Theo. You're a Tommy that I don't really know as much because you grew up and stuff. You can't be the Tommy I know, the Tommy you think about because that Tommy is someone who you *were*. You can't really force a bee to become larvae again. You just gotta let the bee, be the bee."

Bee analogies, *of course* Tubbo would use bee analogies hah, how typical-

Theo stomps down viciously on that thought. It was dangerously close to being fond.

He didn't care about Tubbo, he wasn't *fond* about him anymore- but he was right. Finally *someone* got it.

But why the fuck did it have to be *Tubbo* of all people?

And why does it *hurt*?

He's left it all behind. He accepted the truth.

"But just because you're Theo doesn't mean you can just keep hurting yourself and everyone else like this. Trying to force yourself to be the villain- it doesn't exactly work for you Theo."

Theo froze at Tubbo's words, "What in the world are you talking about?"

Tubbo levels him a look, "You've been trying to get me to hate you, to fear you just so I could leave you alone. So you could justify your actions and emotions right? And to try and help Dream. You're trying to be the bad guy so everyone can stop focusing on Dream, it's not exactly working though. You make a shit villain Theo." He said with a crooked grin. "It's honestly more suited for Dream."

"Dream is *not* a villain, this- this isn't some *story* where you can just decide shit like that." Theo snapped at him, "And you're *wrong*. By Ender I hate you, I fucking-"

Theo stumbles back a few steps, interrupted by Tubbo suddenly stepping forward and wrapping his arms around Theo's sides, giving him a *hug* of all things. "If you really did hate me," Tubbo mumbled against him, "You'd hurt me to stop hugging you."

It'd be so easy to do it. Theo could kick his stomach, Theo could choke him, he could pry his arms off and throw him off of him. He could get his axe out, *really* show him how much he hated him, make him *bleed* and show him how wrong he was.

Theo was so much stronger than Tubbo, it'd be *so easy* to stop him. To hurt him. To prove him wrong.

"Why..."

His chest hurts. Something wet slides down his face and drips off his chin.

"*Why can't you just hate me?*"

Theo doesn't hug Tubbo back, but he leans against the cave wall, he and Tubbo sliding down- the young brown-haired teen refusing to let him go. His arms still firmly set around him. Theo's hand grabs Tubbo's arm, Tubbo tenses but Theo can only hold his arm in a loose hold. "As a teenager or a fucking adult- why can't you just hate me Tubbo?"

*Defiant eyes always looking at him, trying to reach him to no avail. He won't let him, why bother? Why why why- Why Toby why?*

"Things would be so much *easier* if you just- I've done so much bad shit, why are you still after me. Why can't you leave me alone you clingy motherfucker?"

Tubbo looks up at him, his eyes are shiny and wet and he smiles. "Because we're best friends you dumbass." He told him, like it was obvious.

The blond man makes a choked noise, the static rumbles warningly and his neck gives off a pulse. "*Dream is my best friend. Not you.*" He whispers, Loyalty dripping out of his mouth with it. He's Loyal, he's Dream's friend-

Tubbo's smile falters and the thin arms around him hug him a bit tighter, "You can have more than one best friend asshole. I thought you were smart big man. And even then, pretty sure we'd still consider you our best friend no matter what." He replied back, not even touching the subject of Dream much to his surprise and relief.

Theo says nothing in lieu of that, refusing to comment and barely even acknowledges the tiny ember of warmth in his chest beneath the hurt. If he does, the static will rumble and all he wants to do, is do nothing.

And if that nothing involves Tubbo continuing to cling to him, then so be it.

Theo wasn't hugging him back though.

Tubbo didn't mind, he could be the clingy one right now.

---

"Are you sure about this Theo? Doesn't it still hurt or something?" Sapnap asked, wincing as he sees the new burnt scars decorating Theo's back. The bandages were off and Theo insisted that he didn't need them anymore. His back was already scarring thanks to the regeneration potions and the couple of golden apples he's scarfed down.

Theo grunted, pulling his shirt down, hiding his wince as the shirt rubbed against his tender back. "Yes Sapnap I'm very sure." He deadpans, ignoring the slight twinges in favor of pulling on his hoodie, "I'm *fine*. I don't need the bandages anymore and we have to move. I'd rather we get as far away from here as we can." He replied, pulling his the hood over his head, feeling secure at the familiar feeling of the hoodie.

It was a different one of course, he couldn't possibly save the one that had been burnt- Technoblade hadn't helped at all when he tore it to get the ruined hoodie off of him.

"That's something we can agree on." Techno muttered to himself, Theo ignored him as he adjusted his netherite chest plate. Foolish had given it back to him now that he was sporting a set of fairly good iron armor. It wasn't enchanted but it would do for now.

"Oooh, I can't wait to see everything! Tubbo, Tubbo, do you think we'll find some bees on the way?" Foolish asked excitedly, practically bouncing on his heels.



Theo resolutely kept his gaze away as the young teen replied cheerily, "Maybe! We'll have to keep an eye out! But also be careful- gotta avoid the stupid pillagers after all! Right Theo?" He asked brightly, smiling happily towards his direction.

"... yeah..."

He *maybe* didn't mind Tubbo as much as before but already Theo knows the little fucker was going to push things a bit harder now.

Ender fucking damn him.

...

"Are you going to talk to Toby?"

*Theo stopped in his tracks, his grip on his torch tightening slightly.*

*"He's going to be furious y'know, when he finds out about... well..." Tubbo made a face as he trailed off, obviously trying not to look at Theo's back.*

*"I'll deal with him." Theo answered shortly, he started walking again, only to stop when Tubbo grabbed his wrist.*

*The teen looked at him pleadingly, "Be careful? And like, listen to him. Please. You can make him listen to you, but you have to listen to him in turn Theo."*

*"... I said I'll deal with him." Theo muttered, shaking Tubbo's hand off his wrist.*

Theo ignored the looks he got as he stood up and placed his bed in his inventory.

Ender fucking *damn him*.

"Let's go."

---

## Chapter End Notes

:)))

[by sunnwwings](#)

THEO MY BOI! yeah by now i know that most people, whenever they read Rewind, it makes them go apeshit- it still awes the fuck out of me everytime i'm reminded of that XD

[by rabble-dabble](#)

TOBY MY BOI!! yessss we need more toby love <3

[by rena-draws](#)

AJFDHBA meta fanart but yes, that anon was once again me- i just, when i saw the original drawing i instantly thought 'hey i'd probably do that too' asjsjnsd

[by rena-draws](#)

TINY THEO AND TOBY MY BELOVEDS

[by rena-draws](#)

look at this mess of a man- we still love theo tho.

[by glitchbunny](#)

THEO!! he's got a MULLET djfd

[by InudaTheFox](#)

POG THIS IS SO COOL! i am LIVING for this!! ALSO HOLY CRAP YOU'RE THE AUTHOR OF REMINISCE AND I WANT TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS AND BURN HI HELLO HOLY FUCK

i feel like rena's taken the crown for 'most rewind fan art ever' and i'm not complaining. BUT that doesn't mean i don't love everyone else's works! i find things more often on tumblr thanks to the tag of #dsmp rewind and i have no idea for other platforms so if you have fan art then please leave a link so i can find it!

WHEW

i hope i did good with theo and tubbo, it's been a long time coming and admittedly this isn't how i originally pictured it but i'm rolling with it.

emotions, blurgh, how the fuck

i'm wondering if i went the right way for this tubbo theo interaction, is it ooc? did i make the wrong turn at the intersection of interaction here? idk, i just went with what felt right.

theo despite how composed he usually thinks himself to be, is not over a lot of things. also yeah, he's been trying to get everyone to hate him instead of dream- as you can all notice, that plan has been failing miserably. he's not over his existential crisis, but tubbo's helped to an extent. there's a lot of bumps in the way but he's getting there. gradually.

yep, theo and toby need to talk. and tubbo is going to make sure of that- tommy'll help him.

WELP! TIME TO SWITCH! i'll be switching to Wishes and Family after this! after i update five times i'll be back so you're all just going to have to wait! see you then!

# Vice and Totems

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*"Euugh that smells so grooss!!"*

Toby chuckled slightly at the disgusted tone the other used, "You have no idea." He said with amusement, though the amusement dropped into concern when he sees him shuffle closer to try and poke the charred remains of the damned thing. "Careful, it may be dead now but I'd feel better throwing the entire things into lava just to be sure." He warned him, not wanting the young man to get hurt.

"I'll be *fine* Toby- what if I just poke it with a stick huh? That should be okay right?" Quackity questioned as he looked at the seemingly dead plant before him, he's already got a stick in his hands and he starts poking the burnt corpse with it without even his say.

Toby opened his mouth before he closed it with a sigh. "You're already doing it Quackity." He said with some annoyance but latent fondness as the currently younger man prodded the now dead crimson plant along with the chicken it had been attached to. Quackity had found the infected chicken near the White House and immediately called Toby over to deal with it.

It was one of the lingering plants from Niki's crimson garden, the last remnants of the Egg that had escaped in lieu of the Egg's destruction and death. With nothing to actually control it, the plants that had managed to survive had escaped into the wild of the world. Instincts being the only thing driving it at this point, none of the crimson flora left could grow on their own. They needed livestock, a host.

So far the crimson plants have been popping up around both the Dream SMP and L'Manberg from time to time, they had spread the word that strange red plants needed to be reported and that everyone should stay away from the things until it could be dealt with. Dream and George dealt with the crimson in Dream's SMP easily enough, they had to since they were the only ones who also had the Soul-Fire enchantment on their swords since Sapnap and Theo had gone away with Techno and Tubbo, the four of them having been gone for two weeks straight at this point.

Toby of course, focused on L'Manberg, making sure it was Crimson-free and that no one had been hurt by the damn things.

They didn't need a new wave of Crimson trying to take over, Toby would make sure it wouldn't happen.

It hasn't been that difficult in dealing with them, most of the time the plants were either on their own somewhere and people managed to stay away or the damn things had managed to latch on to an unfortunate mob to live off.

Of course, there were a few cases of people being hurt and tried as hosts, but Toby had swiftly dealt with them. Even when Dream approached him -well George really because they both knew that Toby was more likely to punch Dream's mask off the moment they were alone together- when a few of his own who lived in his SMP had been unfortunate enough to be attacked, Toby helped them if only because he knew he was the only one who could help separate the crimson from a person without hurting them *too* much and he didn't want anyone to be infected and used by the monstrous plants- though compared to the future, these plants were quite pathetic.

Toby wasn't complaining, it was certainly easier to get rid of them at the moment.

The relationship between the Dream SMP and L'Manberg was... *strenuous*, but manageable. There had certainly been shock from the sudden new peace treaty between the two just mere months after the war and the election of Schlatt. Independence was one thing, the 'permanent' peace treaty was a whole other thing.

Toby admittedly did *not* trust the treaty, even though he and Schlatt thoroughly looked over it, trying to find any loopholes that could be exploited by *either* side. Surprisingly there wasn't any, at least nothing very damaging in the long run- but with how Toby felt about Dream, he still didn't trust it. That was his bias, at least. Schlatt was wary but he signed the treaty anyway, and things were amicable at the very least.

Toby wasn't president anymore, he easily reminded himself. He was there as Schlatt and Quackity's advisor of sorts, making sure that Schlatt was on a good path compared to last time and that Quackity could help him- Wilbur was also helping as well whenever he could, becoming part of the cabinet but he also took time to spend with Fundy, Philza and Tommy. With his family, as he should.

Ranboo and Ghostbur were settling into L'Manberg just fine. Ranboo had found a place for himself, building a house near Tubbo's, it was small but it was certainly enough for him. Ghostbur was gradually becoming more stable, his memory was getting better and his emotional and personality flips were lessening over time. At some point, the ditzy, airheaded, forgetful Ghostbur that Toby had known would eventually disappear.

He didn't know how to feel about that.

For a moment, Toby was wary and a bit scared that Pogtopia Wilbur would be more prominent- that the madness that made Wilbur blow up L'Manberg would take over and they would have a crazy ghost tormenting the nation after Wilbur himself swore not to do it himself. However, that wasn't exactly the case. Ghostbur wasn't stable, his moods shifted *especially* when anything pertaining Dream was mentioned but generally, he was just Wilbur. He wasn't exactly like the sane and alive Wilbur of now, definitely a bit more cynical and dark however he was still a Wilbur that was thankfully not insane or mad... Still, the madness was still there, lingering underneath.

Motioning Quackity to step back, Toby readied a bucket of lava, pouring it quickly over the seared and badly burnt corpse of the chicken and crimson plant. Letting both burn away into nothingness. Lava had been a great deterrent and way to get rid of the Crimson, however it had grown resistant to it in the future. Though that was in the future, right now though, Toby

felt a sense of satisfaction when he quickly scooped the lava back into the bucket and only a soot and ash remnant of the corrupted flora and fauna was left.

"You look *way* too happy with that lava bucket in hand."

The ex-president snorted, "Probably- it really does give me satisfaction seeing the crimson disappear in front of me. Reminds me that this world isn't going to be taken over by fucked up mutant red plants created by a homicidal mind-controlling Egg." Toby told him, watching the way Quackity's face shifted at the string of words he used to describe the future that wouldn't be- not in this world at least. "Trust me Big Q, if you'd seen and lived the future, or if *my* Big Q was here- he'd be just as happy as I am right now." He said wistfully, chuckling to himself as he tried to imagine his own Quackity here. He'd probably dance and sing on the stop.

Ah, he missed everyone.

Being in the past was- it was *a lot* and though Toby was glad to be in it, glad to have changes his future. However he still felt more than a bit guilty for leaving so suddenly, he doesn't regret it but...

"Hey uh, you okay there Toby?" Quackity asked hesitantly, snapping him out of his thoughts.

Toby gave him a small smile, "Yeah, yeah I'm good Big Q. I'm good." He replied reassuringly, "Just thinking about the future- my future at least." Hopefully Fundy and Phil would be able to figure out the portal soon- they had some progress but trying to figure out that time portal was definitely more than a challenge. "Everyone should be doing fine, at least I hope so."

Quackity gave him a slightly hesitant and searching look. Toby knows that Quackity has some lingering fear of him since the election day when he threatened Schlatt and by proxy Quackity as well, which was both kind of funny but also kind of sad. Toby cared for Quackity, he had been his Vice-President until the end, and even after he had given up presidency in pursuit of Tommy and of helping Fundy and Phil full-time, the man had supported him throughout and was a great friend.

Which is different to now as Toby terrified this much younger Quackity and lowkey threatened him alongside Schlatt. Ender, that was kind of bad, but Toby can't really regret it because it kept both of them in line. Toby means this without offense, he really does but... Quackity was kind of a dick.

"*Excuse* me?"

"Damn, did I say that out loud?" Toby winced at the offended, aghast look the other gave him.

Quackity huffed, giving him a glare. "Yeah, yeah you did." He replied with his arms crossed.

"No no- Oh ender- I'm sorry Quackity I was just remembering a few things is all! I didn't really mean to call you a dick to your face-" "*So you're saying you'd still say it behind my*

*back?!*" Toby continued, pretending Quackity hadn't said anything at all, "But some of things you did really were kind of dick moves. Which is fair behind the reasoning, but that doesn't change the fact they were still dick moves also some of your ideas were kind of iffy at the start and some things lead into problems that weren't exactly resolved fully or peacefully... Still, all in all in the end you were the best vice-prez. Not exactly a good start but over time, you did great especially with the whole circumstance of what happened. You and Niki worked amazingly well together." He told him, causing his slightly offended look to drop into quiet thoughtfulness.

It was weird, knowing that Toby was older than him now. Toby was older than a lot of people he knew and it *still* kind of boggled him. Still, he looked at the young man before him and he thought of a few things.

"Quackity," Toby started, gaining his attention. "I asked you a while back if you still wanted to be Vice-President, you said no back then right?" Despite the answer, Toby had Quackity still be vice-president to Schlatt because at the moment right then, no one else could and Toby hadn't wanted to take either Presidency or Vice-Presidency. "Is your answer still the same? At this point, Wilbur could probably replace you as vice-president if you'd like."

Quackity frowned, face scrunched and brows furrowed, "I guess he could? I... Being honest, I only said no because you terrified the fuck out of me then Toby. You pointed a *trident* at *Schlatt* and was all like '*I could kill you don't be a fucking idiot*' or something but yeah- I said no because I really didn't want to involved in that stuff man." He admitted making Toby snort but nod in understanding. He already knew that. "But... over like, the past month alone? It hasn't really been all that bad. Even with Wilbur, who I kinda thought was going to be a problem at some point but he's been actually helpful. It's Ghostbur who's been a pain in the ass but he's been settling and... I guess I don't mind being vice-president anymore."

Toby hadn't really expected that but smiled nonetheless, "That's good. The question's still up though, do you want to quit being vice-president Quackity?"

"Hmm, *nah*- *Someone's* gotta keep Schlatt and Wilbur in line- other than you obviously. Also, I still want that law about either obnoxious music playing everywhere all the time to be approved." Quackity snickered, giving Toby a mischievous look. It was a joke law that Quackity was insisting to be implemented lately.

The older male sighed deeply but couldn't help the chuckle that escaped his chest, "Please don't, I'm pretty sure everyone in L'Manberg will go insane if obnoxious music of any kind keeps playing all the time." He joked back, smiling at the way Quackity brightened and laughed.

Some things never changed it seems...

He hoped everyone else was alright.

---

They were making good progress, Theo thought to himself as he counted the totems on hand. So far, Foolish has managed to make about eleven totems in total in the following week or so that they've freed and rescued him from the religious pillagers that kept him imprisoned all

his life. It was less than Foolish has *ever* made in a week, back when Foolish was a full totem god at the temple, he'd been capable of creating six totems *a day*.

Now though, because of Foolish giving up his godhood, he could only do at least one totem a day, three if he pushes himself. They had found that out quickly the first day Foolish had went to create the totems as promised for Theo and the others freeing him. It was the least he could do after all, and it was part of the contract and was one of their main objectives.

Foolish was shocked to find his skills and powers as they were, before he could have made a totem in just about two hours- now though, it took *twice* as long. And even at one totem, he had felt tired. At two, exhausted. And despite their worries, Foolish stubbornly continued and made a third totem and passed out.

"Foolish, I did not rescue you from cultist pillagers *just so you can die of exhaustion*. You have three lives now that you're mortal *please do NOT lose a life to exhaustion and overworking yourself*." Theo hissed to the man shortly after he woke up a day after he slipped into unconsciousness. Incredibly pissed and concerned for the other's health.

Foolish had been restricted to creating only one totem a day, maybe two if he could handle it but never more than that.

The mortal totem god protested, feeling somewhat appalled and embarrassed that he'd been reduced to only making one *maybe* two totems a day. Even though it had been boring, making totems was the one thing that he could do effortlessly and had been proud of- he actually did end up becoming upset over the fact he couldn't do it as much anymore. He could make more, *he could give them more he swears it*.

"The fact that you can still make them is amazing enough Foolish! We're just really concerned for you pal- please don't overwork yourself! Besides! Think of it this way. You can learn *other* things now that you're free! You don't have to make so many totems at once anymore! Have you ever thought of making anything else besides totems?" Tubbo had questioned, wide-eyed and comforting.

As Theo and Technoblade weren't that good with emotions, Theo decided to throw Tubbo at the sad individual and hope for the best. Which was a great idea. Another great idea was throwing Sapnap along with Tubbo to reassure Foolish.

"Dude, you can even ask us on what you want to do and we could teach you to do it! And if we can't- I'm pretty sure that there are other people back home who could do it. C'mon Foolish, cheer up! Making totems is cool already but learning other things is better!"

With those two around, Foolish was quick to being very enthusiastic about his freedom. Which so far has been *great*- even if half the time they were hiding somewhere so that they could avoid being captured by the still scouting pillagers. They had a few close calls but so far they had managed to stay out of sight and hidden, they were close to the nether portal and would arrive soon- Theo's original plan of getting him to the SMP as soon as possible had been delayed a day or so both because of Foolish passing out for an entire day and also because of the sight-seeing they've been doing recently.

Despite the set back, Theo couldn't even feel angry as he saw just how happy Foolish looked as he ran around, touching everything and acting like the child he never was.

"What kind of tree is this?!"

"It's an oak tree."

*"What about this?!"*

"Birch."

*"What kind of flower is this?!"*

"It's called a peony! And that's a rose, that's a tulip, over there's a poppy-"

They camped near the flower field that they found and stayed a bit longer than Theo liked but it didn't matter in the end. Foolish deserved to have a bit of fun after a lifetime of solitude and isolation. He deserved to enjoy the freedom now that he really was free.

Theo glanced over to Foolish, who was completely engrossed with creating his totem for the day. A glowing bar of gold in his hands, slowly but gradually being shaped into a familiar shape as Foolish muttered words of magic and power underneath his breath, his eyes glowing a powerful green as he molded the hot bar in his hands. After a while, the disfigured bar of gold was put back into the furnace so it could heat up once more.

Foolish was in 'The Zone', unable to break out until he finished creating the totem or until someone snapped him out of it.

Snapping Foolish out of The Zone however would be extremely difficult, and even then, the moment he does, the totem he would have been making would end up entirely useless.

Foolish needed ultimate concentration to create his totems.

Once that concentration had been broken with the totem unfinished, the totem's magic wouldn't work.

That was something that Theo had learned with Dream in the future, Foolish told them himself.

Unfinished totems were extremely dangerous compared to finished ones.

"Is he still at it?" Tubbo asked with a slight frown, glancing over to Foolish who was sitting in front of the furnace patiently, face set in a determined and slightly stoic look and his eyes still glowing. The young teen watched as his friend reached into the furnace to pick up the piping hot disfigured gold bar, golden tipped hands slowly rubbing the malleable bar- Theo had said that Foolish was pushing magic into the totem, imbuing it with his power.

The gold would turn into the totem and would be finished once Foolish gave the totem its emerald eyes.



"It's only been like, two hours since he started Tubbo." Sapnap replied from where he stood, standing up and stretching. "Find anything?" He asked both him and Technoblade.

They had both gotten out to scout the area, just to make sure they hadn't been found or were being followed by the pillagers.

The piglin hybrid shook his head, "Nothing dangerous at least. Though Tubbo went fishing for a bit so we have some salmon and cod for Foolish to try." He said making Tubbo and Sapnap smile and grin respectively. Theo could only snort in amusement.

Foolish had wanted to try eating fish lately, so *of course* Tubbo would go fishing just so he could try it.

"Sweet! He'll definitely appreciate it after he snaps out of it. In about two hours- after that, we can finally head to the portal and show him the Nether!" Sapnap cheered, glancing between the five of them.

It's been... not exactly a peaceful week since Theo's tattoo had been revealed. Sure Foolish was getting used to being mortal and was enjoying his freedom, but likewise the air between Techno and Theo was still tense and awkward, Tubbo and Theo were doing somewhat alright -it's questionable but he doesn't seem to be as annoyed with Tubbo as he was with Techno- but Theo still refused to be left alone with either of them and he refused to even talk about his tattoo again. Any mention of it would have the man shutting up until something else was discussed.

Sapnap inwardly sighed, this wasn't exactly what he hoped for the trip.

He could only hope that things would get better before they headed home.

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## Chapter End Notes

HELLO WE ARE BACK AND THERE'S LOTS OF FANART

[by rabble-dabble](#)

mmMMM love this so much :) tubbo hugging theo

[by Jas Thyme](#)

MORE TUBBO HUGGING THEO, blob form :)

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

ehehehe the masked idiots who think they're intimidating- they're half right.

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

ANOTHER PERSON DREW THE SCENE FROM CHAPTER 20 OH MY GOD

THEY GOT HOW THEO REACTS PERFECTLY

[by ldcat996](#)

[by ldcat996](#)

TIS THEO AND FOOLISH! ADORABLE :D

[by cakeactuallyarts](#)

WOAH dream be looking FUNKY here. it's the theo's nightmare memory thing from chapter 40! :D

[by rena-draws](#)

YEEE rena comes in with theo and tubbo from last chapter :D

[by waddei](#)

ehehehe chat trying not to spill secrets but being totally sus. loving it, god that's good.

[by bluejellie](#)

dream and theo :D

[by rena-draws](#)

sfjnhend SAPNAP CARRYING THEO LIKE BABY

[by Sylversamthefae](#)

another person sings theo's song from Sing Your Anthem!!

[by rena-draws](#)

QUACKITY MY BELOVED! I NEED TO WRITE MORE OF YOU!

[by behemo-levia](#)

dream and theo!

[by rena-draws](#)

[by rena-draws](#)

[by rena-draws](#)

THREE GOOD PIECES FROM RENA- I'D SAY MORE BUT THIS IS ALREADY A VERY LONG NOTE. I STILL LOVE IT THOUGH.

[by EmbrAce](#)

remember that animatic i said? THEY MADE ANOTHER ONE AND I AM GOING ABSOLUTELY FERAL OVER IT. OH MY GOD. OH MY FUCK. I HAVE ASCENDED, I HAVE RISEN TO ANOTHER PLAIN OF EXISTENCE. THIS IS GLORIOUS OH MY ENDERINING SHIT. WATCH IT PLEASE WATCH IT BECAUSE IT IS SO GOOD. YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO LOVE IT I KNOW YOU WILL.

*i'm gross sobbing dON'TTOUCHME*

this is a great way to get back to Rewind :D

holy shit there's so much fanart, like holy fuck the character limit for this author's note? is about 5k? but i've almost completely used it all up. no joke. but it's a great way to state that we're back in business!

# A Story Told

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"*Ender fucking dammit!*" Theo swore as he and the others *finally* arrived at the Nether Portal that had been hidden deep within the cave where they had first arrived in.

The portal was gone- *not entirely*, the obsidian frame was still there *however*, the entrance to the Nether was gone and shut down. Even after Sapnap tried to ignite the portal, it remained just a useless frame.

"W-What happened?" Tubbo asked hesitantly, eyes wide as he hesitantly prodded the broken portal. "It's not lighting up!"

Technoblade's eyes narrowed, "The anti-portal magic they had must have grown in radius, either that or they moved the center of the anti-magic circle and now any nether portal that was nearby was forcibly shut down thanks to the magic. With it in place, we can't ignite the portal, or any portal until we're out of the radius." He concluded with a deep sigh, rubbing his fingers against his eyelids.

"So we're stuck in the Overworld?" Foolish questioned quietly, pale and slightly scared. He didn't want to end up back in the Temple. He wasn't a god any longer, but the Evokers would definitely make him continue creating totems- and after a week of creating them, he's only just starting to get used to creating only one totem a day. Maybe two if he felt like he could do it without feeling totally exhausted but just as they all found out, any more and Foolish would end up passing out.

No one knows how the pillagers would react to the fact that Foolish was no longer a full god, how the evokers would react to the fact that he could only create one or two totems a day instead of six.

They didn't know and Theo wasn't going to let Foolish find out.

Foolish would *never* go back to the temple.

Not if Theo had any say to it, and obviously, he did.

He, Sapnap, Tubbo and Techno had *plenty* to say about it.

"For now." He told Foolish, "We just need to be outside the radius, get as far as we can and get into the Nether before the radius can destroy the portal connection." Easier said than done though, they had no idea where the center of the radius was- presumably it had been at the temple itself, and already it had covered the area that surrounded the temple by *thousands* of blocks.

They had gone as far as they could each day away from the temple. Hopefully they only grew the radius and didn't shift the center to be closer to them.

"But how can we tell that we're outside the radius? This place was *just* outside the circle thing wasn't it?" Sapnap pointed out, leaning against the portal.

"It was, but now it isn't." Theo sighed in frustration, running a hand through his hair and gripping a few strands as he tried to think of what to do. Though it was really obvious on what they had to do. "We'll camp here for the night and move out in the morning. We'll go east, as far east as we can go for a couple of days before building a portal to see if we can access the Nether."

Techno gave him a speculative look, "Why east? You said that the SMP and L'Manberg was about northwest from here."

Theo snorted, "Do *you* want pillagers following us back home? At the very least, we can try and fool them with a portal in the east before backtracking to northwest in the Nether, maybe create a few false portals along the way somewhere southeast to throw them off." He was *not* bringing home a bunch of cultists, the SMP would not be raided.

L'Manberg too by proxy he guesses but only because they were close together and there was a new treatise of peace between them.

Both Dream's SMP and L'Manberg could probably handle a normal pillager raid. Theo vaguely remembers that yes, they've handled normal raids before, however with Foolish in their care the raids would become *insane*. They *could* handle it probably with the proper preparations however it was better that the pillagers have no idea where Foolish went nor where either locations were.

The piglin hybrid grunted in acknowledgement and ceded much to Theo's surprise and relief.

"Should we get rid of the portal? I don't know if they'll get this far deep in the cave but, it's better safe than sorry right?" Tubbo said, tapping the empty obsidian frame. He smiled brightly when they murmured their agreements and with the five of them working together along with their highly enchanted pickaxes, the portal was gone in just a few minutes or so. Maybe even less.

It's another night of camping within the darkness of a deep cave for the five of them, though Theo's tense with the fact that they couldn't leave the Overworld and enter the Nether thanks to the anti-portal radius that's either grown or shifted their way. He can only hope it just grew instead of shifted because that would mean they'd have to be *even more careful* with where they go and how they traveled.

Not to mention they'd have to try and outmaneuver the damn pillagers just so they could get into the Nether.

They were *not* hoofing it back to home on foot in the Overworld.

It was too far away and it would take too long. Even with horses, it'd take far too long and again, Theo didn't want to bring the pilgrims anywhere *near* the SMP.

The Nether was truly the easier place to use for long travels like this, as long as you knew the coordinates and how the Nether worked then it was fine.

Hopefully far east would get them out of the radius. Even if they had to build the portal underwater, Theo was going to get them back into the Nether.

"-nd they lived happily ever after. The end!" Tubbo exclaimed with a grin, the campfire's light brightening his and Foolish's face as the totem god clapped and laughed with happy amusement. Sapnap was grinning and he clapped as well.

The past couple of nights, Tubbo and Sapnap have taken the time to tell stories to Foolish. From fairy tales to little legends, Foolish had wanted to hear them all- he's read a couple of stories before in his books. But the stories that the two of them told him were different from the ones he had read over and over again in the temple to the point of memorization.

Techno and Theo let the two of them entertain Foolish that way, it was amusing to hear Tubbo and Sapnap tell the stories. Either because sometimes they got the story a bit wrong or something else, either way, it didn't matter in the end because Foolish was happy and that was enough.

"Can we have another story before bed? Please?" Foolish asked with wide pleading eyes, glancing between Sapnap and Tubbo who blinked at the request.

Sapnap crossed his arms and looked thoughtful, "I guess, but I can't really think of anything right now. Tubbo?" He looked over to the younger teen, did he have another story at hand?

Unfortunately, the answer was no as Tubbo shook his head with a frown. "I can't think of anything either." He admitted with a slight yawn.

Foolish's face dropped before he perked, "Do you two have any stories?" He asked, turning to both Techno and Theo who were briefly startled at the sudden question. "Just one story before bed, just one more."

"I- don't tell stories. Maybe you should just head to bed." Theo replied awkwardly, scratching the side of his neck. He sighed as Foolish practically wilted from where he sat. "Or maybe Techno has a story." He adds reluctantly, not wanting to upset his friend. One last story before bed couldn't hurt could it?

"Do you have any stories Techno? Sapnap and I have been telling all these stories these past few nights. You gotta have something hm? Anything should be alright!" Tubbo exclaimed at the piglin hybrid who's eyes rapidly glanced between the four.

"Wait wait, why do *I* have to tell a story?" He questioned, not really protesting but he'd been caught off guard by the request.

Theo gives him a deadpanned look, it couldn't be seen but that was fine. The deadpanned tone that was paired with the look got the point across. "Because Foolish wants one last story before sleeping."

Techno's mouth opened only to shut a bit tightly as he sees the pleading look not only on Foolish's face but on Tubbo's face as well. The two working well to bring Technoblade to a decision. Sapnap grinned as the piglin hybrid sighed, palming his face before sitting up straighter. "Alright, alright, fine. I'll tell you a story." He grumbled to them, rolling his eyes at the cheer the three males made while Theo watched with amusement. "It's not going to have a happy ending though. Not all stories have happy endings."

Foolish waved the warning off, "That's fine! I know that, the stories I know don't have happy endings at all. Even though I like the happy endings that Tubbo and Sapnap told me, hearing a non-happy ending would be a familiar change." He said, looking at the hybrid expectantly.

Techno huffed through his nose, shaking his head. "Okay then." He sighed, wincing to himself because of whatever Chat might have said. "No chat I won't- Just shut up and let me tell the story okay?" He said irritably, making Theo snort quietly. Though he will admit, he's curious as to what story that Techno will go with. ~~His brother~~ The hybrid was as much of a scholar as he was a warrior, he'd read many a story from lots of books.

Just as Theo was making himself comfortable against the wall where he sat against, Techno started softly.

"There once was a man, named *Theseus*-"

Theo's inhaled sharply and he froze against the wall.

Theseus.

*"You want to be a hero Tommy? **Then die like one!**" Technoblade roared, the two Withers coming to life just at the right time. Both screeching into the sky, the scent of ash and soot doubles and there's a scent of decay and rot as well as the Withers fly. Chaos and screams spread around Manberg- L'Manberg. His old home, the nation he had fought for, the nation whose name was changed and had only just changed back, died and Technoblade was desecrating its corpse by bringing more destruction. Tommy screams into the sky while his brothers laugh in tandem, one dying with laughter on his bloodied lips while the other laughs maniacally in anarchist glee.*

He was-

*"Well well, seems like the story goes on doesn't it Tommy?" Technoblade asks during the one and only time he visits. He's looking well despite the fact he's a war criminal now, Tommy feels a lot of things as he glares at his eldest brother. "Exiled just like Theseus, by the very nation you helped. The story really suits you huh? How's it feel being the hero Theseus?" Tommy snarls at him, still raging, still hurting, he wants Technoblade out of his camp. Away from it, far far away. Techno scoffs but he leaves, he says something about making a base in a tundra and disappears. He never visits again and Tommy aches weeks later as isolation wears his mind down.*

Technoblade was telling...

*Technoblade might help him. It's a weak thought that comes to mind after Dream saves him from his fall on the pillar, Dream is confusing Tommy and he's grasping at straws. He feels guilty as he leaves the new tent that Dream made him and heads for the tundra where his brother might be, hoping for answers, clues- anything that can cement something in him. Was Dream good or bad? Was he going crazy? Did he really want to die? Technoblade might know, he was his brother, a fucking asshole but he knew a lot of things and Tommy was so lost. He doesn't find Technoblade though, Dream finds him again and saves him a second time. "Techno told me where you were Tommy. He doesn't care about you." Dream lies to him with a smile and poison eyes, "No one does. Except for me... Now will you stop running and just come with me, Tommy?" He stops running, he has his answers, no one cares about him but Dream. He doesn't imagine what it could have been had Techno took him in instead of Dream. He doesn't at all.*

The story of Theseus.

*Dream asks him for a name months later, a name to call him because Tommy can't enter L'Manberg as Tommy. Tommy was exiled, L'Manberg didn't want Tommy. His mind immediately thinks of Theseus for some reason, it sits heavy in his stomach and he hates it. He hates it so much and yet- "Theo." It's not Theseus, he tells himself. It's not Theseus, he lies to himself. "Theodore." He lies to Dream when he asks what it's short for. He hates it, hates it so much. But the name sticks and stays until it can't anymore.*

Out of everything that Technoblade knew-

*"What the heck are you doing Tommy?!" Technoblade demands, just weeks after L'Manberg's final demise. Just weeks of having blue staining his back. He stands with Tubbo and Phil while Tommy stands with Dream, as it should be. As it should have been from the start. "You don't belong with him- come home!" What home though? With them? Tommy hesitates but Dream anchors him with a hand on his shoulder and the static rumbles in his head. No, home is with Dream. Tommy was loyal to Dream. The static calms and Tommy takes his sword out with Dream. "This isn't how it's supposed to be Theseus!" Ah, he hates that name so much.*

It just *had* to be that one.

*The Crimson grows too much and they can't afford to fight anymore. The Truce is created and they don't fight with each other anymore, they really couldn't afford killing each other with the Egg and the Crimson around. "Guess the story continues differently now." Techno mutters one day, on an outing and Tommy doesn't give him a reply. Even without the blue and static, Tommy doesn't think he'd like to talk to Techno. Despite how Techno never really talked with him before, he talks now. He says Phil misses him, everyone else does too, starts talking about the places they were building in the Nether and how Techno was training Tubbo. Tommy tries not to listen, he knows his path now- his path is Dream's path. Technoblade never says he misses Tommy, which is typical and expected. He never calls Tommy Theseus though and that's alright at least.*

Out of all the stories-

*Years pass, the Crimson grows, more people die and hope is burning out. Tubbo's training is done, he's a warrior brute like Techno now with Chat in his head. He's insufferable, they both are. If there's a chance, they try to talk to him, try to get him 'home'. Away from Dream. It never works, the blue and static kept him to Dream's teachings at the start until they don't anymore because he does it himself. He is home. Dream is home. They don't get it, they never do. But at least the Crimson keep them all busy so it doesn't last long and Tommy always goes back to the Stronghold with Dream after every mission and outing. Techno's called Tommy Theseus a couple of times, and at this point Tommy doesn't care anymore.*

*It just had to be Theseus.*

*Tommy cares only one more time, cares about being called that damnable name by man he once called and thought as brother. "Theseus... Come home..." Techno whispers to him, dying from saving him. He calls him Theseus, calls him to come home. And for once in a very long time, his mind hiccups as his body tries to save Technoblade with failing results. Tubbo pleads him to come, Tommy doesn't and they leave.*

*Theseus.*

*Theseus, come home, Technoblade called to him over the years. Technoblade is dead. There is no one to call him Theseus anymore, it's not the same for anyone else and Tommy hates the name even more now. Tubbo takes over, Technoblade's student, his old friend and someone who just won't let go of him. "He died saying your name. He said to come home." Tubbo whispers and Tommy hesitates. This was the one time he's almost swayed. Almost. He can't. He can't- it isn't home, Dream is home isn't he? He's loyal to Dream, he can't go- the blue and static reminds him and he's helpless to do anything else but follow Dream back to the Stronghold. He cries, Dream is silent for once but he's there to comfort him.*

*Theo doesn't realize it, but he's hyperventilating. He's entirely blocked everything out, curling up against the wall and lost in his own head. The blue burns on the back of his neck and the static sifted through his thoughts. It tries to keep things straight in his head, but for once in a long time, he's against the static as his mind spirals into static and blue.*

*At this point, Foolish, Sapnap, Tubbo and Techno notice something amiss.*

*He hates himself. So much. Tommy. Theseus. Theo. Why was he like this? He wasn't a hero. He wasn't a villain. He's just tired. He just wants everything to stop. Why can't he go home? Where was home? Dream? Toby? L'Manberg? Loyalty. He was loyal. Wasn't he? He was. He hates being loyal. It's all he's ever known. He likes being loyal. It's familiar and he doesn't hurt anymore. He misses everyone. He misses Dream. He wants to go home. He wants someone there. He's alone. Why can't everyone just leave him alone? Don't he hates being alone. Dream wouldn't leave him alone. There's so much to do. There's nothing to do. He was useful, they could use him. He didn't want to be used. It was fine. No it wasn't. He was fine. Is he really?*

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

*Who was he now? Too broken for Tommy. Never wanted to be Theseus. So confused as Theo. Who was he? Everything hurts. Dying would be freedom. Not allowed to die. Why can't he*



*just stop? Stopping would be nice. It wouldn't actually he just wants peace. What was peace? Dream was peace. He wasn't it's war. Isn't Technoblade war? Brothers they're not. Wilbur please. Phil? Come home. Where was home? Dream was home. Toby was home. L'Manberg was home. L'Manberg is dead. He killed L'Manberg. He killed Technoblade. He couldn't help Wilbur. Stay away. Get back to Dream. He could help. He always helps. Nothing without him. Everything with him. Theseus. Tommy. Theo. Who was he? Tool. Child. Student. Adult. Weapon. Foe. Friend. Ally. Enemy. Hero. Villain. Guilty. Innocent. So much more. So much less. It's too confusing. He can't breathe. Why can't he breathe Not home, not safe. Get back to Dream. Dream is familiar, Dream is safe, stay loyal to Dream. Where was Dream? Dream wasn't there, it's not safe, can't be there must come back to Dream.*

"Theo?" That's a hand, there's a *hand* reaching to him-

*Not Dream. Enemy.*

"AH!"

"**TUBBO!**"

---

Sapnap honestly had no idea what went wrong.

One moment, Techno was telling the story of Theseus- that felt familiar for some reason- and the next Theo was lashing out at Tubbo who had wanted to check on Theo because he had been curling up against the wall and wasn't responding to any of them for some reason.

"Theo?" Tubbo had asked hesitantly, hand reaching out to gently poke him. Sapnap hadn't thought it'd be dangerous, Theo was quiet, he thought the blond had fallen asleep.

That wasn't the case.

Theo had *moved* and suddenly Tubbo was screaming in pain as a netherite axe sliced against his arm, from palm to shoulder, a red line on his arm and bleeding heavily even as Theo tackled Tubbo down to the ground. Axe raised in the air, ready to strike down. "**TUBBO!**" Foolish and Sapnap screamed just as Techno swiftly moved, slamming himself into Theo and knocking him off of the poor teenager just before the axe could hit him.

"What the *fuck* is *wrong with you?!'*" Techno snarled at Theo, pinning him against the wall, one hand pinning down the arm that held the enchanted axe while his other arm held Theo down. Theo didn't answer, even as Techno forced him to let go of the axe and grabbed him with both hands just so he could slam the blond against the wall again. "*Answer me Theo what the hell was that?!'*"

Again, Theo didn't answer. He grabbed Techno's arms, fingers digging into the hybrid's wrists before he finally spoke, smiling mask ominous in the cave's current lighting.

"Fight me Techno. Dig a pit, and fight me."

---

## Chapter End Notes

:) mm serotoniin

[by AintCerys](#)

it's not fanart but it's a MEME XD i have truly come to the top of things XD

[by waddei](#)

FOOLISH MY BELOVED! creating totems and in The Zone

[by rena-draws](#)

H A H! not exactly fanart but it was tagged dsmp rewind and i laughed at this

[by rena-draws](#)

THIS is fanart! FOOLISH AND TUBBO MY BELOVEDS! foolish so excited aaaa XD

[by bluejellie](#)

ranboo really was just vibing before ghostbur appeared

:) what a fun chapter

it has been said before and it needs to be said again; theo needs t h e r a p y

AND A FUCKTON OF IT

they all need therapy. toby and theo especially. right now, theo especially. and he needs that enchantment off. yeah.

# Some Form of Communication

## Chapter Notes

### IMPORTANT NOTICE:

DREAM'S 'SPLIT' SITUATION HAS BEEN CHANGED TO 'FRAGMENTED' SITUATION.

THE TERMS AND HOW WE'RE CALLING IT HAS NOW CHANGED! PLEASE TAKE NOTE AND KEEP THAT IN MIND!

was just let known that dream's situation was making someone and maybe a few other people uncomfortable with how it was termed. so for their sake i've changed the term throughout the story as you may have noticed by now, it took a while so there.

i claim NO EXPERT KNOWLEDGE on Dissociative Identity Disorder, etc. etc.

all i wanted was to give dream a... well, fantasy-esque mental disorder? oh god. okay that sounds bad BUT YOU ALL KNOW WHAT I MEAN. DREAM'S MIND IS 'FRAGMENTED' NOW, SEPARATION IS STILL THE SAME BUT WE AREN'T CALLING FRIEND DREAM AND OWNER DREAM 'SPLITS' ANYMORE OKAY? IT'S FRAGMENTS. which actually kind of makes more sense??

whew, okay i'll try to explain dream's current situation (bear with me i only know half of what i'm talking about and i am no expert here);

dream DOES NOT HAVE MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER. that's one thing to note, 'friend' dream and 'owner' dream ARE BOTH DREAM, they are not separate personalities, they *influence* him. they're... influencers. they're specific parts of him that got too out of hand, owner dream especially, there's also some magic in there somewhere, a little sliver of ancestry. i don't think dream has dissociative disorder either? he's VERY AWARE of his actions, every single thing he's done, he remembers. except for the times he breaks down and ACTUALLY dissociates like some chapters ago. on every action he does, one fragment can influence how he thinks and how he reacts and everything. it just depends which fragment manages to be dominant.

i have no idea if there's a mental disorder like this, i did not do research, i am not a psychologist or anything- i'm just a fanfic writer trying to write about fictional block men and slow burn friendships with a side of time travel. remember the tag 'Friends to Enemies to Friends'? i do, that's one of the reasons why i'm writing, i never actually expected to go into mental disorders and stuff!! this all went waaay out of hand!!! I JUST WANTED TO WRITE SOMETHING ENTERTAINING. A TIME TRAVEL STORY WITH FEELINGS AND ANGST AND I NEVER MEANT TO MAKE PEOPLE UNCOMFORTABLE I'M SORRY. ~~i'm not sorry for making people cry for the angst i wrote. THAT i am proud of okay but anything else i am so sorry~~

anyway, if there's anything else please let me know and i'll try to address it or do something about it.

also, kinda small thing but; tubbo not being comfortable with being called his real name which was toby? that was- i didn't actually know that until i got WAY into this fic and I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. however i am NOT changing toby's name, i- what would i even call him? twobo? tobias??? tobias might've been valid but i didn't think of it at the start and i've used toby for too long (do you REALIZE how many times i've typed 'toby' in this fic? changing all of that... oh god)- there's just not a lot of alternate names for tubbo okay? i am so sorry tubbo (or tubbo stans??) if you are reading this (which i doubt and i REALLY HOPE NOT because HOLY FUCK if anyone from the smp is reading this story i will die. i will perish. i will disappear into the void.) but toby is staying toby.

okay, thank you, and have a nice chapter.

EDIT: apparently multiple personality disorder isn't actually called that anymore it's just dissociative identity disorder now. thank you comments! i do not keep track on what's terms for disorders are, i'm but just a fanfic writer.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Tubbo had thought things had been going fairly well.

As well as they could get anyway.

"Theo?"

An axe swinging-

**Pain.**

"AH!"

**"TUBBO!"**

He genuinely thought things were going fairly, somewhat well and then...

It wasn't.

Tubbo's eyes were screwed shut as he curled on the floor, clutching at his bleeding arm- Theo's axe was *definitely overpowered*, the way the tip of the blade had *glided* through his skin was fucking *terrifying*. It left a line of red which quickly bled, Theo must have hit something because Tubbo was faintly sure he shouldn't be bleeding more in one spot of the cut compared to the rest of it.

He whimpered as hands came to his side- Sapnap and Foolish? It was them, he thought as he was supported from behind to sit up, Foolish was supporting him it seems since he could see Sapnap by his side. Sapnap holding his injured hand and frantically trying to stop the bleeding. "Shit! Oh fucking shit! Hold- hold on Tubbo, just- oh Ender- *Techno!*" He suddenly barked, head turned to the side as he tried to keep pressure on Tubbo's arm.

Tubbo bit his lip harshly as he tried to ignore the pain to see what was going on- Techno had Theo pinned to the wall. Theo's axe was on the floor and the hybrid was growling at the masked man. Tubbo could barely manage to hear Theo's words as the blond gripped Techno's wrists. "Fight me Techno. Dig a pit, and fight me."

For some reason, a pit opened in his stomach and he felt like that was a *really* bad idea. "T-Techno-*ngh!*" He tried to speak only to hiss and groan as his arm throbbed by his side.

"Careful there Tubbo- don't, don't move." Foolish told him, voice shaky as he tried to hold him still. He was shocked that Theo would even attack Tubbo out of nowhere like that, he had no idea what was going on. Tubbo had filled him in on a few things but this? His grip tightened on Tubbo as the teen whimpered in his hands.

"Techno *help me out here!*"

"But Theo-"

"*Later! Right now we focus on Tubbo!*"

With a growl, Techno threw Theo aside. The masked man landing on the stone ground with a slight grunt, Techno grabbed Theo's axe and threw it into his inventory so Theo couldn't get it- he might have more weapons on him but the blond time traveler was the most dangerous when he had his axe. It was better to keep it separate from him. "Keep an eye on Theo, I'll handle Tubbo's arm."

Tubbo was taking in deep breaths, his head felt dizzy and everything was slightly out of focus to him as he tried to keep calm through the pain and the shock. He tried his best to swallow down the potion that was offered to his lips, choking only once when the pain spiked and he felt his arm being treated.

He had no idea how much time had passed, but Tubbo felt so tired by the time his entire arm had been bandaged and it looked like he'd stopped bleeding. His skin was clammy and pale, his breath came in short and shaky despite his attempts to keep steady and Tubbo was drifting in and out.

He felt so out of it, he didn't notice when he'd been moved from the cold stone floor and Foolish's lap to his soft bed by the wall, carefully cushioned by Sapnap and Techno's pillows plus his own. He could barely remember what happened between Techno wrapping his arm to Foolish making sure he was comfortable on the bed. "Fo-Foolish, where's-" He struggled to sit up, moaning slightly in discomfort as his arm tingled but thankfully it felt mostly numb.

Tubbo couldn't see where Techno, Sapnap and Theo were.

Had they gone somewhere else within the cave?

Dread permeated his head alongside the light-headed dizziness as he protested when Foolish insisted he stay on the bed. The air smelled of blood, *his* blood, which wasn't helping his mind whatsoever and he tried to ignore it as well as the red stains on Foolish's pants that matched the blotchy patch of red on the ground near the campfire. "Theo went off into the caves while Techno and Sapnap were patching you up, they both went to find him after they got you into bed. Well, Sapnap went to find him first because Techno was bandaging your

arm but he followed afterwards when he was done. They've just been gone for like a minute Tubbo." Foolish told him, frowning as he sat on the edge of Tubbo's bed.

"He- he went further into the caves? They- where? Foolish, where'd they go? Can you- fuck, can you help me find them?"

Foolish straightened in alarm as Tubbo sat up, "What- Tubbo lay back down! You're supposed to be resting! Sapnap said you were losing a lot of blood and that you needed to stay put!" He exclaimed, not wanting to see his friend struggle and in pain. It was bad enough with Theo who had been stubborn but thankfully Sapnap had managed to reign him in, Tubbo though? It was only Foolish around to try and convince Tubbo to stay in bed to heal properly.

What was with stubborn people with their names starting with T?

Tubbo huffed at him, teeth gritting with a resolute look on his face, "Take me to them. *Now.*" He stressed, staring firmly at Foolish who gave him a helpless and perplexed look back.

There was a bad feeling in his stomach, an ominous itch on his back. He didn't know what it was, but he was going to go with his instincts and hope that he was wrong.

Things were bad enough as they were right now and Tubbo didn't want things to escalate further.

---

He'd hurt Tubbo.

He's done it before, he's done it several times with fucking Toby so why...

Theo's fists clenched as he sat before the lava pool, staring into the swirling hot magma with longing as he tried his hardest to ignore the pain that ebbed in his chest.

*Why did it hurt? Why was he feeling so guilty right now?*

Seeing Tubbo clutching his arm, bleeding out on Foolish's lap-

"*He shouldn't have reached out to me.*" Theo hissed to himself, hand clutching the cloth of his hoodie tightly, his head still throbbing with agony and the static still prickling in the back of his mind- manageable for the moment. The blue on his neck was still painful, but like the static it's manageable for the time being.

Tubbo shouldn't have reached out to him, even beforehand.

He, Toby, everyone- everyone who wasn't at Dream's side was in danger.

*Dangerous.*

To him.

His head swirled and Theo tried not to be caught underneath the waves of his own thoughts that were mixed with static- having just pulled himself out of the spiral when Techno tackled him off of Tubbo.

A panic attack.

Was it a panic attack?

Theo genuinely can't remember for the life of him at the moment if what he had gone through was a panic attack, all he knew was that Techno had been- had been telling-

*Theseus.*

*Technoblade. Theseus. The Minotaur and the hero.*

*"Theseus... come home..." The minotaur pleaded on the brink of death and the once hero who never wanted to be a hero in the first place, denies his plea-*

"*SHUT UP!*" He snarled, clutching his blond locks tightly, the physical pain of his hair being pulled keeps him grounded. "That's not even how the story fucking goes!" He tells himself, taking in deep, chest-aching breaths. He gets closer to the lava, wishing so very hard for a fire resistance potion just so he could spend a few minutes within the warmth of the deadly liquid.

It would be as close to a deadly ending that Theo could enjoy without actually dying. And the warmth of the lava always managed to soothe Theo the best whenever Dream wasn't around.

But he's used up all his fire resistance potions, and he didn't have enough ingredients to make more at the moment.

It was hard, sitting so close to something that comforted you but not being able to actually partake in it because you could actually fucking *die*.

*Not allowed to die. Not allowed to let yourself die.*

Theo slammed a hand against the stone underneath him, so very close to the red and orange pool yet so far away. The heat was unbearable, comforting and yet Theo could only sit by as close as he could without burning himself. "I *know* that." He wasn't going to fucking die- he'd come this far for Dream, he wasn't going to let himself die *now* of all enderdamned times.

*"Fight me Technoblade. Dig a pit, and fight me. "*

Theo flinched at the recollection of his own words, regret steaming from his body as memories dug themselves up from his head.

*"It stays in the pit."*

*"Violence is the only universal language Tommy. We've spoken that in the pit."*

*Technoblade the Warrior stands over him, eyes scarlet with lingering bloodlust- it matched well with Wilbur's look of insanity there above the pit they were both in.*

"I'm stronger now, I can- I can beat him." Dream had taught him, he'd- he'd made Tommy stronger. He could win, he could actually win against Techno. Dream had taught him strength, he wasn't a weak ass little shit. He'd faced against both Techno and Toby in the future, a fight in the pit was *fine*.

He wasn't a teenager anymore.

He was a grown ass fucking man.

He was-

He was *Theo*, not Tommy.

*Bruises and blood. Red staining their knuckles, tasting iron on his tongue-*

"*Theo?!"*

Theo practically clawed at the stone before he straightened, his uneasy breath steadying- or at least attempting to.

He could do this.

He could-

"Theo there you are!"

It's Sapnap.

The feeling of relief that swells in his body is *visceral* and he feels ashamed.

Theo stays in place as he hears the rapid footsteps of Dream's best friend coming from behind. He tries not to tense, tries not to move because he is *vulnerable*. Technoblade has his axe and though he has his sword, he doesn't feel safe without his personal axe. His back his wide open, freshly healed too but he leaves himself open because he can *trust* Sapnap.

He was Dream's friend and... Sapnap was a friend.

He was Theo's friend, he could trust him. He had his back, Sapnap wouldn't attack him like this.

And Theo was fairly sure he was stronger than Sapnap so it wouldn't matter anyway.

"Theo- what the *fuck* man? What happened?!" Sapnap asks him, standing by his side and Theo keeps looking at the lava, trying- trying his best to formulate an answer in his head. "Theo? The- are you okay?" Theo stayed silent as Sapnap hesitantly sat down besides him. Not too close but not that far from him. It's- it's tolerable. "... Tubbo's doing alright. Techno's stopped most of the bleeding and he was wrapping Tubbo's arm and planning on getting him to bed after I left."

Theo lets out a breathe he hadn't even realized he'd been keeping in.



"What happened Theo? Talk to me here dude."

Theo doesn't want to.

How can he talk about the fact that Technoblade telling an enderdamned *story* is what set him off? That a single name bore so much weight for him? That the very sound of ~~his brother~~ *Technoblade* saying the name *Theseus* was cause a tsunami of- of *chaotic thoughts* in his head? Breaking apart his composure and leading him to involuntarily attack Tubbo? That he felt guilt for attacking the teenager when he shouldn't because he's attacked Toby plenty of times before? That the guilt he felt wasn't anything new and that his mind was on the precipice of instability and only held together by the firm thread of an enchanted static that kept him grounded but was part of the reason why he was unraveling at the seams?

How could he talk about *any of it* on his own when he's been keeping it deep down and brushing it aside for more important things.

He can't really brush *this* aside, they won't let him no doubt.

Still, he needs to make a few things clear.

"I... didn't exactly mean to attack Tubbo." Theo says carefully, glancing over to Sapnap, leaning forwards slightly towards the lava. "Didn't even know it was him until-" He almost chopped Tubbo's second life away. His axe was powerful, an unarmored and unprepared hit to the head would've easily killed him. It sets a sick sensation in his stomach at the thought, "Technoblade got me off him."

"You didn't-" Sapnap seemed to be lost for words for a moment, mouth covered by his hand as he looked at Theo thoughtfully with furrowed brows. "... What set you off Theo?"

Theo nearly jolted in place at his question, shoulders tensing and his fingers clutching the knees of his pants. "I-" He took in a deep breath, telling himself that he shouldn't really be surprised at the question. He remembers Sapnap and George dealing with Dream's dissociation, and how Sapnap had corralled Dream out of the room back then. "... I don't have good memories with the story Technoblade told." Theo mumbled very reluctantly but also quietly, though he had to be loud enough that Sapnap could actually hear him.

"The story Techno- you mean These-*oh*." Sapnap cut himself off, inhaling shortly as he finally remembered *why* the name Theseus seemed so familiar to him.

*"He called me Theseus, told me to die like a hero and gave me up. My family didn't give two shits about me when I was just a bit older than your Tommy's age, why give a shit about me now that I'm an adult?" Theo questioned harshly with clenched fists and something wet dripping off his chin from underneath the mask.*

"Fuck." He'd *forgotten* that tidbit.

However, he hadn't exactly known Technoblade would be telling *that* story nor that would it trigger Theo to the point of reacting violently to whoever was nearby.

"*Sapnap. Theo.*"

They both tensed at the familiar, gruff voice that echoed in the cave. It sounded distant, somewhat close by.

Theo immediately stood up, grabbing his pickaxe from his inventory and he turned away from the lava pool with much reluctance but growing determination and anticipation, he started digging into the wall nearby. "Theo? Theo? *Theo what are you doing?*" Sapnap asked frantically as suddenly Theo was digging- he didn't seem to be running away though. He was only digging a big hole in the wall as well as a couple of blocks down.

"I'm- I'm digging a pit." Theo answered stiffly, quickly creating a pit- it was bigger than the one he and Techno had fought before. More space for actual combat, Theo could maneuver around it easily. "I told him we'd fight in a pit remember? He must be coming to do that."

He was ready.

He could do this.

He could totally beat Technoblade.

He was Dream's protege, he was *not* going to let Dream's teachings be wasted.

One on one, no weapons, no armor.

Just brutal fists and-

*Blood staining the stone and knuckles, iron in his mouth, in his nose. Bruises littering his skin and bones broken underneath muscle and flesh.*

"I won't lose this time. I won't- I won't. I'm strong, Dream taught me to be strong. I can do this. We fight, shit goes, I win and it stays in the pit. It stays in the pit." Theo mumbled to himself, gripping his pickaxe tightly as he made sure the pit was large enough for two grown men- not one teenager and a hybrid man.

This time, this time he'd win.

The tables were kind of turned though, last time he was fighting for Tubbo. But now, he was only fighting for himself.

Actually, he was fighting for Dream.

And Technoblade would be fighting for Tubbo.

That's-

Sure, that's how things were now.

The static was deceptively calm and the blue on his neck was peaceful.

Theo could do this.

He would-

He- "*Theo!*"

Wilbur?

No, it was Sapnap, standing at the edge of the pit. Looking so very concerned. His br- *Wilbur* wasn't anywhere near them, thousands of blocks away. Wilbur was sane, he wasn't- *things were different*.

Standing in the pit of his own creation, on the opposite side of how things were- things were different but so very the same.

"I'll uh- I'll be right back. Stay right there- don't- I'll go talk to Technoblade."

"I'll wait here in the pit. I'm ready to fight when he is. No armor, no weapons, just fists."

He won't lose this time.

---

Sapnap is *way* over his head.

He is *so way over his head*. George should have come instead, *he* could probably help or do things better!

For as much as he was lamenting right now and almost regretting his decision of coming along, Sapnap knew that complaining and lamenting wasn't going to be of any help at all. Theo was digging a pit and acting so very- Ender, Sapnap couldn't even describe it properly.

Man was traumatized though, so he'll use that.

Theo was *traumatized* and that was an understatement.

He wasn't the only one but Theo's trauma had reared its ugly head the moment Techno said the word '*Theseus*', striking like a viper when Tubbo had noticed and tried to reach out to Theo like the kind teen. And things were going... somewhat well too.

"Technoblade! *Technoblade!*" Sapnap called out, hoping to gain the hybrid's attention. He easily got it as he hears the not-really-human grunts and the footsteps that come his way. "Over here- I need to talk to you ASAP!"

Techno came from the corner, carrying a torch and looking very displeased and disgruntled. "Where is he?" He rumbled, eyes narrowed and lips curled into a pointed frown. "You find him?"

"I did but-" Techno chuffed, his eyes going hard as he gripped the torch a bit tighter. "Good, where is he?"

Sapnap's lips set into a firm line, "Are you going to fight him?" He questioned warily. The last thing he wanted was both Techno and Theo duking it out- and with how Theo was acting...

No, he couldn't let them fight.

"... He offered." Techno admitted, there was some anticipation in his eyes that Sapnap *did not* like. "He told me to dig a pit and fight him."

"Well he dug a pit and he's waiting." Sapnap told him, glaring at him, "You're not going to fight him."

Techno's eyes narrowed at him, "He offered." He pointed out.

"That doesn't mean you have to accept it!" Sapnap snapped at him, "Look- fuck's sake man. The guy had a violent trigger alright? He didn't mean to hurt Tubbo. He's freaking out on his own right now and right now he doesn't fucking need his brother fighting him. Neither do you by the way, what is *up* with you two?"

Techno opened his mouth, about to retort before he seemed to focus on something. "Violent trigger?" He queried, frowning at him.

Sapnap chewed on his tongue a bit before he sighed, "He got triggered when you started telling the Theseus story." Sorry Theo, but it was for the best.

"What? *Why*?"

"I don't know- contrary to thought I *don't* know *everything* about what's going on man. But I know *enough* and I *certainly know* that you and him fighting in a pit? It's only going to make things worse."

Which was something they all wanted to avoid.

---

*Heh.*

*Where...*

*Hehehe-*

*Who...*

*Hehehehaha-*

*I can't...*

*HAHAHAHAHA-*

...

*Oh this is going to be PERFECT.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

:D we love to see the fanart!

[by SparksOwO](#)

snrrk sapnap #1 theo apologist XD

[by Key\\_Off](#)

it's fine if English isn't your native language! still amazing art nonetheless!!

[by rena-draws](#)

RACooninnit BUT IT'S THEO. THAT'S AMAZING. HAHAAH LOOK AT SAPNAP XD TUMBLR USER ROMANTICASSBITCH YOUR BRAIN IS TRULY MASSIVE AND BIG HOLY CRAP

[by rena-draws](#)

hueheue- sapnap you shouldn't call theo cute he will fuck you up XDD

[by behemo-levia](#)

ASJHFD DREAM IS SO FUCKING TIRED

[by lord-of-doodle](#)

when ppl doodle Rewind i just- asdfhaif s e r o t o n i n

[by acrittie](#)

asdadn LONG HAired BRAIDED THEO! also i love the blue arms that is the enchantment?? i think they're absolutely pog.

[by firefox198](#)

ehehe more theo :)

I HAVE DECIDED.

i will have break days!

after writing a chapter, i will take one day break! and the next day i will write then update!

that should be my update schedule. i rest a day then a write a day, because writing everyday is amazing but i know i'll be crashing if i continue trying to do that. at any rate though, HOLY FUCK WE'RE AT 200K WORDS AND WE ARE PAST 50 CHAPTERS OH MY GOD THIS IS NOT HOW I THOUGHT THINGS WOULD GOOO

i'm not complaining though it's been an interesting ride with all of you guys! constructing and writing this story is the highlight of my life at the moment so no regrets! :D

also can i just say hi to the tumblr guys here? i go through the tags of #dsmp rewind and lately #rewind dream smp and all that and i'm baffled?? at the posts??? that involve??? my story and me??? hello :D i may or may not drop in to say hi sometimes if my impulse says so (always as anonymous of course) and be a cryptid mess because, why not?

anyway, this is LATE I KNOW

but i wanted to update today because i had the day off yesterday in an effort to kickstart my new schedule.

also this chapter was hard to think of again because; emotions, how do.

trying to think on how fictional characters react and interact with each other is *hard*.

especially when there's trauma and angst in the air.

i also put in the tag of 'slowburn' now because this is what this fic is.

a slowburn Friends to Enemies back to Friends fic. that's what this story was supposed to be, spiced with time travel and eggpocalypse.

i hope you guys enjoyed! see you the day after tomorrow! i'll enjoy my day off quite nicely :)

# Fragments

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*Dream hummed lightly to himself, despite his green eyes trailing word after word within the book he had in his hands, he'd long lost stopped reading after a certain paragraph. His mind hazily and lazily going from one thought to another. For all it looked like he was focused on the old book on his lap, he was actually spacing out.*

*Things felt strange, Dream noted to himself faintly without a hint of confusion. He felt both self-aware but also not. It was a strange sensation, was he having a lucid dream? Or was he day-dreaming. Or perhaps he's just tired and he's simply trailed off into a ludicrous territory of his own mind- it was hard to tell with how relaxed he was feeling.*

*He blinks slightly as his body moves, it's strange as he doesn't think of moving- if anything he felt like just staying still, but his body moves and he watches and feels his arm idly taking a splash fire resistance potion from his inventory to throw into the small lava pool besides him.*

*It's then that Dream idly realizes that he was leaning against a woolen wall placed right before the edge of the broken End Portal, and that below him within the six by six pool of lava was Theo. Asleep and floating, nearly submerged by the slowly shifting hot liquid.*

*He looked peaceful, sleeping within the pool- even with the loud shattering splash of the fire resistance potions, the blond man didn't budge. Staying asleep with a small smile on his scarred face. Dream's lips twitched into a small smile, happy to see him in such a way. Relaxed and unguarded, lava always seemed to soothe Tommy and comfort him in ways that Dream couldn't. A genuine shame but he couldn't exactly do anything about it aside from throwing potions at Tommy while he slept in his favorite room within the whole Stronghold.*

*His protege definitely earned it for what he's done lately, a reward for his good behavior and exceptional actions.*

*Suddenly, Dream frowned and paused.*

*No, Tommy could relax in lava if he wanted. He didn't need Dream's approval or permission to sleep within what was obviously comforting him.*

*"Dream?"*

*He blinked, vision blurring slightly before it cleared just a little bit. "Yeah Toms?" He replied, frowning as he rubbed his throat slightly, was it just him or was his voice raspy sounding? Ugh, and why was his left side feeling so shitty all of a sudden?*

*"Are you okay? You feeling alright big man?" Tommy asked with clear worried concern, standing by him and carrying a book that he'd ask him to get. Dream blinked again, feeling*

*bewildered as he felt the chair behind him instead of the woolen wall, a table was before him, stacked with books. The one book he had on his lap was gone- was he in the Library?*

*Dream opened his mouth to reply only to choke as he felt something squirm underneath his skin, right at his shoulder, up his neck- his left eye itched horribly and his body felt so much shittier than it did before. His mouth shut for a moment before he opened it again, "I'm fine." He lied to Tommy, smiling slightly at the blond who didn't look like he believed him at all. "No seriously Tommy, I'm good. Don't worry about me, how's your side?" What was he talking about?*

*Tommy held a hand to his side, the one where the branching scar was, his protege winced but gave him a similar small smile. "Better. I- It still hurts like fuck but, it's obviously not as bad as..." He trailed off, staring at Dream's left side with a look of intense regret and sorrow. "I'm sorry Dream." He mumbled, looking so upset.*

*Dream instinctively went to touch his left shoulder, breath hitching at what felt like lumps underneath his hoodie. His fingers trailed up his neck, horror spreading around in his head at the way it all felt connected. Roots, a part of his mind supplied and he thinks of Eret, thrashing weakly and crying out as Theo carefully cut out the squirming red flower out of their hand. Bile came to his throat and terror spread through his mind.*

*But not his body.*

*He wants to scream, wants to gasp and tear at the sick sensation of red roots moving underneath his skin, digging into his body and planting itself in his veins, bones, muscles- on his shoulder, up his neck, to his head and torso, spreading slowly.*

*Something whispers insistently in the back of his mind but he can't hear it as he watches himself try and reassure Tommy. "Don't Tommy," His mouth says despite Dream's ragged attempts of panicked screaming. "It's fine." His body moves again without his actual say and Dream finds himself hugging Tommy, the younger man hugging back instantly but carefully, trying not to touch Dream's shoulder.*

*The pain intensifies anyway even without Tommy touching anything and Dream can only vent out his pain in his head as his body pats Tommy's shoulder reassuringly, "I told you Tommy, it's fine. I saved you because I wanted to, so don't apologize for that. I was already infected anyway, the Egg won't take me though. And it won't take you." Dream's fingers dug into Tommy's shoulder and the blond barely flinched, "You're mine. You aren't dying on me, you aren't leaving me. You're not allowed to. It's an order. You will stay with me until the very end."*

*Confusion, horror, terror- those were the main emotions that Dream felt as suddenly Dream was surrounded by red. It felt like he'd been shoved back in a way, and he was suddenly facing a red-faced monster made of scarlet vines, crimson flowers and a sickeningly sweet voice.*

*you want power don't you? let me give it to you, stop being so stubborn dream. you and tommy can be so much happier on my side.*



*"Mine. He's mine, you don't get to have him." Dream snarled back, grassy and poisonous eyes glaring at the monster within the darkness. "You don't get me either parasite- you won't give me power, you'll take it! Never. Never never never never! Mine! All mine! You took my SMP from me! Almost everything I had- you won't get him, he's MINE!"*

*Dream's leafy green eyes sharpened as he glared at the monster as well, though his eyes glanced between them both. "My friends. My home- you won't take Tommy! I'll protect him, I'll make sure you'll never have him! And when I'm gone, he'll be fine and free! He will never be yours! Never be anyone else's!" He exclaimed much to Dream's annoyance, but he doesn't dare say otherwise- solidarity, that's what they needed against this damnable parasite.*

*Dream watched them with conflicting emotions, arms hugging himself as he tries to process what was going on.*

*Three Dreams stood in a single space, accompanied by a monster in crimson.*

*are you sure about that?*

*They all turn to Dream who would jump if he could at the intense gazes he got.*

*He's mine! Use him! He's done so good for me, keep him. I trained him to be strong, obedient, he'll never leave no matter. Use him and get rid of anything that stands in my way. Dream tells him, a possessive and dark look on his face.*

*Help him, free him. I've been horrible to him, he doesn't deserve this. He never did. He was just a kid, he needs help. He's not a tool, not a weapon, he's just Tommy. Dream begs him, regret and hope painted over his face.*

*you've killed me once. The monster notes, the flowers blooming on its skin with blood and ichor dripping down the petals and vines. not again.*

*"Theo doesn't belong to anyone !" Dream shouts, finally able to say his own words. He's terrified, he has no idea what's going on but he does agree with one thing. And that's with himself. Dream's face darkens and he seethes while Dream brightened and smiled in happiness and relief.*

*You've become weak! Theo belongs to us and you're throwing him away?! Dream growls, low and malicious, his eyes switching shades rapidly.*

*Thank you. Dream whispers, closing his eyes and smiling softly. Thank you.*

*The monster is silent, it's fading but there's a sinister smile on its face.*

*The space shakes and Dream's poisonous eyes fade into grass and he gave Dream a disapproving look, his eyes were clear grass, a **bead** of poisonous green drips down his face like a tear and drops into the void of their space, disappearing just like the monster. You're wasting an asset.*

*Dream swats his shoulder, he looks relieved though, Theo is a person, not an asset. He's our friend.*

"Dream?"

*An old familiar voice rasps around them. "Dream. Legacy of the Twin Admins Dreamohne and Dreamexde, your fate truly has become favorable in the eyes of the Blood God. It has been voiced."*

*He scowled, his grassy eyes taking a new shine, OUR friend. Still ours. Good enough.*

"Dreeaam?"

*Dream feels strangely lighter, like some unforeseen weight was finally lifted from his back as he sees the two Dreams bicker. There was no malice, no monster, no poison. Just a feeling of relief.*

***SLAM! "DREAM!"***

Jolting from where he had fell asleep and awoken by the slam of a heavy book and the shout of his name, Dream yelped as his knees collided hard against the table causing him to collapse back on the surface with a pained groan. He huffed and gave George a tired glare when he heard the man snorted slightly at his unfortunate pain. "Dammit George." He complained, rubbing his knees as the pain lingered then gradually faded.

"You weren't waking up," George told him, his humor quickly turning into concern as he looked at him. "Spent ten minutes trying to wake you up... What happened this time Dream? Anything change?" He asked, leaning against the table with his arms crossed.

Dream frowned, a sluggish sigh escaping him as he straightened and stretched against the familiar Library chair. He paused as he looks up at the ceiling, hadn't he dreamt that he'd been in almost this exact chair? A shiver crawled up his spine and he couldn't help but check his shoulder- no lumps. No roots. No anything. "A lot George." He finally answered with a sigh of relief as he found nothing underneath his skin.

"A lot."

A few days after Theo had left with Sapnap, Technoblade and Tubbo. Dream had started to have these weird dreams.

They had been sporadic, random. But every time he had those dreams, he had slept harder than he had ever before and it was difficult to wake him up. Bad had shaken the unconscious man before and Dream had barely twitched and only woke up groggily a few minutes later with lingering memories of what he had dreamt.

Strange near hazy scenarios of Dream in the Stronghold with different decorations around with Theo by his side but he almost always called him Tommy and the blond had looked slightly younger in his memories and Dream felt just a bit older, he dreamt of exploring a dangerous but vast red biome that wasn't the Nether. The dreams always seemed off and always ended with Dream facing two versions of himself.

It certainly garnered concern quickly as Skeppy theorized that maybe it had something to do with the bond that Dream had with Theo which became obvious that *yes*, it *definitely* had something to do with the bond.

Dream was somehow dreaming of his alternate future's memories.

"I saw Theo sleeping in the lava pool at the End Portal room, it wasn't too bad at first." Dream started, rubbing his face as George went to sit down besides him. "Then it changed to us being here, in the Library but I... was infected, again." He shivered, glad that it hadn't been the late stage of infection- dreaming about the flower blooming from his eye socket was pretty much nightmare fuel. The phantom pain haunted him and he really hated the Egg and the Crimson even more now and he felt so relieved at the fact it was dead. He had killed the Egg, it wasn't going to come back.

~~*not again.*~~

Dream shook his head, feeling like he'd forgotten something- which he probably had. He didn't retain perfect memory of it all, some parts he could remember vividly because of the impact it had when he was asleep, phantom sensations would linger much to his dismay. Right now, he was already losing parts of it as he tried to remember. "I think I talked to uh, 'Friend' Dream and 'Owner' Dream again... But this time I actually got to talk back." He hadn't been able to do that before.

George's brows raised at that, "You did? What'd you say? Did they say anything different or was it the same thing as last time?"

"... *Fuck I can't remember.*" Dream groaned, dropping his head against the table with a loud *thunk*. "I- *uggh*- I can't remember what I *exactly* said but... I think I agreed with Friend Dream? Me?" That was good at least, right? "Something else happened, I can't fucking remember it though." The thought was fleeting, out of his reach and he knows he wouldn't be able to even recall it.

"Your memory sucks Dream."

Dream gave him an indignant and accusatory look, "Hey, *you* try to remember your alternate self's future memories by dreaming! When you actually do that, *then* you can mock my memory." He retorted, rubbing his sore forehead as he sat back straight against his chair.

"Okay, okay... Still, at least you agreed with your friendly fragment instead of the asshole one." George pointed out to him, watching stretch once more.

Dream groaned, shoving his chair back so he could stand and stretch his legs. He really needs to stop falling asleep on chairs and actually head to bed once he felt tired, the Library wasn't the best place for sleep, especially with how cluttered it was right now. Papers, books, ink and quills were strewn all over the tables, a couple of stray paper balls were littered here and there on the floor. It wasn't the messiest he's made of the Library but it was still a mess.

"I wish things were easier and back to normal." Dream complained, pressing his palms against his eyelids the point he could see stars, "No fragments, no time travel, apocalyptic

eggs-"

"Obsessing over two plastic discs, instigating a war between two nations, traumatizing more teenagers who were already traumatized." George listed off dryly, deadpanning at the glare that Dream gave him. "Stop whining Dream, we both know that this is the better outcome- at least we have a shot to make things better. You're already seeing what happens if we don't."

The green-eyed man scowled but closed his eyes and gave a tired sigh. "I know, I know... It's just- it's so *much* and I have no idea what the fuck I'm going to do George. I mean, in the past two weeks I've given Tommy back his discs, I've made a peace treaty with L'Manberg, and right now I'm researching on enchanted tattoos and how they work *while* dreaming from time to time about alternate future dead me where I was a broken maniac who enforced enchanted Stockholm syndrome on the future version blond kid who I killed two times beforehand who then became a broken time traveling soldier who will bend to my every whim whether he wants to or not." He's already had his breakdown, way back when they all realized he was seeing the memories of Theo's Dream- he had panicked so hard and had felt so very guilty when he managed to remember the possessive way Dream had thought about Theo and the times he referred the man as a 'tool' and 'weapon'.

George managed to anchor and reign him in thankfully.

But he still felt like shit and guilty over it.

It wasn't all bad sometimes, like the couple of memories he'd seen of Theo and his Dream were actually pretty nice and as far as he could tell, that Dream- Friend Dream at least- really cared for Theo. Which was good at least.

Having the distant, hazy memories of a dead man -even if that man was an alternate version of you- wasn't exactly something Dream was expecting this year alongside the craziness that's already been happening.

George finally gifts him a look of sympathy, standing up to pat Dream's shoulder. "Well we're working on that. You're not alone on this Dream, you'll be fine. All else fails, we'll consult Theo and the Priest for a way. For now, we figure out how to break that enchantment on Theo. We've made some good progress." He motioned to the papers sprawled over the table as well as the important couple of books that Theo had mentioned.

They had finally managed to find them among the pile of old books from the Stronghold's original library that Dream had put away for storage and future research. It had taken a while, but with the shared efforts of Bad, Skeppy, George and Dream, they had managed to find it.

Of course the real challenge was to try and figure out how to get from point A to point Z. Point A was deciphering and translating the books into something they could all read and understand, and then Point Z being the end goal of breaking Theo's enchantment.

Currently? Dream had no idea what point they were on, it's only been two weeks since they'd started and since Theo left. They were making progress of course, probably faster than Theo's Dream had ever did since he'd only been one person while they were working together as a group, but Dream still felt a bit unsatisfied with their progress.

At least however, they were on the right track.

Dream sighed, giving George a faint smile and a nod of agreement. "Yeah. Yeah we did."

Feeling better, Dream and George went to tidy the Library a bit before Bad and Skeppy could come to help them again.

There was progress, they were slowly but surely getting there.

It was only a matter of time.

---

***Drip.***

*What's this now?*

...

*... Ooh, now THAT makes things even MORE EXCITING! HAH! I should hurry things up, I haven't had this much fun in ages!*

-?

*Whoops, time to go!*

-!

*His eyes closed, pain blooming in his head until-*

*NO!*

*HEHEHAHAHAH! BYE!*

---

*"...anbo..? Wh.."*

He moaned, his mind and body throbbed in pain. He forced his eyes to try and open- succeeding only slightly and even then, he was instantly blinded by bright light. The light made him hiss and groan. "-ello? Ran-" His ears were ringing and he could only hear a few things.

Through his extremely blurry vision, he could see two silhouettes reaching out for him.

If he wasn't so out of it and in intense, mind-numbing pain. He'd probably try to retaliate but he could barely move his body, and his mind felt like a scrambled egg. He had no idea what was going on or what even happened.

He faintly felt two pairs of hands lifting him up, his arms looping on two different shoulders.

He strains to tilt his head, to see the owner of one of the shoulders, he sees a familiar face before he blacks out entirely.

*Quackity?*

*Hm, disappointing but I can wait a bit longer I suppose.* A voice whispers in the back of his head, he doesn't notice and slips back into unconsciousness.

---

## Chapter End Notes

:))

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

ehehehe theo and dream again! but fancier this time!! <3

[by SpawrksOwO](#)

W H E E Z E- that- i- i have no words.

ALSO!

Rewind now has a translation in Polish! [by Klaudiusz](#)

it's been a while since we've last actually seen dream, george, bad and skeppy! so i decided to prolong the inevitable and switch to them but also give you a little something that'll definitely be important in the future :)

and honestly i needed more time to actually formulate and plan out on what's going to go down between theo and techno.

so this is what's been happening on the dream team side of things. as well as something else. you have no idea how excited i am when i'll finally get to that. eventually. hopefully.

at any rate, i hope you enjoyed the chapter!

next chapter i'll be switching back to Wishes and Family! maybe! i'm actually not sure if i want to switch back after next chapter, so it'll either be next chapter or the chapter after. things are getting pretty heated between both stories and i'm not sure which one to focus on ;u;

# In The Pit

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Piglins had a natural inclination to violence and fighting.

It was in their blood, their history, their culture- every piglin, even the smallest runt, had the tiniest sliver of lust for battle. It was just how they were, how they were created and evolved into by their beloved and reverent god. The Blood God, whose true name was cast aside, abandoned and forgotten after ascending into godhood.

To challenge a Piglin was to invoke their instinct for combat.

Of course, not every challenge will trigger the instinct and craving for conflict. It has to seem like an actual challenge, their opponent has to be strong and seem worthy of their time- or else the Piglin will reject it unless circumstances says otherwise.

As a half-piglin, Technoblade has that instinct and it triggered when Theo challenged him to fight him in a pit.

Theo was strong, that was clear. He was powerful and Techno would be lying if he didn't have an itching urge to fight against the blond man, he's fought against Toby a couple of times by now and he's heard plenty about Theo from him.

Techno would have accepted on the spot, his piglin-side demanding a fight alongside a sizable amount of support from Chat. The bloodthirsty voices that have been on edge ever since the tattoo was revealed on Theo, on *his kin*. A travesty that shouldn't be. Theo might not consider them brothers but that didn't mean Techno didn't care. He felt angry, and his bloodlust and anger have been toeing the line of his restraint for a while now and he hasn't found an outlet for it.

Until now.

Theo had attacked *Tubbo*.

Someone who Techno has come to consider *close* to a kin- he was Tommy's best friend. The younger version of his future student and warrior kin, he had *potential* to reach Toby's level of combat. *Techno's level* as well, he was a good kid who's been trying his best to help connect and get closer to the man who should be his brother.

And that man *attacked* him.

His restraint thinned to a fine point when he had Theo pinned against the wall, Chat whispering and demanding in his head for retribution- most of them at least.

*HOW DARE HE! oh my ender he attacked tubbo! BLOOD BLOOD GET HIS BLOOD HE MUST BLEED. calm down!! this isn't good this is SO NOT GOOD! he didn't mean to attack tubbo did he? WHO CARES HE STILL DID IT! theo shouldn't have done that! CALM DOWN! I get that Theo is a victim here but that doesn't justify his uncalled attack on Tubbo. GET HIM GET HIM GET HIM! no nono no no no this bad oh ender no. ...*

"Fight me Technoblade. Dig a pit, and fight me." His restraint nearly snapped at that.

*HE CHALLENGED US! OHOHOHO HE'S GONNA REGRET THAT! BEAT HIM DOWN. BEAT HIM DOWN! he sounds off though... KICK HIS ASS! MAKE HIM BLEED! that sounds kind of familiar for some reason. THEO YOU'RE INSANE, I LIKE IT! This isn't gonna end well will it? FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT! calm. down.*

It's only because of Sapnap and the Elder voice that he doesn't accept the offered challenge right away even though his instinctive urge wanted him to agree to the damn thing. Tubbo was hurt, he needed to help, he couldn't lose control right now.

There's an uncomfortable feeling inside his stomach as well, underneath the anger and the battle hunger.

Fighting Theo would be a thrill, a challenge, and a way to vent out the anger that's built up ever since the enchantment was revealed.

But something about the offer *did* tick Techno off for some unfathomable reason.

It lingers as he soaks bandages with healing potions, cleans and stops Tubbo's bleeding wound from bleeding further. As he wraps the bandages around Tubbo's arm, Sapnap notices that Theo had gone deeper into the tunnel and runs off to find him, ignoring Techno and Foolish's protests and attempts to keep him there. Of course Sapnap would go after Theo, but after what happened, Techno doesn't exactly trust Theo not to attack him either.

He might not, he seems to genuinely like Sapnap but...

Techno puts Tubbo on the bed and goes after them both, trying to find where the hell the two of them went off.

It's frustrating because they don't leave any torches and Techno gets intercepted by a few unfortunate zombies. He vents of them a bit, it both helps just a little bit and not at all. Techno craves for actual combat, there's an itch underneath his skin and he needs to either murder a ton of mobs or actually fight Theo.

The latter sounds like a great idea to Techno's piglin-half right now while his human-half is mostly against it.

He ponders it as he searches for Theo and Sapnap.

Chat, as usual, does not help his decisions as they battle in his head and just give him a headache that is slowly but dangerously turning into a migraine.

He finds Sapnap after a while, or rather the man finds him.



Sapnap found Theo, and instantly Techno thinks about the fight.

"Good, where is he?"

Sapnap's lips set into a firm line, "Are you going to fight him?" He questioned with a wary look on his face.

"... He offered." Techno admitted, unable to keep the all anticipation from showing. It was an offer and a challenge, his piglin-side and battle lust hungered for conflict and violence. He might just take it and as sympathetic as Techno was to Theo, he feels like he needs to be taken down a peg or two. "He told me to dig a pit and fight him."

"Well he dug a pit and he's waiting." Sapnap told him, glaring at him, "You're not going to fight him."

Techno's eyes narrowed at him. Now he considered Sapnap as an amicable acquaintance, he knows the man is strong in his own right- he's Dream's friend and he's heard of a few of his accomplishments, plus over the two weeks they've been together on the mission, he's been an alright guy and Techno didn't mind him as much as he thought he would. But he wasn't close enough to Techno to even *try* and tell him what to do. "He offered." He pointed out stiffly, almost sneering but holding back.

"That doesn't mean you have to accept it!" Sapnap snapped at him, making him scowl as the other continued. "Look- fuck's sake man. The guy had a violent trigger alright? He didn't mean to hurt Tubbo. He's freaking out on his own right now and right now he doesn't fucking need his brother fighting him. Neither do you by the way, what is *up* with you two?"

Techno opened his mouth, about to retort only to find himself honing on on one specific thing that Sapnap said. "Violent trigger?" He did think that something had happened to make Theo lash out like that, but violent trigger? As in a PTSD trigger? What the hell could have set him off to attack Tubbo seemingly out of nowhere?

Sapnap looked reluctant for a moment before he sighed and finally told him, "He got triggered when you started telling the Theseus story." Techno's furrowed brows rose and he gave him an incredulous look.

"What? *Why*?" A *story*? That's what set him off? The story of a legend he'd been telling to them all? A story that Theo had prompted to tell because Foolish had wanted one more story before bed.

"I don't know- contrary to thought I *don't* know *everything* about what's going on man. But I know *enough* and I *certainly* know that you and him fighting in a pit? It's only going to make things worse." Sapnap says, arms crossed tightly against his chest.

Techno exhaled deeply, thinking to himself. He finds it incredulous that a mere *story* managed to set Theo off, it certainly wasn't the trigger he'd ever expect from someone like him. Of course, with that incredulousness he was feeling, it was soon accompanied by guilt. It's small but it's there and he can't help but argue on the fact he hadn't known that the story would make Theo react like that. It was unintentional.

The marble of guilt insistently stayed lodged in his head.

Still, things couldn't be let off as they were.

"Take me to Theo."

Sapnap gives him a firm look, "You're *not* going to fight him."

Techno's lips pursed, "I will *attempt* not to fight him, I'll try to talk to him but it was already established. He offered a fight, and he's waiting for one." The new knowledge does decrease his calling for combat and blood, but the urge is still there. Underneath his skin, in his head, half of Chat still wanted retribution and his piglin-side would not back down so easily.

Techno liked to think he had a good handle over his instincts and urges, the inhuman part of him was something he could control *most* of the time. But it was still a struggle to keep his restraint in tact.

He would talk to Theo and attempt to de-escalate the situation, honestly he doesn't feel that alright with fighting his alternate future younger brother when he'd just gone through a violent PTSD attack- that doesn't sit well with him, even if Theo has been such an asshole so far. Techno is sympathetic and of course he wants to help, but Theo had been and was making things *so difficult*.

...

Technoblade will admit, that he probably wasn't helping.

He'd wanted to change that this mission, and he *still* does. Theo was still his kin, his *brother*, there won't be a time where he doesn't actually want to help.

However, if it was a fight that Theo truly wanted, then who was Techno to deny that?

---

Theo keeps his breathing steady. Listening closely to his surroundings as he sat against the wall of the newly dug pit he'd made.

He can hear them.

Footsteps.

Two pairs, one heavier than the other.

It was quiet and there weren't any sounds of hostile mobs so it wasn't a zombie or a skeleton or ender-forbid a *creeper*; Sapnap and Technoblade were coming.

Anticipation and dread laced his veins, but he's trying to push the dread down. Shove it aside because he asked for this, he *told* Technoblade and they were going to fight in the pit.

The possibility of Techno possibly rejecting and *not* fighting doesn't even cross his mind.

Theo stands up as he sees them both at the edge of the pit, he ignores the fact he'd been somewhat expecting Wilbur to show up-*Wilbur wasn't there, it was in the past, everything was **fine***- and looks straight at Technoblade. His face set into a pale but determined scowl, hidden thankfully behind his mask. It helped remind him that things had *changed*.

He wasn't Tommy.

This wasn't Pogtopia.

*He* hurt Tubbo this time and he was *going to win*.

"No armor, no weapons, just hand-to-hand combat. We settle this with our fists." Theo spoke, leaning against the wall, mentally preparing himself- he's echoing words that Techno and Wilbur had once told him. In a smaller pit in the past. It makes him sick, but it's something he'll abide by right now.

He could do this.

He *could*.

If-*when* he wins. It means he's over it.

Over everything.

Over *him*.

Theo would be over the memories, the feelings, the ender-damned trauma- it had to mean that.

"Everything that happens, win or lose, it stays in the pit. Tubbo's injury, the enchantment tattoo, Dream's Fragmentation. *It stays in the pit*."

Technoblade frowns, eyeing him cautiously. "Are you sure about that? Talking is still on the table."

"It really isn't- you think I haven't noticed you going against the mobs harder than usual? You fucking *toyed* with the zombies and skeletons from yesterday. You're pent up, frustrated. You've been pissed at me and Dream for a while now and you can't vent out your anger the way you want to." Theo replied icily, watching the way Techno's face hardened when he pointed it out. "Talking isn't on the table Technoblade. I've already made the fucking pit, the least you could do is jump down here and fight me like a enderdamned man."

"You're pissed, I'm pissed, we fight and shit gets settled."

Theo's breath hitches as Technoblade's armor disappears from his person, put away into his inventory. The hybrid even puts away his crown and cape, a frown still adorning his face as he jumped down the two-block pit. "*Technoblade what the fuck are you doing*." Sapnap hissed, about to jump in after them.

"Stay right up there Sapnap." Theo tells him but his eyes are still trained on the piglin hybrid before him. "This is between me and Technoblade."

"It isn't!" Sapnap insisted, but stops when Techno turns to face him. "I thought you said you were going to try and not fight him!"

"I said I'd attempt to talk to him, but you should stay up there Sapnap. Things might get ugly and he's sort of right."

Theo scowls and repeated, "*Sort of?*"

"*Techno-*" The hybrid interrupts him, "*Trust me* Sapnap. Stay out of this."

At least Techno has *sense*, Theo will give him that. Sapnap didn't have anything to do with what was happening, and he didn't have anything to worry about. Theo would win, this would get put behind them and they'd move on with their lives.

"I just have a couple of things to ask, Theo, before things start up." Techno says, turning back to Theo with a look of piercing curiosity that makes Theo stiffen on the spot. "Why did my story trigger you? And why the pit?"

His mouth felt dry and he gives Sapnap an accusing glance that the man seems to know he has as he gives Theo an apologetic look in return. Sapnap mouth at him, 'Sorry Theo but I had to tell him.' Theo snorted derisively, no. No he really didn't. Still, he gives Technoblade an answer. "None of your fucking business is why for one." He starts off, flipping Techno off with one hand.

Techno mutters something underneath his breath and Theo can't help but smirk, though it drops as he continues, "And two, I got the pit idea from you and Wilbur."

Theo can't help the sneer on his face when he sees the shocked look on both Techno and Sapnap's face. "I'm going to assume that you know how Toby got his scars right Technoblade? He got them from you." For a moment, he's just a bit shocked to see the guilt that appears on the hybrid's face, but just as it appeared, it was gone soon enough that Theo moves on with gritted teeth. "You were a shit man before you become Toby's mentor and *Wilbur* was one sick in the head motherfucker when he was alive, instigating me into taking revenge for Tubbo against you. He dug a pit and proposed a fight." Tilting his head at Techno, baring his teeth at the man even if he couldn't see it because of the mask. "You *agreed* and you beat the ever loving shit out of me."

"Not this time though, I'm not the scrawny little fuck that's living back in L'Manberg." He's not Tommy, he's gotten so much stronger, he could *win*.

Techno's face twists and something in Theo *cracks* at the wide-eyed look on the hybrid's face. The look of disgruntled and slight *horror*- *why* does he have that look? *Why does he look like that?*

Technoblade had no problems fighting him in Pogtopia. He had *no* problems fighting *tiny fucking Tommy* in a *pit*- he never said sorry, he never did *anything* about that shit, never

voiced concerns so *why* does Technoblade look at him like *that*?

Theo was strong, Tommy was weak. Technoblade shouldn't look at him like that. What was different, why did he seem to care *now*?

There's hesitance in his voice, he's *pausing* and he sounds *incredulous*, though it seemed like he'd figured something out. "You want to reenact the fight, you want to actually win this time."

He knows that, that *is* actually what he wants. ~~Isn't it? He feels sick to his stomach, he wants to dive into lava and sleep, get away and fucking rest=~~

So why does it sting and make Theo crack just a little bit more? ~~He knows why, he's fucking terrified. He wants to go back to Dream and stop thinking on his own=~~

Doesn't matter, they were doing this. "I *am* winning this time *bitch*." He snarled, having *enough*- Techno's eyes widened further as Theo shot forward towards him, making the first move.

He wouldn't let Techno say another word, or say *anything* about rejecting the fight.

They were fighting, *end of story*.

Theo was going to *win*.

~~Or maybe he would lose again, that might be fine. It's what he deserves after all.~~

---

"*HEY!*" Sapnap yells, gripping the stone wall beside him as Theo was suddenly charging Techno, only stopping briefly to cock his fist and try to punch the hybrid.

Techno was quick to react, dodging away from the punch as well as the secondary punch that came afterwards. Theo doesn't stop, he follows after Techno as the hybrid tried to move away from the blond, redirecting his punches and jabs and avoiding the low kicks to his legs.

Sapnap was just about to jump in, about to interfere with the fight- this was *exactly* what he'd been wanting to avoid!

Only- "*Trust me* Sapnap. *Stay out of this.*"

Sapnap grits his teeth, something in his gut tells him to wait. To stay back from the fight, to *watch*, he doesn't like it one bit but that along with Techno's words and determined, serious eyes that had locked on to his when Techno had turned to look up at him- Sapnap found himself just at the edge of the pit on antsy, tense feet. Watching as Technoblade kept dodging, blocking and redirecting Theo's attacks.

Ender *dammit*, this wasn't what he was hoping to happen- he should have just stopped Technoblade from jumping into the pit. Actually why the fuck was he letting himself sit aside and *watch*? He should be interfering, *he should dammit and yet-*

Hold on.

Clarity hits him as he focuses back on the brawl in the two block deep pit before him.

Technoblade jumps over and avoids the sweeping leg underneath him that Theo tries in an effort to knock him down. The man grunts as he quickly guards himself not long afterwards and manages to block a hard kick that follows afterwards as Theo twists underneath him, using his long legs to his advantage.

Theo quickly pushes against the ground to get back on his feet, fists curled tightly as he punches forward at Techno, trying hard to hit the hybrid who merely defends himself against the blows. Rapid fists slamming into tense arms. Theo feints a kick that Techno almost falls for but ends up smacking away the knee that tried to bury itself in Techno's guts, redirecting Theo's leg away and dodging the attempted headbutt from the masked man.

The time traveler tries to jab him. Techno takes the jab with a heavy grunt.

He tries to grapple him. Techno breaks free and slips away.

Theo tries to punch his head in. Techno protects his head or dodges.

Technoblade wasn't fighting.

All he was doing was defending himself from Theo's intense offense, not even returning the attacks himself. He was trying to keep away from Theo, but avoid getting himself cornered so easily. Theo has managed to hit him a couple of times, but Techno hasn't even tried hitting back once.

Sapnap was surprised as he noticed this, though he wasn't the only one.

*"Fucking FIGHT ME YOU PIG BITCH!"* Theo roared at him as he stood in place after Techno dodged away from him *again*. *"Do not do this to me- do fucking NOT! Fight me, fucking FIGHT ME!"*

Techno's face was stone cold, but there was clear hesitance in his eyes as he eyed the way Theo was shaking. Sapnap would say Theo was shaking in rage, and maybe that *was* it, half of it at least, if it weren't for the way Theo's voice hitched and cracked as he said, *"You didn't fucking care then why the fuck do you care now?!"*

With another roar, Theo threw himself at Techno, screaming. *"You absolute fucking asshole! You killed him, you scarred him, you and Wilbur made me see him DIE! You keep calling me that stupid enderdarned NAME and it fucking STUCK! YOU TRIED TO KILL ME YOU TOLD ME TO DIE AND DESTROYED THE PLACE I CALLED HOME AND YEARS LATER YOU HAVE THE GALL TO TRY AND CALL ME BACK HOME WHEN YOU AND PHILZA WERE THE ONES TO LEAVE FIRST!"* His movement seemed to get faster, more aggressive and violent as Theo tried *hard* to take down the surprised hybrid. Techno actually seemed to be struggling to keep dodging and blocking Theo's attacks as the blond man seemed to go fully all out.

*"I DID NOT SPEND **YEARS** SUFFERING THROUGH BULLSHIT AND TRAINING TO BE STRONGER UNDER DREAM JUST TO BE DISRESPECTED AGAIN IN THIS FUCKING PIT BY YOU NOT FIGHTING ME BECAUSE YOU FINALLY **CARED!!**"*

## **CRACK**

A gasp escaped Sapnap's mouth as he watched Techno and Theo stumble away from each other after Theo had managed to catch Techno by surprise and *slammed* his mask into the side of Techno's face. Techno letting out a pained yell while Theo panted heavily.

Blood dripped from Techno's mouth as Theo's mask cracked heavily, a few sizable pieces falling to the ground. Techno covered his mouth, jaw moving before he turned his head *spat out a tooth*. It clattered slightly on the ground, covered in saliva and blood.

No, it wasn't *just* a tooth.

It was one of Techno's *tusks*.

A large part of it at least.

Techno and Sapnap stared at the broken tusk in stunned disbelief while Theo *laughed* at the sight of it.

Breathless and settling back into a ready stance, Theo's manic grey-blue eye stared right at Techno, peeking through the large crack of his mask. "I *broke your tusk*, and I will *never* say sorry about it. You know what the fucking means *piggy boy*." Techno looked back at him and Sapnap's stomach dropped at the snarl that was on Techno's face. Theo shifted back slightly but ultimately laughed again, body shaking as Techno shifted into a stance that *wasn't* defensive at all.

Technoblade actually looked *pissed* now.

"*You asked for this Theseus*." Techno hissed and Theo *flinched*, his stance wavering ever so slightly.

Theo laughed a third and final time, "I did- I fucking *did*." He sounds slightly hysterical, but his fists clenched and he raised them in defiance.

"*Fucking fight me bitch*."

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## Chapter End Notes

[by rabble-dabble](#)

yeap, the story of theseus does go differently now :)

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

YO THIS IS SO POG! THREE DREAMS AND THE CRIMSON/EGG

[by axethecloud](#)

TIS THEO! and dream's eyes! poison, grass and leaves :)

i just watched quackity's stream??? and i-

i am SHOOKETH

i cannot BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED HOLY FUCK!

expect another shot from my story shelves because i NEED to write something connected to that. later. but right now, i needed to write this chapter down.

admittedly this gave me more trouble than i thought it would.

i thought i wrote myself into a corner here because the interactions between techno and theo haven't exactly... well, you all know. BUT BY SHEER PERSEVERANCE I HAVE PREVAILED

getting into the mindset of either techno and theo was HARD. trying to emulate and make sense of theo's thoughts at this state is- goddamn, i really wrote myself into a corner for a moment there holy crap. i hope i made it all make some sense? i never know with my own writing, i have to wait for everyone else to say something about it.

i was always going to toss techno and theo into a pit, one way or another, they were going to end up in a pit. i didn't know or expect the pathway to this pit, but here we are. i hope i wrote the brawl alright! and i hope you all enjoyed!

i've decided i'll switch to Wishes and Family AFTER another chapter or three, i really can't leave this hanging and i've been drawing it out long enough. i want to continue for a bit more and finish the mess between techno and theo, also i want to get into a few things before i switch, so Rewind will be my focus for a bit.



# Scream And Be Embraced

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Theo had only wanted Techno to fight him seriously. It had made him so angry that Techno wasn't even fighting back whatsoever, making him wonder what the fuck did he do wrong this time. He had dug the pit for a *reason*. Had been expecting a fight so reminiscent but hopefully so different from when he was younger and weaker only to find his opponent seemingly unwilling to fight him when he had done so so eagerly before.

It had unlocked every repressed emotion he had against the man to the point of lashing out recklessly. And in his recklessness, *he broke Techno's tusk*, not only that but he *taunted* Techno afterwards.

All in all, Theo fucked up.

In a whole lot of ways, he fucked up, even before now but currently? *He really fucked up*.

His most recent fuck up was *breaking Techno's tusk* and provoking the no doubt angry hybrid piglin even more by saying he would never apologize for that while he was riding the high of his emotions and feeling so very *wronged by everything that's happened*.

Had Theo been more calm and his mind not a jumbled fucking mess, he probably *would* apologize- he wouldn't stop the fight, fuck no but he'd still apologize nonetheless.

But Theo wasn't calm and his mind *was* a jumbled and scrambled fucking mess of an omelette that he'd pretty much signed the warranty of either his demise or a *very* painful ass kicking.

A piglin's tusk was a somewhat precious thing to them, something about it representing a clear connection to the Blood God or something- Theo didn't pay that much attention to the piglin's history, he just knew more than the average Overworlder did. Having fully grown and well taken care of tusks were also a sign of vanity, strength and wealth. If a piglin could take care of their tusks then they can clearly take care of kin and potential lovers. Not only that, but breaking a tusk was also quite painful, obviously like breaking a tooth.

Of course nearly everyone would get angry or upset over someone breaking their tooth while it was in their mouth and not apologizing. It was just how it was.

But there might be more about tusks that Theo was forgetting or frankly didn't know, however that didn't matter as Techno bared his teeth at him. His once symmetrical line of teeth now slightly offset and a bit more intimidating as blood came from the tusk that Theo had broken with his headbutt.

He hadn't meant to break it but here he was.

"*You asked for this Theseus.*" Techno hissed at him making Theo flinch back in fear, shame quickly filling his stomach along with a renewed sense of rage as Techno used *that fucking name* once more.

Laughing a third and final time, even he himself could hear how the somewhat hysterical tone his laughter had, he raised his fists in defiance as a strained smile curled on his lips. "I did- I fucking *did*." He agreed because *he did*.

He *did* ask for it.

And now he was going to pay for it.

But not in the way Techno was thinking.

He wanted to win. He *was going to win*.

He had to.

Losing wasn't an option he wanted to consciously consider.

Losing meant that he wasn't over it, that he had failed Dream's expectations and teachings as his protege, that he hadn't gotten stronger, that Theo had suffered for nothing to change.

"*Fucking fight me bitch.*" Theo hissed to his ~~brother~~ *opponent*, anticipation and dread mixing in his sore throat. He shouldn't have screamed so much but oh well.

"*DON'T FIGHT HIM FOR FUCK'S SAKE!*" Sappnap exclaims *just* as Techno shoots forward, ignoring Sappnap's exclamation and just focused on Theo.

Despite his slight emotional breakdown in trying to goad Techno into fighting him while screaming his long repressed thoughts and emotions, Theo was able to dodge the hard punch to the gut from the hybrid piglin. Hyper-aware of how strong he actually was- he and Toby were Warriors after all. When it came to brute strength, they unfortunately had the upper hand.

Techno especially with his hybrid heritage.

Gritting his teeth, it was Theo's turn to avoid the incoming attacks from the hybrid. Which was easier said than done after his emotional screaming that had left him panting heavily. He wasn't as fast as he should be as his lungs made it known that it had been a mistake to scream while trying to attack the piglin hybrid.

Nevertheless, Theo had a smaller build compared to Technoblade and Theo *knows* how Techno fights. He's fought against *then* with him and Toby plenty of times before the other died, so despite Techno's swings and the way Theo's sides were starting to burn, Theo managed to dodge and redirect most of his attacks. He tries not to block too much, his arms would end up with either bad bruises or broken bones.

"*Guys seriously! This doesn't need to happen! COME ON!*"

Sapnap's loud but panicked voice was again ignored as Theo wheezed slightly as he ended up backing into the wall, he quickly dropped to his knees to avoid the hand that was aim at his face, Techno's palm smacking hard against the stone wall. Theo didn't waste any time, he escaped from his place trapped against the wall through the gap of Techno's blade's legs, thankful for the lack of cape that would have made his escape more difficult.

Techno turned as quickly as he could to follow Theo however two hands grabbed the cloth of his shirt tightly and *pulled*, surprising the hybrid enough that he was thrown down to the ground. Theo was quick to straddle him, fists aimed at Techno's face.

"*THEO! TECHNO! STOP IT!*"

He can't help but look up at the younger voice that was definitely not Sapnap ~~or Wilbur~~. Tubbo stood at the edge of the pit, arm bandaged and looking horrified at the scene before him, right by him and helping him stay steady was Foolish who watched with wide-eyes and a slightly terrified look on his face.

More pieces broke off from Theo's already fragile immersion, the past clashing with the future as he can't help but think that his Tubbo, Toby, hadn't even tried to stop the fight with him and Techno. That Wilbur had been just egging them on and cheering for their eldest brother and Niki had only protested slightly before looking grim and watching the fight silently with an apologetic look in her eyes as he got his ass handed to him by the man he had once looked up to.

Said man took advantage to his pause and clocked him while he was distracted. Clenched fist colliding against the side of his head, cracking his mask further than it already was and throwing the masked man off of the disgruntled hybrid and to the side.

"*THEO!*"

"Dammit, I didn't mean to hit that hard." Techno cursed, wiping the blood off his lip and propping himself up to his feet. "Are yo-"

"*Don't you dare ask that.*" Theo rasped with a slight snarl as he too, propped himself up, staggering only slightly as he panted heavily, his chest and sides as his head swirled with dizziness and pain, his vision blurs only slightly. He doesn't have a concussion surprisingly enough, Theo's experienced enough to notice that but right now he doesn't care whether he does or not as his mask cracks and crumbles even more and he seethes, both his eyes were exposed now and he openly glared at Technoblade. "*Don't you fucking dare Mr. Violence is the universal language- Don't- I-*"

Don't care about him.

Not *now* of all times.

He can't take it.

It just pisses him off *so much more*.

He's spent *years* thinking about the damned pit, about the withers, about *what he said, about what happened*. Spent *years* thinking of how Techno hadn't cared then *why the fuck would he care now?*

Theo has always thought he didn't, that he *stopped* caring about him. That his once brother had abandoned him like everyone else, everyone except Dream.

From the moment Techno had set Withers in L'Manberg, told him to die like the hero he clearly wasn't- no, from the moment Techno had killed Tubbo and had beaten the shit out of him. The man stopped being his brother and started being The Blade. The fucking Warrior who didn't care about anything but violence and his own damn philosophies and goals.

Comparing *stupid enderdamned stories* to *real life*, labeling Theo with that fucking name.

Technoblade had stopped caring about Tommy. About Theo, and likewise, Theo stopped caring about him when Dream found him in the tundra after he tried to run away a final time from him.

Of course Dream had lied that day in the snow within the tundra biome.

Techno hadn't told Dream where Tommy had been, Dream had followed him from behind and had waited for the perfect time to take him back. Dream had told him that, years later but Theo had so easily believed him because the second part just *had* to be true in his mind. It had to be.

Technoblade didn't care about him.

He didn't care.

*"Tommy..."*

He didn't care.

*"Theseus, come home."*

*He didn't fucking care.*

*"You asked for this **Theseus**."*

There's something obscuring his vision as Theo shoots forward to attack Techno again. He doesn't have a concussion, but his sight is blurry as hell.

Tears.

Tears are obscuring his vision.

Fuck.

He can't even afford to wipe them away right now, so all he can do is blink and let them fall as he tried to take Techno down again.

Infuriatingly enough, the hybrid is back to dodging, blocking and avoiding his attacks, which just made him even angrier than he was. "*STOP! FUCKING! DODGING!*" *Fight me fight me you fucking-*

His chest and sides were burning again, his heart ached and his mental state a mess despite the static and blue that held him together- it encouraged him slightly, fanned his anger but in the end, it left him alone because he knew where his Loyalty belonged, he knew his place, knew which side he was on.

It doesn't help with the maelstrom of emotions that fuels his anger and desperation. That kept him going in the fight despite the latent terror and despair that he can't help but feel.

"*Fight me! FIGHT ME FI-*" Theo interrupts himself, or rather, *Tubbo* interrupts him. Suddenly in the pit with Techno and Theo despite the fact his arm was still clearly bandaged and hurt. The teen had jumped down and had tried to tackle Theo, and Theo had barely managed to avoid it, skidding back just as Foolish and Sapnap cried out Tubbo's name and jumped into the pit as well.

There were too many people in the pit.

"What the *fuck* do you think you're doing?!" Theo questioned with a furious shrill as Foolish helped Tubbo back up, "Get out, *get out of the fucking pit wh-*"

Tubbo interrupts him again, with words this time. "No! Not until you and Techno calm the fuck down and *talk* instead of *fight!*" He exclaimed, determinedly glaring at him and glancing over to the stunned hybrid. "I might have no idea what's actually going on in the long run but I do know that whatever the hell is happening now *isn't going to help!*"

"*Like hell it isn't!*" Theo spat back, refusing to believe that. It had to- *it had to*. "Step aside and get the fuck out of here Tubbo! I *will* hurt you if you try to get in my way." He threatened darkly while staring down Tubbo's bandaged arm. There's no satisfaction when Tubbo flinched back, just irritation when Tubbo just seemed to double down. Stubborn defiance in those stupid, big eyes of his.

His glare transfers to Sapnap when he stepped forward, softening only slightly but holding firm. "Theo *please*, this isn't good- it's not healthy. You and Techno are hurt as it is, just- just *stop*." He pleaded him, he bit his lip before pointing out to him, "Dream wouldn't want this for you." It made Theo freeze and think of Dream.

*Would* Dream want this for him?

The static stays silent and the blue is calm.

"*Our* Dream wouldn't want this for you Theo, come on-"

"*Don't-* Sapnap I consider you very important to Dream and a friend to me but don't pull that on me. That- you *can't use Dream like that on me*." It tastes like betrayal on his tongue, Sapnap *knows* when it comes to Dream that Theo will always put Dream first and beforehand. "*Step aside*." Would Dream want this for him?

Maybe his old Dream, but the Dream he knew now probably wouldn't.

*Loyalty to Dream.*

Dream wasn't here, Dream would let him do what he wanted that was what he said before they went on the mission, this was what he wanted he wasn't straying at all, Theo tells himself firmly and to calm the static that stirs in his head, he was safe back home.

Home.

*"Come home."*

Shut up.

"Theo," Fuck, they're taking *turns*, it's Foolish's turn- fucking- "I am forever grateful that you freed me from the temple Theo. You're a good friend, a good guy. Please, don't do this." The mortal totem man said softly, a look of pleading sadness and faint understanding on his face.

What understanding? He didn't understand what Theo was doing, what he was going through.

They don't understand, *none of them do.*

~~Did he understand? Was this what he really wanted?~~

"I said, *step ASIDE!*" Theo screams at them, desperation and fury burning in his aching chest. His vision blurs even more and he thinks he's going blind.

And he must have for a little while because it feels like he's blanked out for one crucial moment. A singular, important moment passed and he had no idea how but- he ends up in a three-fold hold. Foolish, Sapnap and Tubbo clinging to him, trapping him- holding him down- *hugging him*. Firmly, tightly, it's painful as his bruises are being pressed down but it feels *warm*. Like lava.

Theo thinks back to just a week ago, when Tubbo did the same thing, the ember of warmth grows rapidly in his chest much to his horror and he struggles, tries to get them off but for some reason he can't use his full strength. He's tired, it's warm- "No, no nonononono- *get off, get off me! Let go! Let go let go let- Stop- fuck fuck FUCK LET GO-*" They did something, they had to have. A weakness potion? He feels so weak, he can't break free from their grasp.

He chokes, it's warm. It's *warm* like lava and he wants to *lay down- but the pit, they were still in the pit with Technoblade, the fight wasn't over-*

"*L-Let go of- of me-*" His throat closes up, his face is disgustingly wet and his struggles gradually die down. Even when the hug loosens just a bit, he can't move. His arms hang limp at his sides. "Stop- wh- *no-*" Someone's shushing him, someone's telling him to calm down, that it was okay. Everything would be okay.

Lies.

It had to be, the pit- *Technoblade-*

Theo stares into his eyes, the hybrid was suddenly standing right in front of him, just a few steps away. "Theo." Techno rumbled quietly, a complicated, regretful grimace on his face.

"D-Don't- look at me I-like that you *fucking*-" Theo *hiccups* and it's the Stronghold all over again, only he can't hide his face in his arms or with the table. The top of his mask was broken and his own body was betraying himself. His wavering and hiccuping voice, his shaking body, his tearful eyes. He feels humiliated, betrayed. By himself and by the three males who were *still* holding on to him. "I'll bre-break your other tusk- I'll- I'll- fucking kil-" He can't even finish his attempted threat as a sob tears through his throat.

*Ender what's happening to him?*

Techno takes a step forward.

"N-No."

Another step.

"Sta-stay away-"

So close.

"Please..."

Techno's right in front of him, practically towering over them at the moment. Theo tries to hiss at him, it comes out as a pathetic choked cough. The hybrid carefully, so carefully that it cracks something in Theo, wraps his arm around them, around *him*.

Techno's forehead gently bumps against his, their eyes staring right at each other and Theo wants to hate, wants to glare but Techno's eyes convey sorrow, regret, affection and reassurance- "*I'm sorry Tommy*." Techno whispers, the final nail in his coffin.

Slumping into the embrace of the four-folded hug, Theo *screams* into Techno's shoulder, from the bottom of his heart. The anger, the grief, the repressed emotions that Theo's kept away underneath lock and key, only let out a handful of times, *bursts* out of its confinement. He sobs and wails, one of his previously limp arms clutch at Tubbo's shirt, the teen squished between Techno and Theo while his other arm grabs Sapnap's sleeve.

At some point they're no longer standing, just sitting and laying down on the ground of the stone pit in a messy pile of connected limbs and emotional distress but whispered reassurances. Theo's screams die down into choked whimpers and hiccups. He feels a lot worse compared to the breakdown he had back in the Stronghold, the fact he's done it in front of Techno, Tubbo *and* Foolish makes it worse and he almost welcomes the way his mind is lulled into sleep.

The last thing Theo remembers before his vision fades to black was Sapnap coaxing him to drink a bit from a healing potion.

He's so damn tired.

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by axethecloud](#)

techno in a pit what will he dooo

[by felidaefighter](#)

10 second AMV of Rewind!! it's pretty neat but i was SO CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY THE HOMESTUCK FANSONG USED IN IT HOLY CRAP.

[by felidaefighter](#)

the art that they used for the AMV!

[by behemo-levia](#)

ehehe trust me i can't wait either and I'M the one writing XD.

[by cakeractuallyarts](#)

HAHAH i am SO TEMPTED to make the crackshot rewind marriage canon JUST SO THIS COULD HAPPEN. oh endering fuck XD.

:))

i've dropped the anonymous :)))

and changed my old profile and tumblr because i really like non better than vin so please do still call me non and oh yeah here, [my tumblr](#)

scream and pester me and tell me how i did

again, i almost wrote myself into a corner. trying to capture theo's mindset and trying to form the scene and having it die down from how emotionally high it was- it's harder than i thought it'd be. i hope i did well, theo's mind is really discombobulated and he's been spiraling ever since techno told the story. theo's... a complicated character i must say.

also yes this is definitely a more charged, emotional and violent version of chapter 50 where tubbo hugs theo and the man starts crying. only now everyone is hugging theo and he's crying even harder. warning, probably not a good idea to do this in real life? i don't know, this never happened to me, but it's certainly happening to theo.

i will be take a couple of days off from writing, or try to at least. my tumblr is open to asks and stuff, pester me there in the meanwhile :)

AND, i think i'll be sticking to Rewind for a bit longer. we're near the horizon everyone, the end is approaching.

ALSO TO THOSE WHO LOVED THE Misunderstood Restart WRITTEN SHOT FROM MY NON STORY SHELVES DO I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU;

[i bet on losing dogs by losingdogg](#)

THIS BEAUTIFUL PERSON HAS DECIDED TO WRITE A STORY BASED ON THAT SHOT! IT'S ABSOLUTELY AMAZING, PLEASE CHECK IT OUT, I LOVE AND I BET A LOT OF YOU GUYS WILL TOO!



# Two Sides Of A Coin

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"You and Theo are *idiots*." Tubbo told him dryly but quietly, scowling at the piglin hybrid.

They've returned to their original campsite, thankfully still unfound and standing with no mobs invading the area. Tubbo cringed when he saw the now dried splotches of blood on the stone floor but ignored it in favor of focusing on Technoblade and Theo.

Well, more on Technoblade since Theo was currently passed out and was being tucked into bed thanks to Sapnap. Poor man had really cried himself to sleep, dried tear tracks on his face- Sapnap had carefully taken off the broken mask so Theo could drink a bit of a healing potion so he could heal a bit better while sleeping. Ender knows the man needs it after a rough round of fisticuffs with Techno.

Techno meanwhile ate a golden apple to heal himself from the bruises that Theo gave him in turn, though of course it didn't heal Techno's broken tusk, leaving his face strangely asymmetrical without it.

"Emotional, incompetent *idiots*. Why are most of the adults that I know like that? Is it- is it just a rite of passage into adulthood to become emotionally incompetent and unhealthily repressive? Oh, and not to mention violent because apparently the best emotional outlet is to *beat each other like savages*." Tubbo continued blithely, staring down the unimpressed but regretful Techno who refused to look at him. "Ender knows how Toby will fare, I want to continue giving him the benefit of the doubt and fairly enough he's been doing quite well but my dearest future self has clear issues that do not disclude him from this whole minecart wreck."

Techno gives him a shrewd-eyed look, wary and exasperated, "He was the one who offered the challenge and swung first." He pointed out in a deadpanned, as if it made him sound less petulant than he already was.

"And you didn't have to accept or swing back!" Tubbo snapped back as a reply. He wanted to cross his arms but his other arm still felt numb and tingly so he settled for both hands on his hips.

"That's what I said!" Sapnap exclaimed, wincing at how loud he accidentally made himself to be but it looked like Theo was hardcore sleeping at the moment. Which was good, great really. He needed to sleep more, Tubbo doesn't know how long the man usually sleeps, he's always the one who's awake first as far as the teenager can tell even though Tubbo swore that Theo had stayed up later than the rest of them.

Foolish glanced at the three of them, looking contemplative and frowning, "So, the whole pit thing isn't normal? I mean, I suspected as much but I don't know a lot about the culture

outside the temple." Honestly, if it weren't for Tubbo and Sapnap jumping into the pit and being all open and kind to Theo, Foolish would have stayed back and watched. Watched with worry obviously but he had no idea if fighting in a pit while angry was a normal thing or not being an isolated once-full totem god.

He was still learning a lot of things after all.

"No. It's not." The brown-haired teenager answered him with clear exasperation.

The piglin hybrid exhaled heavily, "Look, I didn't *mean* to start hitting back alright? I was just planning to dodge everything, talk him down through it- and I'll admit. I wanted to blow off some steam, he wasn't wrong when he said I've been pent up ever since the whole *binding slave enchantment* reveal." He finished darkly, sending Sapnap a look. The man grimaced but crossed his arms defiantly against him, not as fearful to his anger but definitely still cautious. "I'm half *piglin*, challenges from strong people are hard to deny. It's not an excuse I know but I'm pointing that out for you guys. I get angry easily in fights especially with that cheap shot Theo did with my tusk- don't look at me like that, you'd be upset too if someone broke one of your teeth in the middle of a fight you're trying to deescalate." He huffed, irritation painting his face.

"Deescalate- *pff*- that didn't look anything like that." Sapnap snorted.

"I said *try*." Techno huffed again, scowling at him. "Besides, I... you all saw how he reacted to me not fighting, it only pissed him off more and try even harder. He might've ended up bring out a weapon just to provoke me if he hadn't broken my tusk."

Tubbo thinks back to when Theo threatened him with his axe, he rubbed where the blade had given him a small cut. "Probably I guess." He conceded quietly before shaking his head, "But not for long. You guys told me he didn't want to use weapons, so he wouldn't use weapons." He'd bring them out to threaten Techno but would probably just put them away once Techno fought back. That's what he thought anyway, who knows if it was true.

"In any case, Techno, please don't call Theo Theseus or even mention the name around him for now." He tells Techno, having learned what set Theo off. "I'm not too sure another hug would be able to stop him next time if he tries to challenge you again." They *definitely* didn't want this to happen again as Tubbo *really* wasn't sure that hugging Theo again like that would actually work *thrice* in a row. Tubbo hadn't actually expected hugging Theo to work again, he genuinely didn't and if anything he had been fully prepared to be shoved off and to try and stop Theo from attacking Techno once more.

He was thankful it worked but it was *really concerning* at the same time because it just showed just how broken Theo was.

Theo had cried when Tubbo hugged him the first time sure, but his mask was intact and it was the type of silent crying that made Tubbo sad.

A silent crier, that's what Tubbo thought Theo was.

But the scream that came from Theo as he broke down in their embrace, the wailing, the sobs- each sound was *packed* with so much emotion, it felt like a wrenching punch to the chest. Hearing Theo like that. It started out as the sound of an angry man who wanted to tear the world apart but it wasn't long before it turned into the sound of a grieving man who lost everything, a scared man who didn't know what to do, a man who was so broken and was unable to scream until now.

Tubbo wasn't ashamed to admit he had cried, Sapnap and Foolish had wet eyes too and would probably admit to it as well unlike Techno who had been suspiciously misty-eyed but silent as Theo heaved and coughed into his shoulder. The wet patch on his shirt had long dried, but it was still there. Techno had felt him, had heard him, had listened, they *all* did.

Technoblade sighed, "You don't have to tell me twice. Didn't mean to call him Theseus during the fight, it just slipped out when I got angry." He muttered, rubbing his eyelids. "... Funny, I knew from Toby that my alternate future self made mistakes but this..." He trailed off, grimacing as he remembered what Toby told him, the man had left out more than he realized.

It really wasn't just Dream and Ghostbur that affected Theo, Techno was on there too.

He... wasn't that surprised, unfortunately.

He felt disappointed in himself and regretful, perhaps a bit indignant because he hadn't even *done anything yet* but that didn't change the fact that whatever happened between Theo's Techno and Theo himself- it was bad. Ender, was this how both Wilbur and Dream felt? He hated it.

"From what Theo'd been screaming earlier, those 'mistakes' as you fucking call them weren't anything good yeah." Sapnap scoffed, remembering the words that Theo had screamed at Techno in a blind fit of emotional rage. However short it was, it was packed *full* of issues. "At the very least though, you stopped in the end and gave him a hug. Which is *something* even if it was awkward as fuck." Techno had wide-eyed, frozen look on his face when Theo went to scream into his shoulder and cry. He had looked uncomfortable and at a loss at what to do.

A sour look passed on Techno's face, "I'm not exactly well versed in the terms of *emotions* and *feelings* alright? I've- I've never been good with that. That was always Wilbur's forte." He griped, gripping the end of his cape tightly before he let go and sighed once more. "Just- just go to bed. We're all tired and we have to move as soon as possible in the morning. It's already so late."

It's a cheap tactic, forcibly changing the topic and removing it from the discussion table but the warrior had a point unfortunately. They were all tired and they needed all the sleep and rest they could get so they could get outside the anti-portal radius and head home.

With only minor protests, they went to bed.

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Philza yawned, rubbing his face tiredly and craning his neck. He sighed as he felt and heard a few bones pop as he stretched slightly in place.

"Ender, is it that late already?" He mumbled once he noticed how dark it was outside and checked the clock, he winced, "Yep. Yep it is." He glanced over to Fundy and chuckled quietly when he saw his foxy grandson quietly snoring on the table. Having fallen asleep at some point. It wouldn't do well for him to stay sleeping there, it was bad for his back- Philza should know.

So carefully, Philza moved Fundy unto the couch within the room instead, covering his grandson with his own jacket until Philza could find a proper blanket. For now, he felt like getting something to drink and eat first. He tidied up their notes a bit before he headed for the kitchen, yawning again along the way.

He was surprised to find Toby in the kitchen though, the man had a drink in hand that was clearly alcohol telling by the color and the fact there was a bottle right there on the table. "Toby?" The old man mumbled aloud, surprised to see the man awake and drinking.

"Mh, hey Phil." Toby greeted back with a small smile, though it did nothing to hide the obvious bags underneath his eyes and the tired, almost defeated slump that Toby had as he leaned against the kitchen table. "You're up late."

Phil hesitated before sighing, shaking his head, "I could say the same to you mate." He replied softly, he went over and sat across from the time traveler, watching Toby bring the half empty glass to his mouth to sip at the liquid. "... Does Schlatt know you drink? I'd think he'd be awfully cross to see you like this." He points out tentatively, having heard of how Schlatt had been alcoholic but Toby had forced him into sobriety.

Toby snorted, shaking his head, "No, he doesn't but yeah he'd probably be pissed that I get to drink and he doesn't. It *would* seem hypocritical but here's the difference between Schlatt and me Phil," Toby leaned in, his face tinged red and a smirk on his lips. "*I can actually control myself when I drink.*" He giggled as if it was the funniest thing in the world before he took a bigger sip from his glass- actually he drained most of it, leaving only a quarter of alcohol left.

"So you say," Phil replied dryly, huffing in slight amusement but he still felt concerned for the man. He never thought of Tubbo as the kind of person to drink when he grew up after all, the teen he knew loved mixing honey into his coffee or other warm drinks. He liked sweets and wouldn't have liked the bitter taste of most alcoholic drinks. Philza shook his head at the inquisitive look on Toby's face while gesturing to the bottle. "Nah mate, I'm not really in the mood for a pint. I think I'll make some tea if you don't mind."

Toby shrugged, "I don't. This'sn't my kitchen." He reminded, motioning to the kitchen they were in.

"Technically, it sort of is."

"Technically." Toby giggled again, finally draining his cup. Though as soon as he did, he immediately grabbed the bottle and filled it near to the brim.

Philza's brows furrowed, "Toby, just how much have you been drinking?" He asked, warily eyeing the now empty bottle. He he drunk all of that just tonight?

"Jus' a handful of glasses Phil. I'm fine." Toby reassured him, "I'm just- I'm a bit more tipsy than usual. The bottle was already like h-half? Half way empty anyway from last time." He mumbled into his glass.

"Last time?"

"Mm, Ghostbur found me drinkin' that night when Theo sang and left. Surprised the hell out of him." The time traveler grinned, leaning against his hand and sighing. "He stopped me from drinking my... four? Fourth glass. Currently on my fifth Philza. Which is the most I've drunk in a while." The man looked at his glass, watching the small piece of ice left in his cup bob and float.

Phil frowned, "I see... Well, I'll make some tea. Toby, do you want any?"

"I'm drinking Phil."

"I can see that, but do you want any anyway? Might help you sober up a bit."

Phil patiently waits as Toby had a thoughtful look on his face. "... You don't want me drinkin' more hm Phil?" Toby asks quietly with a slightly sardonic smile on his face, "Alright. I'll have some tea... After I finish this cup, shouldn't waste things. I only had the one bottle anyway."

He smiles and sets to work, it would be a while before the tea is ready anyway. He also grabs a few cookies from storage, they were from Niki- they had a copious amount of baked goods now from her. It was her way of apologizing for the Egg incident even though it wasn't her fault.

Toby puts away the empty bottle and cup by the time Phil sets down a nice steaming cup of tea, it smelled nice, kind of flowery. It didn't clash with the buzz in Toby's head, though Toby went and took a cookie from the plate first, letting himself enjoy the taste and start to sober up just a bit.

There's a pleasant silence in the kitchen, but a question hung between them that Toby answers with a quiet sigh. "I don't usually drink much. Not all the time and not in big quantities. Just needed something to take the edge off and relax a bit without having to go out tonight and murder a bunch of mobs."

The blond man connected the dots quickly but felt like he was missing a few things, "I thought you couldn't hear Chat without Techno around or being in the Nether."

"Wasn't Chat, just- pent up frustration and anger. Woke up from a nightmare feeling scared and angry, but I didn't want to leave and hunt tonight. So, I decided to finish the bottle." Toby explained, finally sipping the cup of tea and sighing.

"You could've made tea." Phil pointed out to him.

Toby shrugged, "Didn't even cross my mind."

"Ah," Phil sighed, looking down at his cup before drinking. "... What was the nightmare about?" He shouldn't really pry but he ended up asking anyway.

It was quiet for a few minutes which made Phil regret asking, "Sorry I-" "It was about Tommy." Toby started quietly, eyes shadowed by his bangs. Phil quietened as Toby continued, "I-" He took in a deep breath, "No. I don't- I don't want to talk about it right now Phil, but it- it was about Tommy. And Dream. And Theo- I can't talk about it. Not now." He mutters, pressing a hand against his face and looking down on the table with a grimacing look.

Phil was slightly disappointed but he smiled at him reassuringly, "It's alright mate, share at your own time. Just know that I'm here with you pal, we all are." He said, leaning over to pat Toby's shoulder.

Toby gave him a grateful look, "Thanks..." He takes another cookie, but instead of biting into it, he stares at it. "Hey Phil."

"Yes Toby?"

"When Theo and the others get back... What should I do?" He blinks at the unexpected question, "I know the plan was for Techno and Tubbo to get closer to Theo, or at least find out more about him from him or at least Sapnap as well as find out about the source of the Undying Totems but... what happens afterwards? I've been- I've been thinking, on a lot of things. A lot of my expectations have been shattered lately, and quite frankly Philza. I have no fucking clue on what to do."

The blond haired elder frowns as Toby set the cookie down to look at him, he's taken back at the desperate look that Toby had on his face. "I've spent *years*, going after Theo and hating Dream *so much*. I saw him today y'know, at the edge of L'Manberg. Right at the border. Phil, I saw his *face*." Toby laughed at the bewildered look Philza sported, "*I know*. I- I almost couldn't believe it. But I saw him, all on his own. I *met him*, we *talked* Philza. *Civilly*- meaning I didn't attack him Phil don't look at me like that- just him and I." Well, that explained a bit on where Toby was and why he seemed so out of it earlier today. Though things seemed very worrying at the moment.

Phil's face scrunched, "Well, what did he want?"

"Help." Toby answered as he looked at Phil, his eyes still wide and manic, "He wanted *my help*- George had been attacked by some leftover Crimson. It got to him burrowed into his body," Toby patted his neck, "Right here. At the neck, one of the worst places to get infected by. 'Course, Theo and I are the only ones who can get the shit out but Theo's gone so he went to me. Directly. And Phil- Phil-" Toby leaned in, motioning him to do the same before he started whispering.

"He *begged* me Phil. He actually-" Abruptly, Toby laughed out loud, sounding hysterical and unhinged. It startled Phil, scaring him for a moment as Toby laughed loud and clear. "*Dream actually begged me for help! He said sorry, he begged and said sorry!* Phil he- he showed me his face and *oh ender Phil his FACE*-"

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*Green eyes.*

*Toby always knew Dream had green eyes, this wasn't the first time he'd seen Dream's face before. But as far as he remembered, hadn't Dream's eyes been a different shade of green? Or was it the fact his face was pleading and not a dark, possessive smug look that his eyes seemed different?*

*"Please- PLEASE Toby." Dream begged, actually begged- he was actually on his knees with that fucking look on his face. "Help George, I'm sorry for everything but- please. For the love of Ender help him-"*

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*"-the whole time I'm looking at his face and... I don't see it."*

Toby leaned back against his chair, running a hand through his hair with disbelief plastered all over his face but he still looked manic. "I don't see the smug piece of shit from my future. I don't see the taunting asshole that flaunted the fact that he and Theo were close. I don't see the absolute *madman who blew up my country and stole my best friend away from me*. He was nervous, *legitimately nervous Phil*, and he looked rough. Like he hasn't had a full night's sleep lately, not only that but he looked *panicked. Genuinely scared*. Not about himself, but for *George*. For someone else."

Phil looks at Toby, near-unhinged look on his face. "And... Did you? Help George." He prompted quietly.

Toby snapped out of it, his eyes going steely and he gave Phil a warning look, "Of course I did." He snapped irritably, rubbing his face. "I- *no one* deserves the Crimson, of course I helped George- he should be recovering right now and in a safe place, wherever that is. Phil, you don't understand- you don't understand what I'm getting do you? Dream *begged*, Dream *apologized*, he fucking *showed me his face*- do you not get how serious this is?!"

No, no he didn't. He wasn't the one who was obsessed with the man- sure, Phil severely disliked him at the moment but in the long run. Dream was virtually a stranger to him. A bad one, but Phil only knew Dream by reputation at first, and now by second-hand information by everyone else.

"He's- *He's not the Dream I know*." Toby stresses, horrified and damning. "Ranboo was right- this Ranboo, the one you know- he was *right*. I *knew* it but to *see* him- I don't- I-" He breathed, shaking and eyes shining wet with mixed emotions of anger, horror, sadness and regret.

"Toby? *Toby? Shit-*" Phil was quick to stand up and go to Toby's side.

Toby gripped his hair tightly to the point where it looked very painful, a crooked, grimacing smile on his face. "I was supposed to kill him Phil, did you know? I was- I *was supposed to kill Dream and make sure he never got to Theo, to Tommy*. I promised, *I promised*. You, Fundy, Techno, Quackity, Niki- *everyone*. If Dream was there, I was supposed to kill him, that was the plan, the original plan after taking care of the Egg. I was so ready, I thought I was- I was worried sure but I *hated and hated and hateed* and *Phil I want to kill Dream I still*

*fucking do."* He rasped, "I want to kill the bastard that threatened my country, that blew it up and took away my best friend. I've been so angry, I've hated him *so much but him? This Dream? Ender, I can't- His face, those eyes- and Theo- oh Ender Theo-*"

Philza carefully pried Toby's fingers from his hair, carding his own fingers through Toby's brown locks. From the start, it seemed that while Toby had been tired, jaded and just wanting to help- the man was certainly not without his own problems. It showed, when Theo first appeared though it fell behind more important things. It showed, when Ghostbur appeared and Theo left with Dream again. It showed *now*, Toby was gasping for breath and the tears that had built had finally fell.

*"What am I supposed to do? When the man I hate so much doesn't exist completely yet? When things are so different and it seems like the hate that I've built is for nothing? How am I supposed to face Tommy now?"*

Phil couldn't give him an answer, all he could do was comfort a grieving man who found himself at the end of his road.

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## Chapter End Notes

just because i have a tumblr doesn't mean i'll stop the showcase!

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

YEAH THEOOO

[by rena-draws](#)

SJDHHHH TOBY PROPOSING TO RANBOO FROM THE MARRIAGE

CRACKSHOT XD

[by spiromachia](#)

OOF! theo crying and saying step aside. you can just SEE the emotions in his eyes. POG

[by ME! NON :D](#)

that's right i DREW THEO AND TOBY! i do have some artistic skill but i prefer writing because that's what i'm best at! i've always wanted to draw them :)

[by rena-draws](#)

rewind tommy and theo meet canon tommy! it goes as well as you'd expect.

[by rena-draws](#)

chat is so sus, they're snitches. the lot of them.

[by rena-draws](#)

THEO AND TOBY GET ALONG SHIRT XD

[by waddei](#)

more crying theo :,D

[by rena-draws](#)

lots of drawings from rena lately! i'm not complaining! canon tubbo meets rewind tubbo and toby! they're all screaming!

[by rena-draws](#)

rena drew me AND TOBY AND MICHEAL :D



[by rena-draws](#)

the squad- theo and his band of caring idiots!

[by suzie-bee](#)

theo screm and he look at lava

[by ghostwing404](#)

oo someone made a gatcha pic of toby micheal and ranboo

mmm i wanted to update yesterday but i wasn't feeling too good so i took another day off. BUT I AM BACK NOW! we are making progress!

it's been a while since we saw toby so we checked in on him! he seems to be doing fine... kinda... but hey! he's got people with him just like theo, they'll help him :)

theo and toby... two sides of the same coin. toby might not have as much or the same trauma as theo, but he still has his own issues to work out. especially now as some realizations come into play.

i didn't think it'd be ANOTHER emotional chapter right after the last one but- it just ended up that way.

# A Talk Between Brothers

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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The morning after is awkward.

Painfully so.

Theo had a deep, grimacing look plastered on his face that doesn't change even after Sapnap gives him his broken mask back. The blond was genuinely upset at the broken mask and at the fact that he didn't have any other spare mask on hand. He wears the broken mask with some reluctantly if only because the only other option was to *not* wear it. Which is apparently something he absolutely didn't want. A cracked and broken mask was better than nothing.

Theo flips up his hood instead and keeps it on his head, clearly not wanting anyone to see his face and trying to obscure it as much as possible.

The blond man hasn't said anything, staying silent for the morning and unnerving them as he packed up quietly and avoiding their gazes as much as he could.

Considering that he tried to fight Technoblade and ended up a sobbing, emotional wreck at the end in their arms, that was pretty fair. They decided to give him some space, he clearly needed it. It was really the least they could do for him, and they had a feeling that if they attempted to address it now, they'd only end up creating another mess or something of the like.

After packing up, they leave for east, where they could hopefully go far enough to escape the anti-portal radius to create a Nether portal and head back home.

Even with Foolish's usual enthusiasm, the journey east is still littered with painfully silent and awkward moments where Theo keeps entirely to himself. Not even deigning Sapnap a response when the man asks him a question to something, just keeping quiet and keeping his gray-blue eyes to the ground or anywhere else instead of looking at anyone.

The man was tense, on guard and kept an eye on their surroundings more than usual. Not because there were any enemies near by though, Chat would have warned Techno beforehand. Theo was clearly just trying to focus on anything else but them. Which was understandable at least.

They stop and make camp within a isolated alcove behind a small water fall. Of course they dig into the alcove and make it bigger for their needs. As soon as they set their spawn point and began to settle down, Foolish began to create another one of his totems- they had thirteen at the moment, about to be fourteen. Foolish kept all the totems he's made so far in his enderchest for the moment, the only way they could carry it for now.

Theo finally speaks and surprisingly, it's to *Techno* first. He held his hand out to the half-piglin who stared at him with a startled look on his face, "My axe." Theo says, trying to look at him- his eyes keep glancing back and forth between Techno's face and to something behind the hybrid. It was a skittish kind of movement that made Techno think back to the pit. "Give it back."

Right, Techno still had Theo's axe didn't he? He hadn't given it back after wrenching it from Theo's hand last night.

"Uh... okay." Techno hesitantly handed the enchanted netherite axe back to Theo. The make was impressive, and the enchantments were definitely overpowering- it was a miracle or just honest to damn luck that Tubbo's arm was only sliced and he hadn't straight out died from it, either that or Theo hadn't lashed out at full strength which was probably the case. Speaking of Tubbo, his arm seemed alright- the healing pots did their job but there would definitely be a scar on Tubbo's arm from it. "Careful with it."

Theo gives him a brief deadpanned look, "It's *my* axe." He'd know how to handle his own ender damned axe. "I'm going hunting, we need more food."

"I'll come with." Sapnap volunteered, and after a beat, Techno volunteered as well.

"It'd be better if the three of us gathered food, Tubbo can stay back to watch over Foolish." Techno reasoned to Theo who was predictably reluctant at first.

He exhaled heavily, tugging at his hood. "Fine."

Tubbo watched as the three men leave, he waved at them and wished them luck, though he gave Technoblade a firm look as he left.

They better not come back injured or something.

Last night was already a mess, they *really* didn't need another one on their hands.

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*i feel bad. Last night wasn't our best act. I STILL SAY HE NEEDS TO BE KNOCKED DOWN A PEG OR TWO! BLOOD!! that wouldn't help anything at all!! it really would not. HELLO DO YOU NOT REMEMBER HIM CRYING LIKE AN ENDER DAMNED BABY?! could be faking it. You shut your whore mouth!! leave the man be, theo's had enough! We still need to kill shit. and that shit will not be theo! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! STOP SCREAMING! you stop. oh my ender fucking heelll. I want to go back already this is too dramatic for me. OH STOP COMPLAINING THINGS WERE GETTING GOOD! we should talk to him. WE SHOULDN'T. He's gone all emo and edgy. HAH! he shouldn't wear that broken mask he might get hurt. I don't think he'd honestly care. TECHNO SAY SOMETHING!! L. feelings, so cringe. theo won't do anything with sapnap around! Didn't he try to fight Techno last night despite Sapnap around? HE CHALLENGED FIRST AND WE NEVER GOT TO FINISH IT! we would've won anyway soo... TALK! apologize to him.*

Techno could only groan lowly to himself as Chat flitted and nagged him at the back of his head.

"If you're trying to help Chat, none of you are helping." He murmured quietly to himself, glancing to both Sapnap and Theo as they walked deeper into the forest trying to find food. Didn't seem like either of them heard him, Sapnap was still trying to get Theo to say *something* to him. "I wouldn't even know what to say."

Like he's said last night. He's not exactly the *paragon* of *emotions* and *comfort*, Wilbur was the one who could charm the pants off a person and make them feel better- he was the brother that Tommy mostly went to for emotional support after all. Techno much preferred either a good book or a good spar.

*"FIGHT ME!" Theo snarled at him-*

... Last night wasn't either of those.

He'll admit. He'd gotten carried away, had been blinded by the built up blood lust and the pent up aggression to really see how things were.

And breaking his tusk hadn't helped in the slightest. Nor did the bloodthirsty side of chat who wanted Theo to pay for what he'd done. A few voices *still* wanted Theo to pay, disgruntled by the interruption of their fight by the others and the fact they hadn't managed to finish it.

Honestly, Techno was a bit disappointed as well but he *knew* that continuing the fight within the pit then- well, it wouldn't have ended well. Not to mention he was getting mixed feelings on the thought of fighting Theo in the pit. Theo had fought well, if a bit recklessly. Influenced by his emotions most of the time, but he still fought well enough to leave considerable bruises on Technoblade.

Toby had done better, but then again he hadn't been screaming at him nor had a panic attack before hand.

If they fought again, on a more calm and level-headed grounds, would Theo fight better?

Techno shook his head, grunting as he pressed a palm against his face. That was his piglin heritage raring for another go, for a better challenge, for a *fairer fight*. Like his spars with Toby.

*if you want to face him in combat once more and spar with him like with toby, you must apologize first and gain some of his trust.*

*That* was easier said than done, Techno thought to himself and the elder voice dryly.

Still, he kept his gaze steadied on Theo until the three of them split up to find some food, deciding to meet up in a spot after some time.

He'll... give it a shot, at least.

Despite everything, despite it all- Theo was a version of Tommy. His little brother.

*"Please..." Theo hiccuped, the broken mask unable to hide the anguish and fear in his eyes. He looked less of a man and more of a broken silhouette and Techno could only see the*

*echoes of Tommy underneath the cracks.*

His grip on his sword tightened and his heart clenched.

*His little brother, ender, he'd-*

His kin, the runt of his family, *his baby brother.*

*technosoft. BIG BROTHER TECHNOBLADE! Technosupport!*

Techno was not good at emotions or feelings, he's become more and more jaded as he grew up.

In the future, Techno had long realized too late of his actions, of the consequences of what he's done truly affected everyone around him. And when he does, he'll try to make up for it with varying results. And even then, still struggled to accommodate after years of his original mindset. Changing slowly until the very end with only a few stubborn ideas and beliefs sticking.

That Techno died with regrets after saving his little brother from death.

This Techno would live, realizing much earlier and would change just like the rest of the others.

---

"Is he going to be okay?" Quackity asked with a frown, looking over the unconscious and incredibly tall man that was tucked into bed then back to the fox man that had entered the room.

Fundy's lips pursed and he shrugged, "The doctor says he's in a coma, and they have no idea when he'll wake up. They've healed all the superficial and other injuries at least, but he has to wake up on his own." He said, looking over the older-looking Ranboo. "Do you think he's-" He starts to ask but is cut off when the door opened.

It was Niki, both men sighed slightly but smiled and greeted the smiling woman. "I brought some cookies, and a couple of flowers to brighten up the place." Niki explained, taking the items out of her inventory, offering a couple to them. She smiled at their enthusiastic acceptance and went to place a few flowers around the room. "He looks so much like Ranboo." She murmured, looking over the comatose older hybrid.

"Yeah. He does." Fundy agreed after swallowing down his cookie. "Speaking of Ranboo, Quackity, we should probably go and help him with his decorating."

Quackity sighed, scratching his cheek and wiping the crumbs off his face. He winced as he felt a bit of pain on his lip and cheek and scowled before shaking his head, "Yeah yeah we should."

"Ah, and I have to meet with Eret about a few things." Niki said as she checked the clock, the three of them talked only for a bit more before they all left. Leaving the comatose hybrid alone in the room.

Physically at least.

*Not yet...*

---

*theo! Theo! TECHNO LOOK HE'S RIGHT THERE!*

Techno paused from where he knelt, quickly he shoved the chicken meat into his inventory. Looking around as to where Chat was trying to point him towards to find Theo.

It was easy enough to find him in the next minute.

Techno was lead to a small plain that had a tiny cow herd grazing along the grass. He found Theo staring down a cow, axe in one hand and his other hand stuffed in his pocket. The blond man was just standing there, having a stare down with a cow.

It boggled Technoblade, bewildered him as the man just... stood there... staring at a cow...

Unable to keep silent any longer, Techno spoke up. "Am I... interrupting something?" He questioned stoically, glancing between Theo and the cow.

Theo tensed at the sound of his voice but relaxed slightly as the cow let out a *moo* before tending to the grass underneath its hooves. "No." Theo finally answered shortly, still staring at the cow. "How much food did you get?"

"I've got enough I'd say, plenty of chickens were around, found some sheep as well so we've got some mutton too." Techno answered back carefully, he takes a few steps forward towards Theo. Only stopping when Theo twitched. "Thinking of grabbing steak?"

The question makes Theo reel, it startles the both of them. "I-" Theo paused, sucking in a deep breath. "No. Not tonight." He replies, tight and strained. He's gripping his axe tightly and it disappears into his inventory. "Not this herd." The cow *moos* again and Theo twitches, his free hand reaches out as if to touch the cow but stops and is unceremoniously shoved into the pocket pouch of his hoodie alongside his other hand.

Techno's brows furrow, "... Are you okay?"

Theo lets out a strangled noise then coughs and clears his throat, "I'm *fine*."

Techno hums shortly, obviously not believing him.

They stand in silence for a while, not moving and just conspicuously watching the careless cows graze on the grassy plain. They both had their internal thoughts, though Techno was simultaneously thinking *and* being nagged by Chat.

*TALK TO HIM TALK TO HIM TALK TO HIM! oh ender this is so awkward. It's painful to bear. HIT HIM AND LEAVE! shut the hell up! time to say sorry!!*

"About last night..." Techno ends up blurting out unintentionally aloud at the continuous prompting of the damned voices in his head, he's horrified to find that out but he can't exactly

back out now that he's started. Fuck, what should he even say?

*apologize.*

Oh yeah, *obviously* but- "I'm sorry." Dammit.

A single, strangled sound that came from Theo. "Wh- *Stop.*" He hisses, voice low and so very strained. "You don't mean that. You can't *possibly* mean that-

"I *do.*" Techno countered firmly, "I do mean that Theo."

The whole time, Theo has been looking at that cow but finally, the blond turns to him. His face shadowed by his hood but even then, the look in his eye was a whirlwind of conflict.

His eyes swirled with emotions that sunk and rose in those cloudy gray-blue eyes that should be bright blue. "I don't- no. *No.* You are-*Violence is the universal language.* Mr. *Fuck the government and its people.* You're the fucking *Blade-* you *do not apologize- never to me.*" Theo stressed, and while Techno is thankful that his eye doesn't seem misty whatsoever- he has no idea how to deal with crying people, he can't deal with Theo crying again- the half piglin can't help but feel a bit irritated.

"While there might be some truth to your words there Theo," Techno started giving him a pursed and unimpressed look, he does think violence is a universal language, he doesn't like the government and he *is* the Blade. But that last part... "You can't possibly tell me what to do or what to say. I said my apologies, I said sorry, *to you.*" He stressed back and there's something that builds in his throat and he says it without a second thought.

"You're my brother, you deserve it."

*brothers broTHERS BROTHERS BROTHERS!! technobro! he FINALLY SAYS IT! is this the start of a new dawn? EVERYONE SHUT THE FUCK THEY'RE NOT DONE! be quiet and let them be.*

Ignoring Chat's shenanigans, he sees Theo physically recoil and he feels- *something* at the fact those six simple words causes the man to stumble back. As if Techno had punched him again.

"*I'm not-*" Theo tries to say, but Techno plows through. "*You're my brother.*" He repeats, shutting Theo up and making him quake.

Three simple words.

Words can be just as effective as violence. It was a language created after violence itself, but it was *important.*

Violence was a universal language, but it wasn't the only one nor should it be.

Techno's forgotten about that clearly, or maybe he never knew.

"And I'm sorry, for whatever happened between us. In that messed up future. I'm sorry, for whatever your Technoblade did to you. And I'm sorry about last night, I didn't mean to upset you in any way or call you Th-or call you that name." It's both awkward and smooth, the words that spill from his mouth and he watches. Mesmerized as Theo is brought to his knees, almost hidden by some of the tall grass. He takes a few tentative steps and crouches, he keeps his distance, but he's still there to see Theo's eye clenched shut and the way he's desperately holding on to the sleeves of his hoodie. "I can't speak for your Technoblade, and I probably have no right to apologize on his behalf. But still, for whatever it's worth or not, I am."

Theo's chest heaves, inhaling and exhaling as deeply as he could and Techno cringes as he thinks Theo was about to cry again.

"For the love of Ender please don't cry again, I am the last person to cry around." Techno unintentionally muttered aloud, flushing as he realized it as soon as Chat screamed and heckled at him.

*TECHNOMEAN! don't cry don't cry don't cry- AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH*

"Shut the fuck up you shitty oversized pig." Theo croaked, inhaling deeply once more and coughing to hide the suspicious sniff. Theo shifts on the grassy plain, crossing his legs and keeping his head down. "I'm not crying, fuck off."

Techno would normally feel insulted, but he could only feel awkward and uncomfortable as he lets himself sit down on the green plain.

It's quiet, aside from the minuscule noises that Theo makes and the occasional moo of the cows of the small herd.

*HOLY FUCK THIS IS AWKWARD! now look what you've done! AHAHAHAHA OH FUCK THIS IS PATHETIC. Shut up they're both trying! theo's sad again. it's a start.*

"None of you are helping." Techno mutters darkly to himself, hopefully quiet enough that Theo didn't catch it. Or if he did, he didn't say anything and chalked it up to him talking to Chat. That's probably what happened.

*he's right. Excuse you we are SO helping!! we're really not. I STILL SAY WE FINISH HIM OFF! oh my ENDER NO SHUT UP!! does he need a hug?*

Did Theo need a hug?

"Touch me and I'll break your ender damned nose Technoblade."

Fuck, he said that out loud.

Hold on- Techno blinked in surprise as Theo finally raised his head. Theo had used his name, he'd half-expected him to call him a pig like he usually did. That was progress right?

"I don't fucking get you, any of you." Theo muttered, adjusting his mask as he wiped at his eyes which were suspiciously wet. Techno doesn't comment about it and lets Theo continue talking. "Especially you though Techno. You're not supposed to be like this you bitch."



Ignoring the swear, some things just never changed for swearing blonds he guesses, Techno snorted. "I think that's a bit hypocritical for you to tell me that Theo, especially when you defend Dream from Tubbo and I." He keeps his face neutral as Theo gives him a sharp glare after affixing the broken mask properly on his face. "I'm just saying Theo."

Theo's eye is grayish blue, but Techno can't help but feel like it was a couple shades lighter as Theo clicked his tongue, "Fuck off."

The air is awkward and somewhat tense between them. It's actually a bit surreal as they both continue to sit there, on the ground with a small herd of cows grazing peacefully blocks away.

Theo's back to watching them now and Techno has no idea what else to say or even do.

He's not looking at Chat for help anymore, not that he was in the first place he just ended up doing a few things on impulse thanks to them and their suggestions but you can bet he was done with that.

"I used to have a pet cow."

Heh?

Theo doesn't turn to look at him, only at the cows. "His name was Henry." Theo tilted his head and turned to look at the sky. "Sapnap killed him."

"*Sapnap* killed him?" Techno questioned incredulously, finding it kind of unbelievable. Sapnap supported Theo, he can't see the guy killing Theo's pet-

"It was before everything." Theo snorted, "In my future, my past- whatever the hell. Sapnap was a pet killer and he killed my cow. It was on accident I heard but he still killed Henry... You kicked the shit out of him after I asked you for help."

Huh. "So, no steak for dinner?"

Theo gives him a dry look, "No. No steak for dinner." He looks back at the heard as he hears one of the cows *moo*.

Techno's fine with that.

---

Techno is...

Alright.

Things are far from okay between them, Theo thinks to himself, trailing behind the man who calls himself his brother even when Theo denies that. He'll never forgive Techno for what he's done.

He'll never forgive... *his* Techno.

This one was still shit as fuck, but- he was alright he guessed.

Besides, he owes Techno a favor at the very least.

His Techno saved his life, if Techno had survived, Theo would have owed him one.

His Techno was dead. ~~come home theseustechno blade never dies~~

He'll owe this Techno one favor.

That's all.

He won't tell him though, because fuck that. And fuck him.

...

Ender, Theo just feels so tired.

He wants to be home already.

---

## Chapter End Notes

yesss

[by MadJanie](#)

good pog :D

[by ME :D](#)

i drew theo <3

[by rabble-dabble](#)

AHAHA TUBBO AIN'T HAVING NONE OF YOUR SHIT TECHNO

[by rena-draws](#)

i wanted Rewind to be traumatic and angst filled but yeah somehow canon

OVERTHREW THAT

[by 3kpIII](#)

YOOO this is SO GOOD! it's tommy, then theo and finally bloodied theo and techno in the piit

[by sleepy04beehive](#)

ehehehe tubbo and micheal with the rewind squad doodled in the back

[by deyageka](#)

THEO AND HENRY THEO AND HENRY THEO AND HENR

[by harielth](#)

OOO DREAM and some CRIMSON >:D

[by behmo-levia](#)

images taken right before time travel XD

[by lyinglion](#)

it's sapnap, theo and dream :D also an egg BUT IT'S THEM

[by korokapot](#)

tis THEO :D

\*pop\* we got stuff done :)

god, emotional stuff still have me somewhat *bleh*

i thought i AGAIN wrote myself into a corner. this just isn't fair.

in any case, we are SLOWLY HEALING! techno and theo have talked and though it's not totally okay it's a START!

how did i do? i tried to make it both awkward and sincere, tried to make sense of techno's personality and character and-

AWKWARD EMOTIONAL SCENES AAAH

I ONLY HAVE HALF AN IDEA OF WHAT I'M DOING OKAY

tempting as it was to have theo bawl again, it didn't seem right and admittedly we just had theo and toby cry the last two chapters so- he cries a little but is still stable. he's processing a few things though.

and so things come closer together.

anyway i hope you all enjoyed, again i hope i did well enough for this chapter it was, unsurprisingly hard to do because emotions and technoblade and theo and- yeah

:)

# What Was Left Behind

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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The Nether was a hellscape. There was no sky, its seas and lakes were made of lava, most of its mobs hostile and the terrain would normally be inhospitable to any outsider to its realm.

Even to its original inhabitants, the Nether was a harsh place to live in.

Was, being the keyword here.

Standing on the lush grass underneath a birch tree, right besides a cool and lovely pond that was surrounded by multiple flowers. It would have been hard to believe that she truly was in the Nether if it weren't for the glass dome that was the somewhat artificial sky of her territory, see-through to show the netherrack ceiling and the outside surroundings that ultimately would remind her, yes, she was in the Nether.

Every time she stepped out of her home or any building, the glass dome would greet her and remind her of their progress.

Of their journey from the Overworld to the Nether.

How they lost everything and strove to regain what they could.

How their territory, 'Hub Haven' came to be.

Hub Haven was the first and largest settlement of Overworlders.

One of the most completed settlements for survivors, where everything had started- it wasn't too far from the old community Nether portal that was now permanently shut down and under careful watch.

How they worked for a semblance of peace and got it, and now it was all threatening to go down once again.

"President Nihachu, I had thought I would find you here."

She took in a deep breath, smelling the floral scent of the greenery around her but underneath that scent was the ever present smell of the Nether that would never go away. It seemed like after the first death of her home, ash would be a constant present to her senses, and the Nether solidified that with its natural environment. She doesn't like it, but there was nothing to be done about it.

"Leader Vorn, I'm honored for you to join me here." Nihachu, *Niki*, murmured quietly to the hybrid faction leader as he came to stand besides her.

Among the Overworld flora, Vorn was a hybrid out of place in a picture even though his wardrobe was somewhat different to what he usually wore. Before where he would wear clothes roughly made of thick and thin vines that were weaved together with blaze powder and rods adorning his clothes, he now wore dyed woolen clothing and leather, a testament to how much has changed over the years from their alliance. His arms were still painted with symbols made of blaze powder however, glittering underneath the lights and still bringing attention wherever he went.

Niki adjusted her coat and brushed her pink bangs away from her face, she can't help but trail her fingers over the the small scars that adorned the skin of her face as well as the stress lines that have appeared over not only the couple of years, but the past few months.

She probably looked older than she did, or at least very stressed, which she kind of was.

She would be entering her thirties soon, but she feels so much older now.

"The pleasure is all mine." Vorn replied quietly, and Niki hums.

Between the two leaders, it's quiet. They stand next to the pond, underneath the birch tree within Niki's favorite park within her territory. It was public and there were faint sounds of children and people enjoying themselves in the background. It was faint, when maybe a few months ago, it'd be louder and Niki would be smiling.

She's not smiling now.

The silence doesn't last very long, as Niki sighed. "Any news of Solace?" Niki questioned softly, glancing to the hybrid leader and closing her eyes when she sees the grimacing look on his face. "Ah..." There was news.

Bad news no doubt.

"They've lost too many resources and people." Vorn admitted with a sigh, he gave her a solemn and somber look. "The settlement is overrun with Crimson flora. Mindless but still dangerous. The obsidian barriers are holding, but it's best if we destroy the settlement as soon as possible and salvage what we can."

Niki crossed her arms and held on to her sleeves with a tight grip, her eyes shining with frustration and grief. "And the rest of the survivors?" She asked with a whisper.

"I know you've accepted a few here yourself though most have migrated towards Aether since it was closest, I know other settlements and factions have accepted those who have fled. Though a few have been found infected within Aether, they're dormant though and are in the process of removing the seeds."

The female president let out a strained sigh, running a hand through her pink hair. "First the attack on Elysium, now *Solace*- that's two settlements attacked within this month, and you're saying to destroy Solace? It's getting stronger, it's- it's trying to get into the Nether." Her heart clenched with fear and anger, "The safe zones in the tundras are getting smaller and smaller and soon even the spike biomes won't be safe, there's Crimson being found in the snow and

ice and more and more people dying- It's just getting worse and worse ever since-" She cut herself off, throat closing.

Ever since...

"Tubbo disappeared." Vorn finished for her, the hybrid exhaled heavily. "The Nether still mourns for the loss of its two Warriors. And not even a year apart, we'd lost them."

Niki twitched, "He's not dead." She told him, frowning firmly.

"I did not say he was dead, Niki. But there is little chance that he and that outsider of yours may come back. The fox admitted that the portal was one-way. They are gone, Niki. And the gap they leave is not one to be underestimated." He replies to her as gently as he could. His tone was rather rough, his accent still prominent though it was nothing compared to years ago when he tried to learn their language. "Tubbo may be your friend, but he was still kin to the Nether as well, the moment he was victorious during the trial he became ours just as he was yours. So the Nether mourns his absence, just as you do."

She sucked in a deep breath, tasting flowers and ash on her tongue, "Fundy will find a way. He and Phil are already working on the second portal... And with that, we can escape the Nether. All of us." Her tone is less hopeful but more desperate. Vorn takes note of it but doesn't comment even though the look on his face says everything. Niki knows he disapproves of her tone, of how she was holding on to something that only had a chance of succeeding.

Trying to keep optimistic for the sake of living. The Nether was now in danger of the Crimson and there were few options available to do about it.

---

"Ender, it's so fucking *cold*."

No matter how many times he ends up here, the cold would always bite him in the fucking ass. Even with the furred and cold-protected armor he wore.

Maybe it was because he'd gotten so used to the Nether's usual heat that he always felt even more cold when coming to the Overworld- or maybe it was just because they were in the coldest biome to exist.

An ice spike biome, one of the most extreme biomes to ever be discovered. Cold as fuck and filled with an unfathomable amount of packed ice and snow. Well, almost unfathomable.

The sky was completely grey as snow fell at a fast rate. Tugging the hood over his head and tucking his hands into his armpits, he trudged through the snow covered ground, shivering.

Thankfully though, it didn't take long for him to find the place he was looking for. He goes to a specific ice spike, one that was relatively smaller than the rest and entirely man made. He brushed aside a layer of snow and found the iron trap door. Taking an enchanted piece of paper out of his inventory, he shoved the paper into a snow-covered ground and waited impatiently for the trap door to open.

*click*

Hurriedly, he climbed down the now opened hole before it could close on him. He huffed, he could see his breath from the action as he climbed down the ladder and into the hidden depths underneath the ice spike.

His slip of paper drops out of the wall from a hidden dispenser and he grips it tight in his hand as he reaches the end of the ladder. He doesn't get off though, there's lava underneath the ladder and he has to precariously balance and shove the paper into a different part of the wall just for the iron floor to appear underneath his feet.

He doesn't dawdle or waste time, quickly he jogs over to an obsidian block in the corner of the currently empty room. Pressing himself against the wall until he heard the pistons shift and the wall disappears, finally letting him inside just as the floor disappears behind him, he hears the strays hiss just as the pistons are moved back into place and he's left standing in a large messy room that could have been a living room.

"Ey Phil! Fundy! Where the hell you two at?!" He calls out loudly, brushing whatever lingering snow was left on his person as well as tugging his hood down.

"Keep it down Quackity, I finally managed to get Fundy to bed, I don't need you waking him up again." Phil's irritated voice snapped at him as the old man emerged from a hallway, "He needs to sleep, he's been up for days."

Quackity snorted at the sight of him, "And you haven't?" The old man had bags on bags on bags underneath his eyes, his face was an unshaven mess and honestly he looked more of a hobo than the respectful old adventurer that Quackity had once put under house arrest. "Ender Phil, you look less and less than a DILF every time I visit. Daddy I'd like to fuck? More like, Daddy oh ender *yuck*." He sniffed, smirking at the very annoyed and vaguely disgusted look Phil gave him.

"*Shut*." Phil snapped again, taking in a deep breath and shaking his head. "Not another damn word out of that horrid mouth of yours." He grimaced and looked away. "I'm not a dad anymore anyway Quackity."

And there went Quackity's mood. "Tommy's still alive." Even if he wasn't there, Fundy and Philza were adamant that he and Tubbo were alive, but either in the past or in an alternate universe.

The man's face grimaced, "Tommy's stopped viewing me as a dad a *long* time ago Quackity. Drop. It."

Just because Tommy had stopped didn't mean Phil had to, Quackity bit his tongue and reluctantly dropped it.

Only to pick something else up, "Alright, you're not a dad anymore, should I start calling you granddaddy instead?"

"You are a *menace* and I *despise your existence*." Quackity cracks a grin at that as he sees the suffering look on Philza's face but there's a small twinkle of reluctant amusement in his tired, old eyes. "Now, what the fuck are you doing here? I thought you wouldn't come until like, fucking next week or something. Fundy and I are good on food. Finally got that automatic farm going on in the back, and the underground lake provides plenty of fish. We're good on supplies- no actually, we might need more iron. I'd have to check again."

"Solace was under attack, and it's being shut down to be salvaged."

Phil froze from Quackity's quiet interruption, the grim tone he used as well as the dark look on the other's usually smiling face. "The settlement got overrun by the Crimson. It grew too fast and was too much. Phil, we're thinking that the Crimson is somehow getting resistant to soul fire." His eyes widened as Quackity continued, "There are several reports of some of the shit taking too long to burn Phil. It's getting everyone worried, especially with Solace down. That's two settlements attacked Phil. *Two*- we've managed to save Elysium but Solace *has* to be destroyed."

"Fuck, *fuck*-" Phil swore, covering his face with his hands and cursing. "Of course, *of course* things are getting more and more worse." He took in a deep breath, warily glancing at the grimacing Quackity. "I take it that's not the only reason why you're here?"

The vice president nodded, "How much longer do you need for that portal? At this point, we *really* need information on that Phil. Everyone's getting restless and if another settlement is attacked or fucking taken over- everyone is going to *panic*. Go fucking *batshit crazy*. It's bad enough that we lost Tubbo, but without him around the factions are getting antsy and aren't easy to calm. And do you know how fucking *hard* it is to talk to Thymu *and* Obero *face to face* when the two are being assholes? Tubbo is a *saint* for putting up with them and *not* looking like he wants to punch their faces in." He huffed, scowling to himself before frowning sadly as he thought about Tubbo.

He hoped they were both alright and that the initial plan of time travel was working out.

It had been so sudden, losing Tubbo while he had went to visit Phil and Fundy and assist them for the week.

And Tommy...

Quackity shook his head and glanced over at Phil. They were no longer in the living room, but in the portal room where there wasn't a single portal seen yet. Quackity could only see the carved blocks sitting on the side.

"We've just finished successfully carving the runes and symbols into the blocks Quackity, we haven't assembled the frame yet. And even then- we need to build up its magical capacity and power source. It's going to take a while Quackity, and even then, there's still a lot to do." Phil said, looking apologetic but at the same time both frustrated and stressed.

Quackity made a complicated face that set Phil on edge, "Right, power source- what was the power source for the portal again?"



Phil gave him a wary and hesitant look, "Eyes of Ender..."

"Y-Yeah, about that- is there any chance you can power the portal any other way?"

"Excuse me. *What?*"

Quackity waved his hands around frantically at the intimidating tone of voice Philza spoke with. "L-Look- endermen are getting rarer to see in Warped forests! Even the Pearl faction are getting a low supply of ender pearls! We have no idea why, but ender pearls are kinda on short supply here!" He exclaimed, inching away from the now furious Philza.

*"Do you know how **hard** Fundy and I are already working on for this enderforsaken portal?! The sleepless nights we have, the bullshit we had to do- we've tweaked the portal, we're trying to make it better but the power source for this fucking thing is EYES OF ENDER! We can't change the damn source of power **NOW**- it'd take too long and it probably wouldn't even work!"* Philza yells, Quackity winced but thankfully Phil did nothing too him. Though the old man kicked at a nearby chest, spilling the random contents onto the floor as it opened and toppled to its side. "My grandson *did not lose* his fucking **arm** for that *piece of shit* just so you can tell us that you need the power to be fucking *changed*." Phil hissed at him as he pointed to the block that was within the item frame.

Quackity had no idea what it was, but apparently it was the main power source for the portal and that it needed Eyes of Ender to power up.

It was very important and apparently one of it's kind- as far as Phil could say.

It was *so* important, that Fundy and Phil had to risk going back to their overtaken lab to grab the thing. Fundy had lost his arm for it.

Guilt swirled in his stomach and he sighed, "I'm sorry man but- fuck, okay. How many pearls do you really need for it?"

---

*"A whole stack? Just for this one thing?"* Phil repeated with his jaw dropped, looking down to the weird block-frame he was holding. It was made of a stone that Phil has never seen anywhere else before, and the top was a bluish-green frame that showed nothing but darkness within its hollow block. He's found before that not a lot of things can be inside the block, pearls could be placed in it but it'd soon reject it afterwards, Eyes of Ender on the other hand, it slotted into the frame perfectly and just sat there indefinitely until someone took the eye away or mined the block.

Which was a *very* hard thing to do, as Phil had found out early on.

Toby nodded, looking both amused and grim as he glanced between the slack-jawed and shocked pair. "Well, *at most* it's that. Sometimes we've managed to charge the thing with only about, twelve, maybe thirteen Eyes of Ender. But it's better to have like, sixteen or even more on hand because it goes through eyes pretty quickly. And half the time it even breaks the eye." He said, wincing as he remembered the frustrating times the eyes had exploded within the block whenever his Fundy and Phil had been testing the portal.

"Ender fuck." Fundy muttered in surprise, he snatched the block from his grandfather's hand and looked it over. He's never seen the thing before. "Where did you even find this grandpa?"

The old man's face scrunches as he tried to remember. "It was one of my older adventures I think. I can't remember which or when, but I believe I found it in a chest somewhere underground. Also careful Fundy, don't be careless and put it down just anywhere- it's a bitch to pick up again. Takes *so* fucking long and you need a netherite pick otherwise it's basically unbreakable." He advised, grimacing as he remembered the hours he had spent, trying to pick the damn thing up after accidentally placing it where it wasn't supposed to be. "Supposedly there's supposed to be more of the things, but I haven't found any, nor have I found any other information about it."

"Well, you've got new information now. It's a powerful source for portals." Toby told him with a small smile that Phil returned.

Fundy hummed, "I wonder if we can find more? Cuz' like, wouldn't it be easier to power the portal if there were more these things connected to it?"

Toby looked thoughtful, "It's worth a shot. We couldn't try and find any before because of the Crimson already making things complicated, but maybe we'll find more somehow. It'll be a gamble worth trying."

But where the hell would he even find more?

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by korokapot](#)

it's just eyes BUT IT'S THEO AND TECHNO LOOKING AT EACH OTHER AND TECHNO APOLOGIZING it's- *it's good*

[by korokapot](#)

it's the happy ending almost everyone wants :D

[by Joxbluefox](#)

THEO!

[by rena-draws](#)

small but nice scribbles of me, techno and toby :)

it's the first of april! happy april fools every one :)

okay so i DID thought of making a joke chapter but... i just want to continue the story tbh. however i still wanted to make something else so... why not a chapter situated in the future where toby and theo came from? :D

you get to see how everything is going on while theo and toby are in the past and now alternative timeline they're in!

things aren't... looking too good for them

and i know that end portal frames aren't supposed to be mineable and picked up but- it is

here! needed it to be! well, it's VERY VERY hard to mine- need a netherite pickaxe, VERY OP enchantments and etc to pick it up. also, guesses as to where that portal frame actually belongs to ;)

anyway that's it, this is my contribution to april fools.

a chapter mostly in the future and a peak as to what's happening there :)

i hope you guys have a nice april! i may or may not be updating Wishes at least once next time, but it depends

see you next update <3

# Shark Cloak

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: A lot has happened over the past week Phil.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: I don't even know where to start.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: hey mate, glad to hear from you. was getting a bit worried from how long it's been since you checked in.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: We just arrived at a village with a comm booster, the other ones didn't have any.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: at least ones that reached that far.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: just how far away are you all??

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: pretty far compared to where L'manburg is.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: damn

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: you said a lot's happened? what happened?? are you alright?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: ehh mostly. Alright in a physical sense, all of our injuries have healed.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: what injuries

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: techno what the fuck happened out there

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Like I said before.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: A lot. but we're mostly fine, I swear.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Look i don't have much time to explain everything, but you got to believe me when I say that we're doing alright okay dad?

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: ...

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: alright, but you better explain everything when you come back techno

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: so what can you tell me now?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Well, Tubbo and I have made progress with Theo. He's...

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: not as dismissive towards us like in the beginning.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: We've also figured a lot of things pertaining to him and the main problem why he's so

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: devoted to Dream.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: you did??

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: why?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: the reason is very complicated phil and i can't really talk about it right now

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: just know that it's very fucked up and if things weren't so complicated I'd be joining Toby in dropkicking Dream's sorry ass right into the sun.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Speaking of Toby, how is he?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: What's the progress on that portal project he has you and Fundy? Is L'Manberg still standing or did Ghostbur manage to kick Schlatt out of office somehow?

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: well... answering from the bottom, ghostbur's stable and hasn't been tormenting schlatt as much. l'manberg is doing fine, the country's actually looking

very nice and their future seems stable.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: the portal's coming in

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: okay enough? fundy and i are still deciphering the symbols and we're about to start testing it but we know how to power the portal now and how the basics work thanks to toby

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: as for toby...

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: i'm not even going to lie to you mate. toby's been a mess lately.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: 'A mess'? What kind of mess?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: What happened?

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: well, it's a bit complicated but essentially he's having a crisis over dream and his own purpose ever since the guy came to him and begged for his help. toby said he actually got on his knees and had his mask off and everything.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Heh?????

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: toby's feeling all conflicted and shit over it. got drunk over it a couple of nights ago, started crying and asked me on what he should do when you guys come back

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: didn't really know what to tell him, so i let him cry and gave some advice then sent him to bed. but i think he's still losing sleep over it for a while now

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: please don't tell me Toby's gone alcoholic

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: No student of mine should become an ender damned alcoholic mess.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: he hasn't, at least i don't think he's been drinking lately.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: he's busied himself with l'manberg work and trying to find something to do.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: when are you all coming back? i feel like you should give a heads up just in case because toby might need some time to actually prepare

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: ender

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: We kind of hit a problem when coming back so it might take a bit longer than a week or something to get back to the SMP and L'Manberg.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: that's what Theo said anyway.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: we did get the source obviously, it's really not what we were expecting

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: oh?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: it's not a thing but a person. a totem half-god named foolish, the retrieval mission was actually a rescue mission that theo wanted to do to free the guy from his golden caged prison of a worshipped god from a bunch of cultist pillagers and evokers.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: we can't get to the nether yet because the cultist's anti-portal circle either shifted or grew so now we're just trying to get out of range and open a portal to the nether and avoid getting found by them.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: bruh

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: yep, exactly.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: kid's nice though, he's never been outside his temple and his reactions to everything are very amusing.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: well I call him 'kid' despite him being several decades older than me solely on the fact he acts like a hyper active child half the time when he reacts to the environment around us

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: No wonder Theo wanted him out, he got excited OVER TREES PHIL. he'd never seen oak or birch trees before.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: he hasn't seen a LOT of things before.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: you should've seen his face when we got to the village, he got all bright when he saw the buildings and houses.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Tubbo and Theo are currently playing babysitter and keeping an eye on him while he's exploring the village. Sapnap and I are getting a few things before we have to go.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: phil he's getting excited over the small houses and how they're built. Apparently he has an eye for architecture and builds, I promise you, the moment we get back he's going to start building something big.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: he sounds wholesome

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: wait, aren't you being chased by cultists?

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: is it really safe for them to be exploring the village?

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: They'll be fine, they're not the ones who burned and blew up the pillager village in broad daylight. that was me and Sapnap.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: bruh what

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Besides Foolish needed new clothes aside from the fancy clothes he used to wear.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Anything bad happens, they'll pearl away and let us know.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: if you're sure...

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: I am, though I won't jinx anything so I'll be on guard nonetheless.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: Gotta go Phil, they're back and Theo wants to leave the village as soon as possible and find a place to camp for the night, too risky to sleep in the village's inn he says which I agree with.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: I don't know exactly when we'll be back but I'll try to let you know beforehand.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: believe me I will try, there's a lot we have to talk about.

Ph1LzA messaged Technoblade: alright techno, i'll tell the boys you said hi.

Technoblade messaged Ph1LzA: I didn't say to do that but alright, tell the nerds I said hi.

---

"I didn't know you could sew."

Tubbo grinned as he sees the blond man's hands pause slightly before continuing, "I did!" He chirped towards Technoblade who watched Theo carefully stitch a black button on the hood of Foolish's new blue cloak. The one that they had just bought earlier that day while finding new clothes for Foolish to wear, he'd been wearing those fancy but now ragged temple clothing for almost a week now and had been occasionally borrowing clothes from them whenever he could. "Tommy used to sew and mend our L'Manberg uniforms during the revolution! He and Theo are actually really good at it." He praised, giving Theo a sunny smile even though he wasn't too sure if Theo was looking at him now that his mask was partially fixed.

Theo had gotten it somewhat fixed in the village, he had a few pieces of the porcelain mask glued back together. It wasn't entirely complete, but it covered his expression once more. It

was kind of intimidating he'll admit, the cracked and broken mask. Tubbo tries not to let it get to him.

"... Someone had to learn how to do it, you and Wilbur were shit at it and the holes in your jackets kept getting bigger. At least Eret knew how to patch their jacket up, but ender knows how shit you both looked without me there to fix your damn clothes." Theo mumbled, surprising them, Tubbo especially.

He didn't think that Theo would talk about their old L'Manberg days, *very* old when it came to Theo's point of view, honestly Tubbo was surprised he even *remembered*. Tubbo's grin grew wider and he couldn't stamp down the giddy hopeful feeling in his chest.

Things had been getting better, between them and Theo. It wasn't all sunshine and daises but it was certainly better than the very distant and awkward way Theo had kept to himself days prior.

Ever since Theo and Techno had gotten back with an awkward but at least stable and *uninjured* calm surrounding them, Theo's slowly and grudgingly gone back to 'tolerating' them. No longer staying silent or trying to distance himself any further- he still kept an arm's length but Tubbo, Foolish and Sapnap were stubbornly and gradually pulling him closer.

Sapnap inched closer, looking curious as to what Theo was doing. "I can get why you bought the sewing kit now but at the same time I can't, what are you doing to Foolish' cloak? What's with the big ol' buttons?" He questioned, reaching over to poke at one of the giant buttons that Theo had just finished attaching to the hood of Foolish' cloak. He huffed slightly when Theo shoo'ed his hand away.

"Just doing something for Foolish before he can ask." Theo deadpanned as he set aside the hood, a small roll of white cloth appearing in his hands.

Technoblade cocked a brow, watching the blond's efficient work of dotting what looked to be multiple triangles on the roll of cloth. "Ask for what exactly?" He glanced over to the slumbering Foolish on the bed at the side. He'd tired himself out from their trip to the village, conking out after dinner pretty easily.

"Shark cloak."

The three males blinked at the simple, nonchalant answer. "*Heh?/A what cloak?/What?*"

Theo couldn't help the snort that escaped him from their differing replies that conveyed their shared confusion, "A shark cloak. A cloak, that looks like a shark. Have you lost some brain cells or do you really not get it?" He jabbed succinctly, scissors snipping the multiple white triangles that would serve as the cloaks 'teeth'. "It's his favorite animal, of course he was going to ask me to make a cloak for him again. Might as well do it now before he asks."

Theo didn't know why Foolish liked sharks so much at first, until the god had admitted one day that an adventurer had stopped by the temple and had given Foolish a few books for himself. One of them had been a marine biology book and the moment he'd seen the sketch of a shark and read about it, sharks had become an instant favorite for the god so of course he'd

immediately tried to get a shark from Theo and Dream, and when that didn't exactly pan out like planned, he asked Theo to make him shark clothes and a few plushes instead. Of course that was after they had bonded from the times Theo had visited the imprisoned god, still, after making a couple of cloaks and other clothes and such that themed with the animal, it was all his Foolish had ended up ever wearing.

Foolish's current clothes were suitable but admittedly Foolish had looked weird to Theo who had gotten so used to the man wearing shark-themed clothing paired with his usual get-up in his future.

He figured now that Foolish had chosen a blue cloak, because of course he did, he might as well make the thing before the ex-god asked him for it.

It's not like Theo had anything else to do at the moment.

Theo ignores the way the three of them stare at him in stunned silence, feeling annoyed by their stares but not enough to snap at them to look the other way. He focuses on the cloak instead. It's not until he hears a snicker that he looks up, irritated.

"*S-Shar-Shark cloak-*" Sapnap repeated, eyes bright with repressed laughter. Tubbo was snorting and even Techno seemed amused.

"What the fuck are you laughing about?" Theo snapped, gripping his scissors tightly. "What's so funny huh?"

Sapnap sucked in a deep breath, waving his hands frantically at him, "Nothing nothing I just-" He coughed, trying to recompose himself, "Sorry Theo, it's just- *shark cloak*. Theo, you're-you're making *Foolish* a *shark cloak*. Even though he didn't ask." Theo squinted at him, unable to see what Sapnap was trying to say.

"Yeah? *And?* What the hell is so funny about that?"

Tubbo laughed slightly, "It's not that it's funny Theo, just- really surprising! And you have to admit, you aren't exactly the type of man you'd expect making something like a '*shark cloak*' for someone! Especially for Foolish! I think it's wonderful you're making him a shark cloak." He told him, smiling brightly at Theo who hunched over himself slightly and grumbled.

"The fuck does that have to do with anything? I'm just sewing buttons and cloth to make it look like a shark. Anyone could do it, though it'd probably look like crap compared to my handiwork." He grumbled, deciding to ignore them in favor of focusing on finishing the cloak. He'd rather get most of the cloak done tonight and give it to Foolish in the morning. It was a shame he couldn't add in more details and a fin yet, but Theo would work with what he had.

That morning, after they all wake up and have some breakfast. Theo has to look away from the starry-eyed, wide smiling look on Foolish's face, swearing that some of Foolish's godliness had lingered because that was unnecessarily bright of a reaction for a simple modified cloak. No one but Theo knew of the smile that graced his face underneath the mask as Foolish immediately put the cloak on, hood up and beaming.



Of course the smile drops when Foolish hugs him and Theo can only awkwardly pat his back before prying the once-god off of him.

He avoids the knowing smiles and amused looks the others give him as Foolish lightly tugs the teeth of his new shark-themed cloak.

---

*Where did you go?! Where are you? How did you-*

*...*

*No. No, this can't- I have to do something. But how?*

*...*

---

*"He didn't have to do that for me- I was there, I burnt the house down with him. But he kept quiet about that." He murmured to himself, frustration and guilt in his chest. "Oh ender, Tommy-"*

*Hm.*

*He had to keep quiet, he had to sneak away- he couldn't be caught here. Not when both he and Tommy would get in trouble-*

*Hmm.*

*He traced the ink on the pages, "He hasn't been writing back as much." He mumbled, frowning, "I hope he's okay. I've- I've been so busy lately... I'll visit him soon, hopefully Dream won't be there-"*

*Hmmm.*

*"Tommy's... dead?" He whispered with disbelief, wide-eyed as the president choked on his tears. "No, no no- that can't be right. That can't be. Surely not-" He's interrupted by Tubbo's gut-wrenching cry, the shorter male collapsing to his knees and clutching the compass to his chest-*

*Heh.*

*The funeral is calm, the day is unfairly sunny for such an occasion. He sets down an allium flower on the empty casket and mourns with the rest-*

*Boring.*

*L'Manberg is in flames. Explosions were going off and Tubbo was falling- NO HE HAD TO SAVE HIM- Tommy?*

*There we go :)*

---

"Is he okay?" Ranboo asked quietly, looking at the adult enderman hybrid that looked far too much like him for his liking. Poor man was twitching in his sleep, his face furrowed slightly, and his fingers were twitching, "I-Is he going to wake up?"

Bad sighed and could only shrug, "I honestly don't know. By all means, this shouldn't be happening. He's in a coma, or at least that's what everyone thought he was in, but if it really was a coma then he shouldn't be able to move." He said with a frown, fingers carefully prodding the unconscious hybrid's face. "And yet for the past couple of days, he's been twitching, his face moving slightly- furrowing like this. From how it looks, I'd say he's in a perpetual nightmare that he can't wake up from."

"Well, can we wake him up? Somehow? He looks... really tired, and scared." Ranboo commented softly, hands nervously playing with the cuff of his sleeves as he watches the demon pinch the other's cheek. When it looked like it was getting painful he winced, and yet still, the hybrid in bed barely reacted. His fingers only twitching a bit more before settling, his face smoothed. "... I guess that's a no."

"Looks like it." Bad replied, feeling a bit guilty for pinching him so harshly but as he suspected, no reaction. "I really don't know what's going on with him. He's in a coma-like state, but at times he's moving, reacting to something in his subconscious no doubt, but he's not waking up. I don't know if he'll *ever* wake up actually. I've never come across something like this before."

The demon readjusted the blanket so it was comfortably covering the man once more afterwards he softly patted the older enderman hybrid's head. "I'll see what I can find in any books that I have. I'm a bit busy, but I'll try to find out either what's going on or a way to help him. Preferably a way to wake him up."

"Alright, thank you Bad." Ranboo thanked, shaking Bad's hand. "Sorry for calling you in like this and when you were busy but, we were getting pretty worried about him."

"It's no problem Ranboo! You're one of the rare good muffins who don't swear, and I'll admit I was really curious anyway." Bad waved off, smiling at the younger and shorter male. "I have to get going though, Skeppy and I have a few things planned to do today." He said with a tired sigh.

Ranboo nodded, noticing the tired sigh but deciding not to comment. It wasn't any of his business, though he was still kind of worried. "Okay, you and Skeppy have a good day Bad."

"Aw, why thank you Ranboo. You too. Oh, if anything happens, please let me know."

The young enderman hybrid watched the demon go before glancing back towards the unconscious hybrid on the bed. He exhaled slowly and went to replace the dead flowers by the bed with new ones, smiling slightly at the allium flowers that he'd gathered.

"..my..."

Ranboo blinked at the faint sound. He looked around, bewildered before shrugging. Must've been his imagination.

He spends a bit more time in the room, writing in his book for a bit before leaving.  
"Goodbye, I hope you'll feel better eventually... And that you'll wake up soon. Maybe things will start making more sense if you were awake." He murmured right before he left.

Tommy :)

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by rt.nique](#)

POG DREAM AND THEO :D

[by l1ght](#)

he's trying hard to seem cool XD

[by MasterRed](#)

ooo, your drawing style is pretty pog

[by renicess](#)

tis theo <3

[by the-bench](#)

karaoke night going wild huh o.o

[by the-bench](#)

pfft theo's therapy session is going not good XD

[by ME :D](#)

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

[by abyssmal-skies](#)

theo and toby :D

[by rena-draws](#)

okay so the two links here aren't fanart but ficlets by kiara-w on tumblr and they are  
*\*chefs kiss\** AMAZING!

[Ficlet #1](#)

[Ficlet #2](#)

THEY'RE GOOD! CHECK THEM OUT! it's just Rewind but during tommy's exile :D

[by dragonno1412](#)

DREAM! both leaf and poison :DD

it has certainly been a while since the last update!

this chapter is mostly a calm state and though i was tempted to add in some drama or tension or just SOMETHING, everyone really deserves some more down time and stuff. not to mention i am VERY EAGER for the group to arrive back at the smp and l'manberg. i'm in no rush, but instead of drawing things out i'll have them get back as soon as they can.

but enjoy some tailor theo making a shark cloak for foolish :D it was nice to write that whole thing.

ALSO PROBABLY LATE BUT HAPPY BIRTHDAY TOMMYINNIT. probably very weird to say it here, on ao3, on the end note of a fanfiction chapter but- i never got to

say it. i don't usually celebrate birthdays?? or holidays??? so this is the best i can do.

yes, just a chapter with theo making foolish a shark cloak. a nice downtime chapter :)

do check out my [tumblr](#), to see what else i do :D

# A Breakthrough

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

Fingers traced the messily scribbled ink, a thrilling sense of relief and exhaustion paired together as a quiet laugh escaped his lips. Buried underneath the relief though, a sense of disappointment and slight anger that was easily shoved aside as he looked at the scrawls of words inked unto paper.

They found it.

*A solution.*

"So this-" He licked his dry lips, making a small note to drink water as he continued, "-this'll break the Loyalty enchantment on Theo?" He questioned, glancing over to the demon who's face was painted with a semi-grim but determined face. The semi-grimness had him concerned, but he still felt hope as Bad nodded, even if that nod was with clear hesitation.

"It's nothing completed or concrete." Bad told him, motioning to the various papers that were spread out on the table. His usually neat and formal calligraphy had quickly turned into chaotic and near-rambling writing during his time researching with them, though he would later rewrite them into a neater and more organized paper. "But I do believe we're on the right path. We have a good grasp on *how* Theo's Dream managed to enchant Theo with Loyalty Three thanks to your dreams, so with that in mind and combining what we've researched and know- we might be able to break the enchantment and free Theo."

Dream grimaced at the mention of his dreams, the memories of Theo's Dream somehow slipping inside his head while he slept- they weren't as bad as before, where he'd be besides himself on what to feel on whatever memory popped up as he dreamt. But they were still problematic. Not all of them. But the ones that *were*... well...

*"Sapnap?" Dream whispered, chilled horror overtaking his body as he stared at the infected man before him. Sapnap's eyes had both disappeared underneath the cherry leaves that grew from his forehead, right underneath the signature white cloth tied around his head. His face was stained with dried tear tracks that were long turned into blood-tracks then black ichor. Whatever exposed skin bulged as the roots of the Crimson peaked from time to time from a stray cut, or just pierced through his old friend's flesh. In one hand was an enchanted netherite sword, in the other were a pair of familiar white clout goggles.*

*Dream screamed, in pain, rage, fear and grief as Sapnap's form crumpled. Lit ablaze with soul-fire and set to rest. One hand clamped on his shoulder were the roots were **digging** and **squirming** and the other hand clutching both now bloodied strip of cloth and clout goggles. The pain in his shoulder couldn't dare rival against the pain he felt in his chest as Tommy dragged him away from the flaming corpse of his ex-best friend.*

The green-eyed man had screamed himself hoarse after that one particular memory now nightmare.

It got even worse after George had the unfortunate luck to get ambushed by some leftover Crimson that had escaped from the purge from either Niki's bakery or secret city.

*"No no no- GEORGE!" He screamed as George stumbled backwards and collapsed, his best friend was screaming himself in panic and pain. Clawing at the frantic parasitic flora that burrowed its way into his flesh-*

His legitimate nightmares were worse than ever after that, only abated and comforted by the relieving fact that Toby had managed to help George. The small spark of humiliation he had felt while begging outside of L'Manberg to him had been thoroughly extinguished after Toby had gotten rid of the Crimson from George.

He'd been willing to do anything to make sure George was alright, he would've even given a life to Toby. Dream had been very surprised when Toby hadn't asked for anything, only leaving in silence with a complicated look on his face when Dream had thanked him and promised to talk to Theo about him and L'Manberg and that the country had his word that he wouldn't harm or do anything harmful to it and its people.

George was recovering nicely, a bandage still wrapped around his neck and he had to speak softly for a while, hardly speaking at all one the first couple of days as advised. A scar would be the only indicator of what happened. In his nightmares, that scar would bloom and George's scream would come from the flower instead of his unmoving mouth.

At least Sapnap was safe though, far away from the SMP with Theo.

Theo would make sure he was alright, if anything happened, Dream could trust him with Sapnap's safety and health.

"What do we have to do?" Dream asked, fingers curling and clenching with conviction. A steadfast look in his eyes- he would repay Theo with his freedom. His life. The man deserved that, and he had promised to help him just as Theo helped him first. A twinge of possessiveness stung his mind but he paid it no attention, it was getting easier to ignore it- whether it had something to do with his dreams or the fact he's been away from Theo for so long, he had no clue. But he was definitely feeling less possessive and angry over the thought of breaking the enchantment.

If anything, he was more worried at the moment on what could happen.

George, Bad and Skeppy though have noted that his eyes have stayed a steady shade of green leaves over the near-couple of weeks, with only flecks of grass here and there. No poison whatsoever. At least, that's what they think. Unlike Theo, they weren't experts in differentiating the shades of green from each other, and couldn't tell right off the bat. Still, Dream was getting better in a sense- his sleep schedule was thoroughly fucked at the moment from the memories, dreams and nightmares, but he was getting better.

And he'd get even *more* better when the enchantment broke. Dream hoped at least.

Skeppy was the one to speak up first, looking serious for once in a while, "Well, first off, we'd need Theo back to confirm a few things." He told them, sifting through the notes and papers written mostly by Bad but some having his messy handwriting instead. "We gotta make sure *he* actually *wants* to break the enchantment. Otherwise it might get more difficult than we'd like."

"Wait what?" George blinks, his voice a bit softer than usual- actually compared to the last few days, it was louder than usual. Toby had advised George to stay quiet until his neck fully healed, while it had been bad enough that the Crimson had invaded George's neck, it had come dangerously close to his larynx. His voice box. Toby had luckily managed to get the damn fucker out of his neck before he lost the ability to speak forever. "Explain. Please."

Bad motioned both men closer as he spreads a paper on the table, depicting a sketch of Theo's back and the enchantment that laid between his shoulder blades right at the base of his neck. "From what we've gathered, theorized and somewhat confirmed, Theo's Loyalty enchantment created a bond between you and him. Between Theo and Dream- it almost sort of resembles the bond between Skeppy and I but *far* unhealthier and definitely more dangerous and dark." His face darkened and he gave Dream a serious look, "Dream you're very lucky that Theo came and helped because if you really did become the person who created that- that *damned enchantment*- I would have seriously killed you where you stood. All three of your lives would be forfeit."

The fact that *BadBoyHalo* had used the word '*damn*' instead of '*darn*' really said a lot, paired with the death threat?

Dream gave him a grim smile, "I personally would have let you." He admitted, ignoring the pointed look George sent him.

"I know, which shows how different you are compared to the muffinhead that did this to poor Theo." Bad huffed, tapping the sketched out enchantment drawing. "Calling the enchantment '*Loyalty*' would kind of be a misnomer, it *does* instill Loyalty but- the static in Theo's head? The way he feels pain if he tries to disobey? That's- that's perverse. *Wrong*." He sighed at the 'no duh' looks he got from the three males, "Setting aside the obvious, the static in Theo's head is some sort of foil. Theo's Dream created it with the enchantment, or at least it's a created byproduct to the modified enchantment but the important point is the undeniable fact that it's greatly entwined with Theo's mind."

The demon sets down another paper, it was covered in sketches of Theo's face and head. The biggest sketches were two side-views of Theo's head. One with a lot of blue-inked scribbles that represented the 'static' that Theo described. "Theo has spent almost half a decade with the static in his head. It's nothing compared to my bond with Skeppy but that's still a very long time for a human like him. His mindset is... unstable and as far as we can say, the static almost always covers his mind- heck, I'd even say he clings to the static because he feels like it's what's keeping him together sometimes." Bad grimaced, feeling a sour taste in his mouth at that admittance, his grimace only deepened as he continued. "If we try to break the enchantment with the Theo still clinging to that static and that static still encompassing his psyche... We might end up hurting him more than helping." Deliberately, he drew a red cross mark on Theo's head.

"What? *What?*" Dream stared at the cross mark, dread pooling in his gut. "Hurt him *how*? What would happen if we- if we do just break the enchantment with whatever you said is happening?"

Bad opened his mouth before closing it, his brows furrowing in thought before he started rolling up his sleeves and he raised both hands. "Okay so uh, bear with me but- imagine my right hand here, is the static." He wiggled his right hand fingers, "And my left hand and arm is Theo, or at least his mind, from my elbow to my hand, that's his mind. Now, this is uh- how they're interacting. With Theo grabbing the static and the static grabbing Theo." He folded his hands together and clamped on his arm, each hand holding on to the other arm tightly.

"Now imagine the static having these hooks or claws or whatever, *digging* into Theo's mind. Surrounding it, firmly in place with the hooks." His right hand fingers turned into claws, hooking themselves unto his left arm tightly, almost tight enough to draw blood. "If Theo *does* stop holding onto the static while we're breaking the enchantment, it's easier and less harmful and dangerous." His left hand loosened and they watched as the arms slid against each other free, though his clawed right hand left light lines on his left arm. Bad refolded his arms, clamping tightly once more. "But if Theo *doesn't* stop holding onto the static, the enchantment as we're breaking it... well-" Bad hissed as he tried to forcibly slide his right hand free even though his left was clamping down on his right arm in an iron grip. His claws dragged roughly against his skin, breaking flesh and causing him to bleed.

Skeppy gasped louder than Dream and George, "*Bad stop! You're hurting yourself!*" He exclaimed, forcing Bad to halt, fretting over the five thankfully small but still bleeding lines on his arm. "*Okay* we got it- did you *really* have to do this?!" He scolded, taking his handkerchief out to press against Bad's bleeding nailmarks.

"Aw, I'm sorry Geppy." Bad immediately apologized, looking guilty but not regretful. He bumped his head gently against Skeppy's, trying to reassure him. "I'll be fine, I heal faster with you around remember? But yes, I had to- Dream and George *need* to understand the *severity* of this whole thing." He gently pried Skeppy's hands and showed him, George and Dream his still bleeding wound, the two men looking pale.

He sighed at their looks but shook his head and continued, "Now, remember. My left arm is Theo's mind, my right hand is the static enchantment. Imagine these wounds bigger, from my elbow to my hand, imagine that but with *Theo's psyche*. *That* is what'll happen to Theo, or at least there's a big chance of that happening, too big to risk anything. We can't exactly force the break on him, it might damage his mind- damage it more than it already is thanks to the static and trauma he's experienced. We could verily kill him, either physically or mentally, he'll become braindead if we force it. Now it's a *possibility* that he might survive without as much damage but... I'd rather we keep forcing the break as a last resort."

Chewing on his lip, George gives Bad a hesitant look. "What if. Dream, ordered him? What then?" He asked out of curiosity and concern as it crossed his mind. As much as they didn't want Dream to order Theo around anymore and take advantage of the enchantment, maybe it could help in a way?



"What, like, order him to let go of the static?" Bad voiced aloud, his face scrunching in thought. "I... don't know what would happen, it seems contradictory though in a way. We still have no idea how the static or Theo will *really* react to the fact we have a way to break the enchantment. Theo might be really attached, or the static would have the sense to survive somehow. We have a lead, a way to break it but there's still a lot of unknowns that we can't answer until Theo comes back so we can tentatively and carefully test things out."

"However one thing's for sure. When the bond breaks, Dream shouldn't be able to see any of the memories of Theo's Dream." Skeppy chimed in, looking at the tired-looking man. Dream was used to less sleep than average but with the memories, he's certainly been having trouble. It reminded him too much of his youth after his family had died. "We're pretty sure that because Theo is so far away, the bond is compensating for the distance by filling the stretched out and empty space with the lingering memories of the bond it used to have with Theo's Dream. Not really sure if the memories will continue after Theo comes back though." He admitted to the relieved Dream.

It wasn't perfect, but there it was.

A lead to help both Theo and Dream, it wasn't going to be easy, but it was *something*.

Their best bet was to have Theo by their side on breaking the enchantment, or at least ease him as much as he could without triggering the defensive static that clouded his head and activated the painful reactions of the enchantment itself. Bad was also looking for a way to lessen that pain, negate it ultimately so Theo wouldn't have to feel the near-physical burn and agony that came from the enchantment. The static however was a whole other thing that they had to carefully tiptoe around.

And that wasn't the only problem they had.

"*Techno and Tubbo know?!'*" Dream shouts in George's face one day, when Sapnap was finally able to talk to them through their comms after stopping by a village with a proper long-ranged comm-booster. Dream hadn't been awake when George and Sapnap chatted, taking a rare, peaceful nap that wasn't interrupted by dreams or memories or nightmares- he had been sleeping so peacefully that George didn't have the heart to wake him up despite the fact what Sapnap had been telling him.

George winced, nodding as he motioned Dream to read his communicator. "Yeah. He says it's been tough on his end. A lot happened." He mumbled, rubbing his now-bandage free neck and lightly tracing the scar that was left behind.

An understatement, but nonetheless true.

"Oh *Ender's fuck*." Dream swore, panic building in his throat. "*Ender's fucking fuck-*" It was a good thing Bad wasn't around, he and Skeppy were gone for the day. Bad had to meet with someone apparently, Dream couldn't remember who. "*Techno knows. He knows.* That means his Chat knows, the weird fucking voices that *Toby* can hear-

"*Occasionally* hear." George corrected him, trying to calm him down. "Theo said he can't hear Chat without being engaged in serious combat, is blood-crazy angry, in the Nether or

around Technoblade. Toby's just in L'Manberg right now and Punz hasn't said anything about him freaking the fuck out so he doesn't know. He hasn't heard Chat, you can chill Dream. Calm. Down." For now at least.

It was only a matter of time before Toby and the others found out. Something that Dream dreaded.

Dream did not like having his weaknesses shown, if that wasn't clear by now, he hid his serious weaknesses under lock and key. Personal problems that would affect him would be brushed aside and ignored, their existence disappearing as he pretended they weren't there. Showing weakness meant death or grievous harm, he had learnt early on in his youth while on the run. George and Sapnap knew that as well as they ran with him but with less danger compared to his plight, as such they were much more laxer compared to him and though eventually he had relaxed quite a bit when he just claimed his lands, the SMP. He never got over that mindset, it resurfaced with a vengeance soon afterwards, when trouble came to his SMP. Tommy, Wilbur, L'Manberg-

Theo.

Dream did not like having his weaknesses known, doubly if they could get him killed.

Toby was going to try and kill him once he found out about the tattoo.

That was a fact of life.

Dream had been surprised that Toby hadn't killed him the moment they were alone outside of L'Manberg, though he chalked that up on the previously humiliating fact that he had come to beg for help. He had bared himself to Toby, showed his face to show sincerity and had gotten on his knees, offering everything he could for George's sake- *that* saved him.

Not much would save him once the man who once called himself Tommy's best friend, learned of the binding enchantment that stained Theo's back and the pain behind it.

*And that was just Toby.* The others would call for retribution-

*Ghostbur* was another man who vied for his life with a mad vengeance and dark anger. Not much would save him from the specter either.

Theo probably would, but there was no telling when he and the others would arrive back, and the longer it would take to tell Toby and the others, the more harrowing their anger might be.

Still, having Toby learn about the tattoo by Chat- it's not something they'd want to happen.

"What do we do?" George asks, looking worriedly at Dream who took in a deep breath.

Shoving his panic aside, Dream could only conclude one thing.

"We tell him. Tell *them*. Toby first though and hope for the best." He needed a plan that won't get him killed.

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The amount of relief and excitement didn't really surprise Theo as he sees the portal spark to life.

Tubbo and Foolish's cheers actually made him feel even better at the familiar *vwoorping* sound of the portal. Still, paranoia nipped his heels and he urged them through. "We can't risk the portal breaking at any moment, let's get into the Nether and get back home as soon possible." He told them, unable to bear with the idea of the portal breaking on them and leaving them stranded in the Overworld again- he cannot take another week of walking, hiding and such with the group.

They're *tolerable* but the static was beginning to itch, to urge.

He's been away from Dream long enough.

Sapnap says that things were doing fine in the SMP, which was good, but there might be something coming. Theo wanted to make sure Dream was alright with his own eyes.

He knows the risk of coming back though, Techno knew as well as Chat who would no doubt blabber to Toby. It was inevitable. But it was all the more reason to head back, for Theo to return to Dream's side. To make sure Toby backed the fuck off from the Dream he's worked hard to help.

Things were finally looking up and Theo wanted them to stay that way.

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## Chapter End Notes

[by MasterRed](#)

THEO :D

[by rena-draws](#)

theo and toby being protective bois

[by rabble-dabble](#)

Theo bein soooft <3

[by sleepy04beehive](#)

I LOVE THIS IT'S TOBY-CENTRIC :D

[by kiara-w](#)

Rewind Exile Arc AU Masterpost :DD!!!

there's a light! at the end of the tunnel! you all see it! you're all reaching for it!!

will you make it? :)

chapter 61 you guys, we've come this far, we're not backing down now >:D

i *was* tempted to do a thing for theo and the others before they got back, but it's been long enough and they've suffered away from the SMP and L'Manberg for far too long. they need to get back, also i need this story to continue on, so we're moving on! sorry for

those who thought foolish was the center of the radius, tempting cool idea as it was, i don't have the time nor patience to go through that with how close we are.

personally, feeling a bit iffy at the end there, but yeah this chapter is solely to give you hope for theo's enchantment. see? there IS hope, there's a way. it's not gonna be easy though. we're nearing the end here, just a couple more important things need to happen, maybe a downtime chapter or two afterwards and then curtains will fall.

stay tuned :)

check out my [tumblr](#), it's been pretty pog there :D

# Coming Back

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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They break the portal before they set out to leave.

The pillagers might find the portal frame in the Overworld but they wouldn't leave a trail for them to follow.

One thing that had Theo worried about Foolish was the trip through the Nether.

Foolish didn't have his godly attributes anymore- most of them at least. Foolish could summon a bolt of lightning, that had been interesting to find out just a day ago when a zombie had surprised the totem man. It left him fatigued though, like when he creates more than two totems at a time. As a god, he didn't have the need for hunger or sleep, though Foolish slept anyway to pass the time. His sense of temperature was also skewed.

The once-god created totems by molding molten gold, infusing the metal and gems with his power.

Sure, Foolish had retained that bit despite not being a god anymore, he didn't have any problems sticking his hands into the furnace and taking the molten gold out to shape like clay or dough, but the Nether was an *entirely different* type of hot compared to a furnace.

Still, Foolish had some sort of heat resistance that came from his time of godhood, he handled molten gold metal just fine.

Theo was secretly somewhat the tiniest bit jealous since molten cold metal in Foolish's hands reminded him too much like lava. Did that mean Foolish was immune to lava? Even though he wasn't a god anymore? They didn't exactly have the time nor will to test that out though.

But then again, now that they were in the Nether. The opportunity might unfortunately come.

They ended up further from where they made their original portal than Theo would have liked but beggars couldn't be choosers when it came to the important stuff, and the only choice that they had now was to head back home. The only *sensible* choice anyway.

At the very least though, Foolish still thought the Nether was cool- dangerous of course, but he was certainly awed by the change of realm and environment.

"We need to cover as much ground as we can." Theo told them after checking his enderchest, "I can stretch the obsidian and ice to last for maybe two nights, by the third night we *need* to reach the last place we slept in the Nether." Which, according to the coordinates of their comms, was quite far.

They should be fine though, they had gotten as much water as they could. In multiple buckets and water bottles that Tubbo and Foolish mostly carried since they had the most inventory space that could be spared for that.

Foolish was taught on the most important facts in the Nether, and one important fact that would come when they went to settle down and sleep for the 'night'. *Never* place a bed in the Nether with the intention of sleeping in it, beds within the Nether were practically useless after all. If one wanted to respawn in the Nether, they had to use respawn anchors.

Theo honestly didn't think he would have ever had to use the respawn anchor again, having been on his last life for *years* before hand but seeing the two other hearts on his wrist...

It was useful at least, since the rest of them had lives to spare- not that they wanted to spare any of course, but it paid to be cautious.

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"Why don't beds work in the Nether?" Foolish asked curiously after Theo and Techno built the relatively small but thankfully cool obsidian room that would serve as their little campsite for the 'night' they would spend within the Nether. Tubbo was fanning himself, groaning appreciatively when Theo set down the ice, the temperature steadily stabilizing within the room as heat left the one slabbed window that Theo left for that sole purpose. Tubbo and Sapnap were sweating their asses off after the long journey through the Nether, covering as much ground as they could with few breaks in between. Techno was fine being the piglin hybrid that he was the bastard, at least Theo was *somewhat* sweaty, the man was human but more used to the Nether than either of them were.

It was Foolish's first time in the Nether and he seemed relatively fine, a thin layer of sweat covering his non-golden skin and his hair more messed up than usual but he wasn't leaning close against the ice within the obsidian wall like Tubbo and Sapnap were doing. Tubbo especially, being the youngest and most unused to the Nether.

Which was kind of envious. Tubbo could remember the first time he first set foot in the Nether, a long time ago and back then just minutes in the realm, he'd been a sweaty, grumpy mess. Tubbo was pretty sure he even cried when he got back into the Overworld. Hey, the Nether was scary and very hot to a child who had foolishly gone through the portal with hardly any protection against the heat.

Sapnap groaned, stretching against the wall before dipping a towel into the cauldron that was by the ice, groaning once more but this time in relief as he used the towel to wipe off his sweaty skin- this was how they were going to stay clean for the next week or so, gross but better than nothing. Tubbo was going to relish baths when he'd finally come back home. "Something something, Nether magic interfering with Overworld magic?" Sapnap answered vaguely with a mumble, tossing a wet towel to Tubbo who thanked him reverently for the cool wet cloth.

"That's the bare essentials of it but yes, something something, Nether magic interfering with Overworld magic." Techno replied dryly, watching with amusement as the two full humans were practically melting into the wall as they wiped the sweat off of themselves. Theo on the

other hand seemed content to stay still for the moment after building half of the room, with Techno building the other half.

Moments like these had Techno musing to himself that it wasn't so bad, being a piglin hybrid. Having a natural resistance to the Nether and such. "Beds are an Overworld thing Foolish." Techno told him, capturing his attention, "Beds are tied to the Overworld, it's the best place to sleep and respawn at. You can place a bed in the Nether but you can't sleep in it- or else Nether magic will interfere with it and cause it to blow up. Which is why we're sleeping on the floor with blankets and pillows instead of a regular bed and why we're using a respawn anchor."

"Respawn and revival work differently in the Nether." Theo picked up after Techno, seeing the way Foolish's face was filled with more questions, "Quite frankly, this place ain't a place for the normal respawn shit the Overworld does. If you die in the Nether, it takes a while for you to revive in the Overworld- time difference and shit between the realms. The hybrids that live in the Nether, the ones who were born with three lives, they *can* respawn in the last place they slept in the Nether but most use respawn anchors for long trips and shit. And it's more reliable and safe."

Tubbo hummed, feeling a bit better and listening in on the explanation. "Well that explains a lot of things I didn't think to question." He mumbled aloud.

If there was one thing about the trip that Tubbo hadn't really expected it to be was being educational on subjects and topics that Tubbo hadn't really thought about, it was quite fascinating to learn from both Techno and Theo who were the most knowledgeable about stuff among the group. Of course Theo had a bit more knowledge much to Techno's disgruntlement.

Dream, Theo's Dream, may have been a bastard but he was *smart*.

Not to mention he was still Theo's mentor and he taught him more in just combat, it was just Theo was better at combat than he was at anything really theoretical. He was smart in his own way but when prodded deeper into a subject that Theo didn't know that much aside from what he picked up from Dream, he'd just go quiet and maybe shrug if he was feeling more open.

Tubbo leaned against the wall, soaking in the cool air of the obsidian room where they were staying. Listening with half an ear to the conversation, more than content to just sit down and relax for a moment. He ends up falling asleep not too long afterwards, both dreading and looking forward to returning back home to L'Manberg.

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'What do you *mean* you're not sure anymore Tubbo?! This is- This is *Dream* we're talking about- you can't seriously be telling me that we're letting him off the hook for what he's done!'

Toby glared at the floating man before him, his teeth gritted and his fists clenched. "That's *not what I said*." He ground out. He doesn't even bother to correct the other about his name, it didn't really matter when there were more important things to address.

Ghostbur scoffed, his pale white eyes darkening to a dark blue as it swirled in his spectral socket. 'But you're *thinking* about it.'

"I'm- I'm *not*- Look Ghosbur, no, Wilbur." He says, tone hard and icy. "I'm *just* saying that we- we should give him the benefit of the doubt." His face contorting, as if he'd swallowed a bad lemon. "We're not forgiving him, I would *never* forgive the Dream that's fucked up everything I worked hard for but that's the point! *Ranboo* had a point! Fuck, *Theo* had a point! This Dream- he's done some bad shit obviously. The revolution, the duel, but he hasn't done what *our* Dream did yet."

'*Yet*. That's the keyword here Tubbo, *yet*. He hasn't done the things *yet*. Just because he hasn't done them yet doesn't mean he'll never actually do them!' Ghostbur snapped at him, fury and paranoia swirling in his eyes. 'We shouldn't give him the opportunity to do so-'

"And we fucking won't! *Listen* to me you ender damned ghost! You're right, there's a chance that he'll do it again but there's also a chance, that maybe, and I know it's a big fat *maybe* here, that he won't! Theo- Theo's *done* something okay?! The Dream now, he's *nothing* like the Dream we knew. The Dream we knew would *never* get on his knees and fucking *beg*." Toby hissed, it was the only way to get those words out. He can't see Dream, *their* Dream, the smug, prideful bastard, *ever* getting on his knees and begging. Never. And yet-

'It's a *ploy*! You're falling right into his fucking trap Tubbo. He did it to *trick* you! I wouldn't be surprised if he deliberately let George be infected with that Crimson shit-' Ghostbur raved, only to be interrupted by a *flower pot* being thrown right at him. The item phased through him, shattering as it hit the floor instead of the specter but Ghostbur still made an indignant noise, 'Did you just throw a flower pot at me?!'

He was taken back however, by the look of *cold rage* that was painted over Toby's face. "*Don't*." Toby told him, his voice calm and hard but cold and angry. "Do *not* say that. If there was something we *all* agreed back then, during that fucking nightmare apocalypse was that the Crimson was something *no one* had to suffer under. *Even Dream*, Dream *hated* the Crimson. The Egg- even when he was infected, he fought against the mind-control and lasted *far longer* than any other infected did. I may have hated the man, but he has some of my respect for fighting alongside us against the monstrosity that was the Crimson. Even if he was a fucking *bastard* who took Theo away from us."

Toby took in a deep breath, shaking his head and scowling heavily at Ghostbur who scowled right back at him. "I doubt that he would *ever* use the Crimson like *that*. And to *George* of all people." Plus, the begging had been genuine. Those eyes- He fought back a shiver, fought down the bile in his throat with gritted teeth and a growl. "You weren't there when it happened Wilbur. Don't talk shit about the Crimson when you know *nothing* about it."

'... Even so, you're making a mistake. Dream *cannot* be trusted.'

The scarred man pinched the bridge of his nose, "I didn't *say* I would trust him. Wilbur you're *still* not listening- I don't trust him, I don't forgive him but I... *I don't know okay*. Just- whatever you have planned for Dream, this Dream, stop. Just stop. Don't bother with it and just leave him alone. Until something happens, just focus on anything else but that."



Whatever Ghostbur was going to say, Toby interrupted, "What's more important to you Wilbur? Your family or a vengeance that hasn't happened yet?" He sneered at the silence the ghost gave him. "I thought so. Think about it Wilbur. This is a second chance for *everyone*, and as much as I hate Dream, if we keep at it Theo will *never* come back to us. He won't consider it, consider *us* as an option. I'm tired, Wil. So tired. Of hating, of fighting- of everything. The country I fought *and* died for is flourishing in a way that I, that *we* have dreamt from the beginning. L'Manberg is standing, it's standing strong and at this point I have no idea what to do. What I *do* know though, is that I want my best friend back. The man I hate isn't the man I remember and for once, I can *see* a chance, small as it fucking is, it's a *chance* to have Theo back. To *Tommy* back. He's *so much more* important than Dream could ever be, so I'm deciding to focus on him, instead of Dream."

They argue a bit more, Ghostbur being so stubborn and paranoid but Toby stands his ground.

Dream could still suck it, but Toby was tired. This time, he would focus everything on Theo.

He just wanted his best friend back.

He would just...

*Ignore* Dream and hope for the best.

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"We're so close to home! I can't wait to show you L'Manberg Foolish, you're going to *love* it- there's *tons* of builds in L'Manberg and we can set you up with a place of your own!" Tubbo exclaimed, excited to *finally* be back- well, they were almost back. They were still a bit away from it, but they were so close!

The teenager was looking forward to finally heading home, see everyone and most importantly; *bathe*. Ender, he missed being able to shower freely, he was *so* going to have a nice and long bath when he got home. Or maybe nap first *then* do that. Being away for almost a month and camping out in the wild made Tubbo really appreciate the house he's built.

Sapnap snorted, "Hey, the SMP has cool builds too. Pretty sure Foolish would fit right in in the SMP." He told Tubbo, looking forward to returning to his friends as well- oh he wasn't looking forward to the inevitable shoe drop but he *really* missed his friends. He hoped George and Dream were alright, with them being realms apart, Sapnap couldn't talk with them or get information in turn.

Still, they had made progress with Theo who was a bit more open with them than he was in the beginning. Though, he was really antsy to get home.

"Both places sound great! I'd love to visit them both, see what they're all about and then decide where I'll stay." Foolish hummed, grinning widely at his new friends. It'd been a blast to *finally* be free from the temple he'd been locked in since the moment of his creation. He'll admit, there were a few things he missed, the Temple was all he had known after all but he couldn't find a single ounce of regret of taking the potion Theo had gave him and following him through the tunnel. He *loved* being free and by Ender, he was going to *stay* free. "Though it's likely that I'll just find a place for myself to settle down." He liked his friends, even if they

seemed to be at odds with each other at times- he's learned a lot from them. But for however much he wanted to stay with them, Foolish wanted to stay somewhere where *he* wanted to stay. Choose where he wanted to go. He was forever in their debt, but he meant it when he said he was going to stay free.

Theo sighed but nodded to Foolish, "Sounds good big man. Just stick close by so you can visit easily, if anything happens, call for me. Or any of us." Theo *did* want Foolish to stay in the SMP, he would be able to freely give Dream all the totems he wanted but he understood and respect Foolish's decision. Though, if Dream wanted Foolish in the SMP, then Theo would try to convince him.

Foolish smiled, nodding back. "Of course!"

Technoblade was currently silent, his brows furrowed and thoughtful, he seemed distracted. He was probably trying to keep Chat quiet in his head, trying to make sure they would behave- over the few days coming back, Theo repeatedly addressed the problem of Toby finding out via Chat about his enchantment. He didn't want that to happen- hell, he still didn't want *anyone else* to find out, but with Chat being Chat, it was only a matter of time.

There wasn't exactly a concrete plan as to deal with the matter, but Theo would think of something. He'll confront Toby himself if he has to, as long as Toby stayed away from Dream.

"I've done a lot to get here Technoblade. Dream doesn't deserve shit from any of you, Toby especially. He hasn't done anything, he's even trying to help. So back the fuck up and let me deal with Toby and stay away from Dream." Theo had warned him when it was just the two of them within a red Nylum forest, something that Theo disliked since it reminded him too much of the Crimson. Though he ignored it in favor of addressing Techno and his Chat. "If you really want to help me then just- just do this for me... Please."

It took a while, but reluctantly, Techno agreed and would try to reign in his Chat from spilling the beans immediately- he would have to stay away from Toby for a bit, far enough that he wouldn't hear Chat long enough that Theo would address Toby.

They would finally talk.

Face to face.

Just them.

Theo wasn't looking forward to it. But it was for Dream's sake... And his own.

They were close.

Hours away from the portal hub where they'd be back within SMP lands, right by L'Manberg when Techno suddenly stopped in place. "Technoblade?" Tubbo questioned, noticing the hybrid's sudden halt. "Techno, what's wrong?" He asked when he sees the way Techno's face twisted into grim concern.

"Are you okay?" Foolish asked as Techno pressed a hand against his head, his teeth gritting together.

Theo was instantly on edge when he saw the look of repressed bloodlust in Technoblade's eyes, he tugged Foolish and Tubbo back, away from the hybrid. "Get back, *get back*."

"Wait, what's going on? Wh-" Sapnap protested as he too, was shoved back away from Technoblade. His mouth clicked shut as Theo took out his axe, cautious over Technoblade. "Theo? Technoblade?"

***KILL HIM KILL HIM! KILL HIM TOBY KILL HIM! toby calm down! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING!! make him pay. techno techno HELP TOBY'S SO PISSED!! blood blood blood kill kill!***

Techno hissed, his head swirling with bloodlust that wasn't even his- not all of it at least. Chat roared in his ears- "*Chat stop it, stop fueling his bloodlust you're MAKING IT WORSE!*"

Theo's form stilled before understanding dawned on him and immediately, he ran.

"Wh- *THEO WAIT?! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!*"

Towards the portal hub.

He needed to get to Toby.

---

A roar of anger was heard by the Nether portal hub.

*GeorgeNotFound was slain by Toby\_ with [Warrior's Stinger]*

---

Standing over Dream with a sword aimed at his neck should have him feeling triumphant, or conflicted. Depending on how he felt at the time, before Dream came to him, on his knees to beg- Toby would have felt triumphant to have the masked man pinned down with a sword so tantalizingly close to his throat. After, it would have him feeling conflicted.

But right now?

All Toby could feel was anger.

***KILL KILL KILL KILL BLOOD MAKE HIM BLEED MAKE HIM PAY GIVE HIS BLOOD TO THE BLOOD GOD USE YOUR ANGER LET HIM DIE KILL HIM HE TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY FROM YOU STAB HIM***

Chat fanned his anger, fueled his bloodlust and was making it very hard for him to stay still as he snarled at Dream.

*"I should have known, I should have killed you the moment I saw you."*

*An enchantment.*

All this time.

Theo- *Tommy* had been underneath an *enchantment*-

***MAKE HIM PAY MAKE HIM PAY KILL HIM MAKE HIM BLEED TAKE YOUR VENGEANCE***

By all means, he *should*.

His sword pressed harder against Dream's throat, only resisted slightly by the bloody hands that were trying to push away, green eyes looking panicked, desperate and afraid- Toby *reveled* in that expression, even if something seemed wrong.

He promised.

He needed to do this.

He *should* have done this.

*And yet-*

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by Lost\\_atSea](#)

YO THEO! he has a smiley blindfold :00

[by renicess](#)

theo making the shark cloak :D

[by lord-of-doodles](#)

COMIC ON CHAPTER 17!!! :DDDD

[by kiara-w](#)

another amazing ficlet by kiara-w!

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

TOBY AND TECHNO TOBY AND TECHNO TOBY AND TE

extra pog for hiding-in-the-vault for being my motivation this chapter because i am entirely sleep deprived and am spitefully staying awake >:D

[by rabble-dabble](#)

THEO! he was awfully lonely after his dream died

[by dragonno1412](#)

POG AMAZING THEO LOYALTY ENCHANTMENT EFFECT

[by ldc996](#)

theo and toby :)

[by rena-draws](#)

karlnapity rewind comic ;)

[by kiara-w](#)

another ficlet :D

[by rena-draws](#)

more karlnapity but with theo and toby!

[by rena-draws](#)

>:) ANGST

[by lord-of-doodles](#)

YEAHH THEO TOMMY AND TOBY TUBBO

[by rabble-dabble](#)

hmm, i wonder what'll happen when theo is free of the enchantment :)

sorry for the long wait! got sick over the week and couldn't write :(

but hey! we got fan art stacked up right there AND we're now back on track :D

and just in time too! we've got a LOT ahead of us. we're *so close* to the end, you have no idea.

this chapter was kinda hard to type, not only because i was sick for a bit but it was hard to move forward in a way that seemed natural enough for things to progress. i'm not entirely satisfied with it but we're moving on.

you guys ready?

i'm not, but here we go :)

# What Fanned The Flames

## Chapter Notes

TW: graphic descriptions of blood, violence and death. body horror and mental horror. vomiting. implied mental torture. temporary and very brief character death.

buckle up guys, gals and nonbinary pals.  
this chapter's not fun

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Theo stumbled out of the portal, chest heaving and body numb but pumped entirely with adrenaline and his mind was racing.

He had to get to Dream. He had to- he had to make sure that Dream was okay because Toby was *angry*, enough that he could hear Chat despite not being in the Nether or nearby Techno.

Quickly, he fished out his communicator, hoping to contact either George, Bad, Skeppy or even Dream himself-

*GeorgeNotFound was slain by Toby\_ with [Warrior's Stinger]*

He gripped his communicator tightly and roared.

**"TUBBO!"**

---

"TOMMY!" Tubbo screamed, fear and concern clouding his head as he rushed towards the surrounded and downed blond man. The air thick with the unpleasant smell of rot and blood, a miasma spread throughout the biome they were currently in. And spread with it, were the foul, Crimson-infected animals of the Overworld. Sheep, cows and pigs, once harmless mobs that could do little wrong, now much more monster-like than your average zombie.

The newly-made warrior rushed towards the gathering of infected animals, each sickeningly covered in vines, roots and red-colored corrupted flora.

*BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! TOMMY NO! get them tubbo!! SHOW THEM WHOSE BOSS!! Fight new warrior, fight and WIN!! KILL THEM ALL!*

### ***Shwing***

A once perhaps adorable sheep hissed and screeched in horrific pain when it was set aflame by his sword, it's wool once fluffy and white then red and spikey with thorns and flowers

sprouting from the sheep's skin, fleece and body now quickly turned black and charred. It was much more dangerous now but it was still basically a sheep and could still easily die underneath a single swing of a sword. On it's own, it wasn't much of a threat they found.

A cacophony of growls and snarls came from both it's fellow sheep and the other infected mobs, no longer peaceful.

Tubbo gripped his sword and snarled back, bloodlust quickly circling in his veins and Chat chanting for both him and the Blood God in his ears.

His mind blanks out for what seemed to be a contradictory eternal moment, red filling his vision and his senses. Blood. *Blood. He needed blood.*

For the gods. For *the* god.

Blood for the Blood God.

*Blood for the Blood God.*

***Blood for the Blood God.***

***Blood for the Blood God.***

The voices crowed and screamed in his head, fanning his flames and supporting his lusting hunger for blood and death. The urge to rip, to tear, to *kill-*

***BLOOD! DEATH! KILL! ALL THE BLOOD FOR OUR GLORIOUS GOD GIVE HIM EVERYTHING! guysyou'reoverdoingitthe'sgoingoutofcontrol! BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD! WIN THE FIGHT AND KILL EVERYTHING THAT STANDS IN YOUR WAY! stopstopheneedstostop! BLEED FOR THE KING AND GIVE THEM HELL!***

A bloody savage, that's what Tommy thought the moment he hears Tubbo cackle and laugh as he tore through the hostile herd of infected cows, sheep and pigs. The already red ground staining even further, the miasma seeming to get worse as it mingled with the scent of blood and death. The healing properties of the golden apple had healed him enough to get back on his feet, but it didn't seem like Tubbo was done.

Tubbo was still laughing, a hungry, deranged look on his face as he repeatedly swung his sword into the now very mutilated corpse of a cow. Tommy flinched back at the sight of it, disgust and horror quickly turned into determination and anger and Tommy quickly readied his shield and a totem of undying, just in case.

"Tubbo." Tubbo's head swiveled to look at him and Tommy's breath hitched at the wide-eyed smile Tubbo gave him, his eyes practically pinpricks as he bared teeth threateningly at Tommy sword in hand and bloodlust conquering his mind. "*Tubbo-*"

***Thwack!***

Tommy was nearly knocked down by the rough force that collided against his shield, his best friend had become unfairly bulky from his training with ender damned

*Technoblade*- his shield's durability had fucking *halved* from that hit. "*TUBBO YOU FUCKING BITCH SNAP OUT OF IT!*" He shouted from behind the shield, hoping to snap him out of it.

Thankfully, it seemed to work.

Tommy heard Tubbo's sword clattering on the ground, and the whispered, "*Tommy?*"

After a slight moment of hesitation, Tommy put away his shield, finding Tubbo on his knees on the ground. Looking hopelessly lost. Even with the blood and gore covering the man, Tommy couldn't help but remember the last time he'd seen Tubbo that lost- back when they were younger. And on the same side.

It made both his heart ache and him want to puke.

That was in the past, Tubbo was- Tubbo was a *tentative ally*.

Meanwhile Tubbo stared at his bloodied hands with a numb sense and look of horror.

*that was a lot. IT WASN'T ENOUGH THOUGH! BLOOD! Stop, he's had enough! we were aiming to protect tommy and we did just that. tubbo looks so horrified though. To be fair this isn't the worse rage that has happened, Technoblade's rage was so much worse. a a a. L. GET BACK TO KILLING STUFF IT WAS SO FUN! SHUT UP THAT WAS HIS FIRST BLOOD RAGE!*

*That was a blood rage?*

*"I have no idea how the rages will affect you Tubbo, I don't even know if you'll experience them." Techno admitted to him, arms cross but with a furrowed look of concern on his face. "But if you can hear Chat, chances are, you'll be affected by them when you're in the heart of battle. They're always the loudest then, especially if blood is spilled. You need to be careful Tubbo because Chat isn't just a bunch of voices in our heads- they can both be helpful or harmful. Half the time, them being annoying is more considered a lighter side to them. When they're darker..." Techno trailed off, a grim expression painting his face before he shook his head. "*

*Let's just hope the only thing you can do, is hear Chat, Tubbo."*

He was covered in blood again.

It was like the trials all over again, he thought to himself as he started to heave. Only this time, he had gone way overboard and the screaming of the crowd never stopped.

Chat was still in his head, some voices still demanding violence and blood but whatever bloodlust he had felt was gone as he lost his lunch to the side when he caught sight of the gruesome carnage he had left in his wake.

*And this was just animals.*

What if it had been *people*?



All too easily, his mind conjures desecrated corpses. Wisps of the smoke of death in the air, caused by his hand- Chat's chanting, a damned melody playing in his ears and the smell of death and iron-

Tubbo pukes, bile, stomach acid and whatever he's eaten beforehand mixed together to escape him. It lands on the floor, with the spilled blood.

The environment had already been so acrid, the added smell of his own vomit helps make him gag even more as tears cloud his vision and he *sobs*.

He hasn't felt like this since his first trial. Since afterwards when...

*"It won't- it won't come off." Tubbo mutters, splashing more water on his hands and rubbing them together. He dunks himself in the water, the rare luxury of having a bath is wasted on him when no matter what he's doing, he just. Won't. Get. **Clean**. The blood still stains his skin, it's there, permanently he feels and fears. "Tec- TECHNO!" He cries, heart hammering in his chest.*

*His mentor comes crashing into the room, just in time to see him vigorously scrubbing himself, trying to get the blood off his skin, off his hands- "It's not coming off. It's- It's not- How do I- the blood Techno the blood-" Tubbo chokes when he tries to breathe- which he can't. He can't decide which is more important, trying to breathe or trying to get clean. "I can't Technoblade I can't-" Can't breathe. Can't get clean. The blood was still **there**- It would always be there-*

Back then, there had been no blood.

He'd been hallucinating.

Technoblade had been there to tell him he was fine, clean, *strong*.

He had survived and that it was worth it. Which it was- peace in the Nether was worth it, a safe haven for all was always worth it.

And yet, right now, Tubbo curses the branded mark on his chest, the *symbol* of how he was a *warrior*.

He didn't feel like one.

Not right now, heaving and crying on his hands and knees, covered in blood and surrounded by death and despair with voices in his head, both good and bad.

Even if most of them were trying to comfort him, the others heckling and mocking his display of weakness- Tubbo could only choke back the bile in his throat, not wanting to puke again.

So focused on not puking and his own problems, he doesn't notice Tommy's hesitant steps closer. Doesn't notice Tommy kneeling beside him.

What he does notice though, is the hand quietly but gently, lay itself on his back. Offering comfort in small rubs and pats. Only then does he notice Tommy. "*Tommy?*" He rasps, sniffing and shaking. His hands are rooted into the ground, fingers digging into the earth in an effort to stave off the urge of scrubbing himself clean despite not having anything other than water to rinse off the blood. It wouldn't be enough.

It never would.

Tubbo would never feel completely clean ever again, he's sure of it.

"Didn't know you could rage. Bad enough you can hear the shit your stupid ass mentor does, but this? This is shit." Tubbo flinches at the neutral reply, a near inaudible whimper escapes him but he can't help but lean into the comfort, lean against Tommy- the blond freezes for only a moment but continues and Tubbo would cry all over again if he wasn't already, this time for different reasons. "You almost hit me you dickhead."

He did. Oh Ender, he *did*- what if that had actually hit? What if Tubbo hadn't snapped out of his rage? He would *hurt Tommy probably even kill him*. "I-I'm- I'm so-rry." He's gripping the cloth of Tommy's hoodie, whatever was peeking between the armor, practically clinging to him despite the urge to push him away for his own good. If anything, he fully expects Tommy to be the one to push him away. The blond had been avoiding talking to him and interacting since the beginning. Keeping to Dream's side and staying silent- something he always did according to the others.

This was Tubbo's first supply raid in the Overworld, faced with the corrupted world that used to be his home realm. Once too busy with the responsibility of bringing peace and solidarity to the Nether but now part of the frontliners that scavenged the Overworld for supplies, resources and possible survivors. He had wanted to be here, both to help and because of the fact Tommy and Dream were frontliners as well.

"... 'S shitty bloodlust bullshit but it's okay." Tubbo looked up at Tommy, faltering at the porcelain that faced him but feeling both awed and comforted at the way Tommy gripped his shoulder gently. "Just- fucking talk with Technoblade about that when you get back. He's a bitch, but he knows his shit when it comes to... y'know. Warrior shit."

Tommy's head tilted, and though the mask is still off putting, Tubbo focused on Tommy's voice instead. On the way that despite it was awkward, somewhat stilted and very hesitant, it seemed genuine enough that has Tubbo craving for more. "C-Congrats by the way. On that. Nether's not as shit anymore. You did good man."

Tubbo's imagined his first actual talk with Tommy a lot in his spare time. Just what would happen when he and Tommy finally got to talk, face to face, without *Dream* there. He's thought of so many questions to ask, so many things to tell Tommy, so many scenarios in his head and he acts out the most common thing he's imagined himself doing to Tommy given the chance.

He tugs Tommy down and grips him tightly in his arms that wrapped around the startled blond who struggles only for a moment before he freezes when he feels Tubbo's hand on his back, so close to a certain spot that reminds him that he shouldn't be doing this. Shouldn't be

this close to Tubbo, and yet, Tommy finds himself leaning into the hug, just a bit. He can't even get himself to care about the blood that covered Tubbo.

"Tubbo-" Tommy cuts himself off, his body tensed, relaxed and tensed repeatedly, expecting *something* from the back of his neck and the depths of his head. He can't, he *can't*- he shouldn't be doing this. Tubbo wasn't his best friend anymore, he didn't have the right to be this close and for fuck's sake *they were on a mission*. "Let go. We're- we need to leave. We need to find the others." It's gone awfully quiet all around them, it's unnerving and unnatural. "Dream might need me-"

"No." Tubbo stressed, his hold on Tommy tightening a bit, "He doesn't need you. *Tommy come back with me*, with us. Back to Hub Haven. We miss you, *I miss you*- you have to come back." The thought of letting go right now scares Tubbo so much. This was his chance to get Tommy to come back with him. And if it gives him something else to focus on other than the stench of blood, so be it.

Even with the mask on, Tommy's disbelief was easily heard as he retorted, "*I blew up your country and you still want me back?*" It's been almost a year, but he still blew up L'Manberg. Killed it a third and final time. Why did Tubbo still want him to come back? Ranboo and the others tried persuading him, but having Tubbo try was just...

"Of course I want you back you idiot!" Tubbo exclaimed, loosening the hug so he could look at Tommy, wishing that the mask wasn't there. "You're still my best friend, *nothing* will change that! You... Yeah you blew up L'Manberg, but that was under Dream's orders. Surely you didn't mean it Tommy, that's just not you. L'Manberg was *our* country remember? We built it from the ground up with Wilbur, we fought for it, died for it- You *gave up your discs to Dream for it*." Tommy's breath hitched and Tubbo gave him a pleading look. "Please Toms, come back. I don't, I don't know what Dream did but we can help you. We can help you leave him and make sure he'll never get to you ever again."

It was so quiet, between them. Tubbo felt both hope and concern in his chest as he sees and feels the way Tommy starts to shake. "Big T, I-"

"Tommy."

Tubbo was immediately shoved back, knocked on his behind as Tommy stood up, stiff as a board. "*D-Dream!*" He exclaimed, his voice, shaking ever so slightly as the green wearing masked man stood just blocks away from them, foreboding within the shade of the twisted red oak. "I was- I didn't- I-" His fists clenched by his side and Tubbo's hope was effectively destroyed as Dream beckoned Tommy over silently and Tommy walked over without another word.

"Tommy, *wait!*" Tubbo called out and for a moment, Tommy seemed to stop but a single and subtle shift of posture from Dream had him hurrying by Dream's side.

Dream's porcelain mask was shadowed almost menacingly as the sun slowly set over the horizon, darkening the area and Tubbo held back a shiver as he swears there was something just *poisonous* behind that mask, staring daggers at him. "It's time to go." Dream said

neutrally, his tone flat and near icy. Tommy's seemed to staring at the ground with how his head hung low, and his mask was hidden by his red hood.

"Tubbo? Tubbo! Oh thank Ender we found you!"

Ranboo came barreling towards Tubbo, sprinting past Dream to reach him. "Tub-*oh sweet ender eyes Tubbo what happened?!"* The hybrid shouted with surprise at the sight of the blood and gore that surrounded and covered Tubbo. Ranboo helped Tubbo to his feet, he would have fussed and panicked more over him if he hadn't seen the desperation on Tubbo's bloodied face.

"Wait, *wait!*" Dream and Tommy were walking away and Ranboo instantly understood, he gave Tubbo a look of grim regret and understanding as he gripped Tubbo's arm to prevent him from running after the two. "Ranboo let go, I need to-"

"You need to clean up is what you need to do... Sorry Tubbo but, when Dream's around, Tommy's impossible to get to."

And he was right.

Tommy stopped talking entirely, sticking close to Dream for the rest of the mission which ended quickly.

Tubbo could only hope that next time, he'd get Tommy alone once more and try again. He had been close, he could feel it.

Unfortunately, Tommy wouldn't leave Dream's side for the next following missions. Or rather, Dream never left him. And the next time Tubbo had Tommy alone again without Dream around, it was too late.

Dream would never give Tommy up so easily.

---

*Dream had been too lenient on him lately, that much was clear.*

*He had expected some hiccups with Tubbo no longer busy with the trial business and all but he had been confident that he had a firm grasp over Tommy not to worry too much.*

*He should've known.*

*"This was for your own good Tommy. Letting yourself get so close to Tubbo like that- what if he hurt you?" Dream spoke to the crumpled, whimpering mess on the floor of the cell. It's been a while since he had to use it, but the moment he and Tommy got back, he dragged the pleading and apologizing young man to it and locked him up with the enchantment in full swing.*

*The enchantment had made things so much easier, Dream had been too confident on it- well, he still was. It was a damn great enchantment, it served its purpose and was so very useful. Tommy's come a long way from where he had been.*

*Dream crouched on the floor; a frown on his face that did nothing to hide the satisfaction in his eyes as Tommy shuddered and writhed with clear agony on his tear-stained face. The enchantment's glow so bright, he could see the spot glow even through Tommy's red hoodie. "You shouldn't believe a word he said Tommy. He just wants to take you away from me just to hurt you again, you really think he's just going to welcome you back with open arms?"*

*He needs to be careful again. Keep Tommy close by his side when they went out, he wouldn't let Tubbo have the chance to persuade his Tommy away.*

*Just the thought has him scowling.*

*It's always one thing after another, just someone or something challenging against him.*

*He'd just took care of Tommy, made him into his dearest friend, his protege, his tool and weapon and now in comes Tubbo. Oh so eager to take Tommy's old place as a nuisance going against his authority.*

*It was bad enough the Egg had taken over his fucking SMP and forcing him to work together with all those traitors. Not even Callahan wanted to accept the olive branch he offered his way, couldn't they see he wanted things back the way they were just like they did? That he needed people by his side too? That despite how much he hated attachments, they were something he craved and wanted.*

*Everyone abandoned him though.*

*Well, almost everyone.*

*He reached out and laid a hand on Tommy's head, chuckling at the shaky sigh of relief as Dream lets the enchantment stop and dim. He finds it amusing as Tommy strains to lift his head and lean into Dream's hand, like a dog wanting to be pet. That was an adorable thought now wasn't it? But Tommy wasn't his pet, not really. He was his weapon. His tool. His friend and protege. And as his protege, Tommy had to learn whatever lesson Dream would teach him. "What have we learned Tommy?" He asked gently as he stood up, helping Tommy stand and being his crutch to keep him steady.*

*"Don't trust anyone but you." Tommy rasps, eyes glazed over with exhaustion and lingering pain. "Don't let T-Tubbo let me think oth'rw's." His words were slurring, which wasn't surprising. Dream had left him in the cell for quite a while. Maybe he should've come back sooner?*

*Nah, this was better. Dream decided, helping Tommy limp out of the cell, patting his back. "There we go."*

*Dream helped him into his bedroom, laying him on his bed. "You don't need anyone else but me Tommy. It's just us against everyone else." He hummed, running a hand through Tommy's dull sweaty hair, smirking at the nod he gets and the look of obedience on his face.*

*Tommy wouldn't abandon him.*

*He wasn't allowed to.*

*"You're still my best friend, nothing will change that!"*

*Dream scowled and gripped Tommy's hair tightly to the point of pain.*

*"We can help you leave him and make sure he'll never get to you ever again."*

*Tommy let out a pained noise. "D-Dream- h'rts." He pleaded, weakly grabbing Dream's arm. Immediately, Dream loosened his grip and gave Tommy an apologetic smile.*

*"Whoops, sorry Tommy. Thought of something bad there. Why don't you get some sleep hm? I'll make you soup tomorrow and we'll train afterwards like always."*

*He wanted to hit something now but that could wait. Tommy needed to recover a bit from his time in the cell and the enchantment beforehand, he needed more training anyway since he allowed himself to get ambushed by those corrupted mobs after all. He's taught him better than that.*

*As Tommy slept, Dream thought to himself on just what to do with Tubbo.*

*'Nothing would change that', huh?*

*He'll see to that, test a few things out.*

---

For the second time in his life, Tubbo found himself falling at a dangerous height.

Time slows for him as he stares wide-eyed at the reason why he was falling. Tommy stood on the ledge with his hand out, having just pushed him off the edge.

*"Hello Mr. President." Tommy Tommy **Tommy Tommy**. "And goodbye." **TOMMY**.*

Things are different a second time.

He's falling off the side of a mountain this time, not a crater.

There's no Ranboo around to save him, just Quackity who screams his name from the bottom of the mountain.

Tommy's face is covered by that horrible fucking mask.

Dream is standing behind Tommy, his own mask off, his eyes a poisonous sheen of green and a malicious smile on his face.

Tubbo finds himself falling off the side of the mountain, the man he still sees as his best-friend had just pushed him off and he didn't have a bucket in his current inventory.

Tubbo falls off the mountainside.

*And*

*he*

***dies.***

...

Sparks of green surround him as he takes in a deep breath.

The totem he had in hand is gone and Quackity is holding him firmly in his arms, a look of relief on his scarred face.

Tubbo can't concentrate on him, all he can do is stare up at the two men atop the mountain. Tommy was looking away but Dream- Dream was looking over the edge right at him, both disappointment and satisfaction painted on his face. Their eyes lock together and Dream *smiles* at him, sly and dark. Dream puts on his mask and slips an arm around Tommy, they both disappear from his sight.

Something burns in his chest.

He knows it, he knows it *well*.

It's hatred.

He *hates* Dream.

**He hates him.**

**He'll kill him one day.**

**He swears it.**

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by electratheotaku](#)

THEO

[by behemo-levia](#)

ehh what they thought was gonna happen in chapter 63

[by behemo-levia](#)

a prediction of what they thought was gonna happen in chapter 63

[by kiara-w](#)

art by the amazing kiara-w! their take on theo and toby :D

[by rena-draws](#)

rena my beloved has draw theo and toby in snazzy suits for a possible karlnapity wedding!!!

[by rena-draws](#)

KARLNAPITY AFTERPARTY :D

[by rena-draws](#)

sdasdjajssh just read it's great XD

[by stefannia\\_png](#)

ooo dreamteam and theo chilling in lava :DDD

[by kiara-w](#)

another beloved ficlet! the exile arc continues :)

[by okaythen](#)

theo my beloved :)

[by pilocene](#)

POG! theo and dream action with crimson stuff :0

[by rena-draws](#)

bench trio x3 my belods :D

[by rabble-dabble](#)

another happy ending you all want happen >:3

Important: my writing schedule has changed. after i update i'll take either two-three days of downtime then update again.

this weekend has been hectic huh? that and my update schedule change is the reason why i didn't update yesterday!

lore is kicking up while here i am, trying to finish Rewind on time!

this chapter is solely dedicated to remind you all that *ex-clingyduo has TWO traumatized men here. theo's not the only one with trauma*. theo had his breakdown, which lead to a broken tusk, let toby have his. though i'll admit it's much more violent and he did kill george. it doesn't excuse his actions, but i want you guys to have a bit more insight and understanding to toby and his anger and hatred against dream.

and yes i'm prolonging this a bit because it both has to happen and i'm milking the situation a bit. and i wanted some more toby screen time, even though most of this chapter he's back to tubbo since it's situated in the future-past part.

future dream is... really not a nice guy



# The Incoming Storm

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

George gasped for breath, finding himself laid down atop his bed, his hands flying up to his neck and he choked on a rasping gasp.

His body ached and thrummed with lingering adrenaline, fear and phantom pain as his memories played itself back in his head before he-

*Primal fear shot through his spine, and for once in a long time, George froze in place. His limbs locking up, his heart skipping beats and nearly breaking out of his chest, his instincts screaming at him to run and hide. Yet, he was unable to move, unable to react from the look of pure, unfiltered fury sent his way.*

*Toby's face was dark with anger, his teeth gritted into a threatening snarl and his eyes shone with an unnatural glint of furious blood lust and a dark promise of violence.*

***"Stay out of this George."***

*He didn't, of course. How could he? When his best friend's life was at stake. It had been a stupid plan, to confront and confess to Toby like this, but Dream had been adamant and stubborn, half-out of his mind from the lack of sleep probably. George should have said otherwise, but the desperate and pleading look that Dream gave him had been hard to say no to. He can't remember the last time Dream had given him that look.*

*It took biting hard down on his own cheek for him to get moving again, just in time to intercept Toby from getting to Dream. "Dream RUN!" He screamed, and it felt like they were young teenagers again. On the run from the hunters and trying to save each other despite the odds. Maybe that's why he froze. It'd been far too long since he actually feared someone with a sword and he's only recently feared for his life after the Crimson had gotten him.*

*Toby had saved his life then but the man had no qualms of taking it now if George stood in his way. George knew this, he knew it and yet-*

***"I SAID STAY OUT OF THIS!"***

*It doesn't matter if you have netherite armor on, enchanted to the max or otherwise.*

*A sword through the throat is a deadly, one hit kill if done right.*

*George felt blinding pain for a moment, his ears rang as his vision blurred, fading and as his eyes fluttered shut, he heard a muted scream of his name before everything disappeared all at once.*

- died.

He winced, inhaling sharply through his nose in an effort to calm himself down, to calm his heart that threatened to bust out of his chest. He keeps breathing through his nose, ignoring his irrational fear that if he breathed through his mouth, the air would escape the non-existent hole in his throat. It made no sense, but he was freshly respawned and was trying to keep a clear head.

George can't stay still though, he had *died*- lost his life for the first time. Two hearts left on his wrist. It didn't matter though because Dream was in *danger*, George had *died* -his throat *ached* something fierce and he can't stop breathing through his nose, scared that if he breathed through his mouth the air would escape nonexistent hole on his neck- and he had left him alone with a pissed of Toby.

He had to move fast.

Even if his body protested from leaving the bed, even if he felt like collapsing back into unconsciousness to escape reality.

By Ender he wanted to go sleep, but he's found himself more motivated to stay awake these past few months.

Theo and Toby's appearance really made a rippling effect on everyone they came in contact to.

George stumbles out of his room, heading straight towards Dream's armory within the Stronghold. He'd be a fool to head back without some protection, and this time, he'd make sure his throat wasn't such an easy target. Once was bad enough thanks to the Crimson - *wriggling, writhing, digging underneath his skin and into his **muscles***- but twice? *Fuck that.*

There wouldn't be a third fucking time.

"George? *George!* There you are!" Bad exclaimed, he and Skeppy finding George looting the chests in the armory. The demon looked panicked and extremely worried, "George, what happened?! We got the notification- George what are you doing?! Oh muffins, your neck!" He cried out in dismay, seeing the awful scar that decorated George's neck. The new one anyway.

It looked burnt, healed but burnt. Right underneath his Adam's apple and large, it connected solidly to the branching root-shaped scar caused by the Crimson, though on the back of his neck, right between his shoulder blades was a smaller but equally burnt scar that matched the front. The place where Toby's enchanted sword had pierced right through him.

George didn't want to even think about it though, he needed to get back to Dream and Toby.

Bad can scold them both on how stupid their idea was all he wanted *after* they made sure Toby didn't take Dream's life.

---

Tommy had been having a relatively alright day, he had woken up in his dirt home for once, he'd done a bit of mining and gathered a good amount of iron and even a few diamonds in the

morning before he visited Niki's bakery for lunch and had some of her bread paired with a few steaks.

Niki had been doing well, recovering from the brainwashing she had experienced. She felt so bad about that despite it not being her fault at all, she had found the Egg but from what Tommy heard, the Egg was terribly charismatic and manipulative, she and Eret were not the ones at fault for the Egg's control over them. Though Tommy was still on the fence about Eret, Eret had betrayed L'Manberg after all.

Still, he was willing to *begrudgingly* accept the fact that Eret didn't mean to break Tubbo's leg *or* take Wilbur's second life like that. Didn't mean he had to like it though, he had a new set of nightmares about explosions again and dying so he wasn't exactly happy about it.

At any rate though, Tommy was glad to have Niki back to normal. It had been frankly terrifying, seeing her so crazed on the streets because of some *dangerous flowers*.

Niki had to close her bakery a bit early since she had volunteered to show some new people around L'Manberg, last Tommy had seen of her, she was talking to a woman who *had* to be a sheep hybrid. Tommy has never seen anyone with *that* kind of fluffy white hair before, yeah she had horns (and a cool pirate hat on her head, pog) but it was the hair that caught his attention.

They had seemed busy and were walking the opposite direction of where Tommy was planning to go, so the blond teenager decided to just introduce himself later when he had the chance or something. Tommy was thinking of visiting the White House, visiting Wilbur and maybe annoy him, Schlatt and hang out with Quackity for a bit.

Just as he was about to head over though, he met someone along the way.

'Hello Tommy!'

Tommy eyed the cheery ghost but sighed and smiled back, "Hello Ghostbur." He greeted back, noting the yellow sweater and the blue that stained the ghost's hands. The first time Ghostbur showed up like this, he'd been so confused by the personality flip. Toby had explained what he could but it was still incredulous to think and see the once-brooding and dark-looking specter to look so... naive, innocent and sweet. You wouldn't have thought they were the same ghosts at all, not with how Ghostbur was smiling so gently at him.

Ghostbur, when back to his 'normal' self always seemed to dislike the... regression? Repression? It was hard to describe, but Ghostbur didn't like his naive self- no one could exactly blame him when one thought of how Theo's treatment had been so clear yet the naive ghost had been so easily fooled when given an excuse. Ghostbur was working on his mental state, hoping to never 'regress' into his naive self ever again, to keep all of his memories in tact- but sometimes, he'd slip. Like now apparently.

It's baffling, to see the shift of back and forth between brooding dark ghost to cheery smiling specter and vice versa but it's the new type of normal that Tommy's put up with ever since time travel proved to exist.

"Hey Ghostbur, have you seen Toby around?" He asked, curious as to where the man was. He seemed busy lately, well, busier at least. He was thinking of visiting Toby if Wilbur, Schlatt and Quackity were too busy for his shenanigans - aka, if, well *when* they kicked him out for being too annoy-*too awesome*.

Tommy watched as Ghostbur's face pulled a frown, the ragged coat appearing for just a moment before disappearing. Well, that didn't seem good. 'I don't know Toms, he's probably around somewhere. Just not here.' The ghost hummed, fiddling with a handful of blue... something in his hands.

"Where the fuck do you keep getting that stuff Ghostbur? You always have it when you're all, smiley and shit. You never have it when you're all dark and broodish." Tommy said, finally asking the question that's been somewhere on his mind whenever he saw Ghostbur handling the stuff, his hands inked with blue that always disappeared when he turned back to 'normal'. It's actually been a while since he's seen Ghostbur like this, so he might as well ask now. He doesn't know whether or not Ghostbur would answer him when he wasn't like this, but it was probably safer to ask now.

The ghost blinked twice, startled by the question. 'Oh! Do you mean my blue? It's a wonderful thing isn't it? It sucks the sadness right out of me and makes me happy! Do you want some?' He said, offering a lump of what at first glance, could've just been blue dye. But Tommy squinted at it, it seemed semi-transparent just like the ghost that was offering it to him.

"No, I don't want none of that blue shit- but you didn't answer my question dickhead! Where do you get this 'blue'?" Tommy repeated, going as far as to try and poke Ghostbur. Of course his finger just goes through the damn ghost but Ghostbur still looked amused by the action.

Tilting his head to the side, his alternate future dead brother -wasn't that a fucking mouthful to even think about- hummed. 'I dunno Tommy, it just appears whenever I need it.' The ghost replied, throwing aside the blue lump. Tommy watch it land on the ground.

It disappeared not a moment later.

"What the *fuck*."

'Hm? Oh, it's gone. Yeah it does that sometimes when I don't give it to anyone else. It's quite curious isn't it?'

"Uh, yeah. Definitely... So you *really* have no idea where the fuck it comes from, why it disappears like that and what it actually does?"

The ghost laughed brightly, shaking his head, 'Oh Tommy, it sucks out the sadness out of you! That's what it does.' He told him, patting his shoulder.

Tommy tried to bat the hand away, huffing in frustration when his hand just went through Ghostbur's arm. How fair was that? He couldn't touch Ghostbur but the specter was entirely capable of touching him? Such bullshit!

At any rate though, his original plan of pestering the important bigwigs at the White House got quickly derailed into him spending time with Ghostbur somehow instead, and with that time, Tommy's gone back to visit Henry in his pen and Tommy has no idea when, but a sheep with a blue coat appeared along the way. One moment, Tommy was expanding Henry's pen and the next, Ghostbur was holding the leash to a blue sheep that had the name tag of 'Friend' around its neck.

When questioned about it, the smiling ghost merely shrugged and said, 'It's just Friend! I'm glad I finally found him again, or maybe he found me- I missed him lots.' His smile turned quite sad and he hugged the sheep, burying his face into the blue-colored wool.

Tommy decided not to question it. If only because Ghostbur gave him the wood he needed to finish Henry's pen expansion. He even let Friend stay in Henry's pen, just until Ghostbur found a proper place to house Friend.

Breathing out an exhausted but satisfied sigh of relief, the blond teenager sat down. Leaning against Henry who was also sitting down on the grass, munching on some wheat that Tommy had so generously given his beloved cow. He smiled, happy to see Henry in such a good mood- he hadn't even shit once! Or even tried to. What a good cow Henry was... For now at least, he could be such a bitch sometimes.

'You look really happy Tommy.' Ghostbur commented softly, floating above Tommy and giving him some shade from the sun- apparently ghosts can have shadows. Though Ghostbur's shadow was very faint, and offered only a little shade. 'I'm glad that you're happy...' The smile on the ghost's face dropped a bit and Tommy sees the way his eyes darken, wisps of *something* appearing just as the coat formed around his shoulders and the inky blue on his hands disappeared. The teen caught the faint scent of gunpowder as Ghostbur changed right in front of him, shifting to the more cynical Ghostbur that was sticking around more and more. 'Wish I could say the same for *Theo*.'

Seemed like Ghostbur was back to normal.

"What's that suppose to mean?" Tommy couldn't help but asked, raising a brow at the now, brooding ghost.

'It's nothing- I just wish Theo was here, and that he was genuinely happy and not with that *smiling green bastard*.' Ghostbur sneered, arms crossed and face dark.

Ghostbur rolled his eyes, 'You know what I mean you brat.' He replied with a huff, 'He's on Dream's side- I'm surprised you're not as angry as I am! He's you but- but all *wrong*. Dream's got his head all fucked with, had to be him. I genuinely cannot think of any other reason why he's done the shit he's done. Like blow up L'Manberg! He was so against *me* blowing up L'-fuck, *Manberg* and yet-' The ghost stopped there, chewing on his bottom lip with a conflicted expression on his face.

'The Tommy I know wouldn't side with Dream... *You* wouldn't side with him, right?'

Tommy shifts, uncomfortable with the sudden intense look the ghost gives him. Still, there's an odd feeling of... indignation? Tommy has no idea, but he feels *something* negative at the

stare and by the dead Wilbur's words. "Fuck no, but isn't that a bit hypocritical coming from the man who fucking *accepted TNT* from Dream to, y'know, as you *just* fucking said; blow up Manberg?" Not to mention probably do some bad shit with his future self, he doesn't say that out loud. He doesn't need to as Ghostbur flinches back, the scent of gunpowder a bit more pungent and noticeable.

'I- *point*. But I wasn't- still kind of aren't- in the right of mind then.' Ghostbur replied back sharply, tightly gripping his transparent sleeves. 'Tommy- Theo, *my little brother* was supposed to be the good one. The hero. Like Phil, but better. He sacrificed his precious disks for the country he helped build from the ground up, he should've been protecting it not *blowing it to hell*. He's better than that. Better than me. He's supposed to take down the villain, his villain, who's obviously Dream and-'

"And who the fuck said to make us the hero?!" Tommy interrupted harshly, his face twisted in anger with fire in his eyes. Ghostbur flinches back once more as Tommy stood from Henry's side, the cow mooing as Tommy stomped towards Ghostbur. "I may see my bitchy older self as a bitchy fucking bastard twat that's done a lot of wrongen but if there's one thing we both agree on is that we're *not* heroes- what kind of hero were you even expecting of him?! *Of me?* Better than you? Than *Phil*? What the *fuck are you even on about!?* "

From the moment Theo appeared, Tommy's views had changed.

With every revelation that came, Tommy's views had changed again and again.

His view of his friends, his family, the whole world-

He can only adapt to so much change, and the expectations he's set on himself and along with the others were already weighing him down.

Maybe in the past, Tommy would have been thrilled or determined to live up to the 'hero' label that had been stuck on him for some ender forsaken reason. But after L'Manberg's Independence, after the election, after the appearance of his fucked up older self and his equally fucked up but at least alright older best friend, after everything *afterwards* of that which included; a mind-controlling egg, an attack from a traitor and a friend, the appearance of the memory-addled, occasionally *insane ghost* of his *older brother*-

The thought of being a 'hero' just made Tommy very uncomfortable, might even make him sick.

And that was just him, he could only imagine how Theo felt.

He's heard all he could from Toby, and he may not be as smart as his best friend but he's connected a lot of things. Not all of them but it was *enough*.

Don't get him wrong.

He hates Theo, he hates him on the fact he's hurt a lot of people, friends, family, innocent people, hates him on the fact it was *him*-

It was a new meaning to the word of '*self-loathing*' and yet it stayed the same.

But there's a kinship there on the very basis that *Theo was still him* in a way.

And Tommy understood Theo, not all of him but he understood that Theo hated him.

Hated Tommy.

Hated himself as well.

So to hear Ghostbur refer Theo/Tommy as a hero...

It just made him unbelievably angry.

Ghostbur's face twists and Tommy takes in a deep breath. "Never mind, this bullshit's stupid anyway." He muttered, rubbing his face and turning around.

'Tommy I-'

*Ping*

*GeorgeNotFound was slain by Toby\_ with [Warrior's Stinger]*

*The fuck?*

---

Toby has spent *years* trying to get his best friend back.

Even as the apocalypse came, the end of the world right around the corner, one of the only things that Toby had wanted was to have his best friend back. Be it because of guilt, or want, or even spite, the constant goal in his life aside from surviving and trying to beat back the damned Crimson, it had been to *get Tommy back*.

Even at his lowest, even during the days where he felt like he should just give up, the thought of the dusty old disk in his enderchest paired with a compass that always pointed towards him- that alone was enough to send him back into the fray in chasing after Theo. And if that wasn't enough, he gets encouragement from others and he comes running after Theo from mission to mission.

Even after countless totems destroyed in Theo's attempts at his life by Dream's clear orders, even after the harsh words exchanged that seemed so genuine, even after *everything*- Toby had clung to the possibility of bringing Theo back to his side. Back *home*.

It was unhealthy, extremely so, almost everyone knew that, but did anyone care?

Toby surely didn't.

He wanted Tommy back, their friendship, their *lives*- all that effort, all that emotion, *all of it*.

He's given up on Tommy before, that one *ender damned time* and everything seemed to decline after that.

He wasn't going to do it again.

Toby has spent years trying to get his best friend back.

But in those same amount of years, he's found himself going *against* his best friend multiple times.

This time?

*This time was **different**.*

"You **killed** George-"

He got in the way, he'd warned the man not to get in the way- he didn't listen to him. Innocent blood was on his sword, George's things were scattered everywhere.

"You **hurt** Dream-"

He wanted to kill him. He had the chance to.

He *wanted to*, Chat wanted him to-

**MAKE HIM PAY MAKE HIM PAY KILL HIM MAKE HIM BLEED TAKE YOUR VENGEANCE**

*And yet-*

*Toby snarls, thrusting his sword downwards- the sword slices the side of Dream's throat. Shallow but it bleeds badly, the man hisses in pain and then lets out a yelp when Toby kicks him **hard** to the side. He probably broke a bone or two, but Toby didn't care.*

**"Get the fuck out of my sight."**

He had left Dream *alive*. Stormed off somewhere to scream and shout at himself, at Chat, but he had *left him **fucking alive***.

Chat tormented him for the action, Toby tormented himself for it as well.

And of course Theo comes in not too long after, fury incarnate.

Toby, still steaming with bloodlust and craving violence, counterattacked.

*"What the fuck is wrong with you?!"*

Sword clashed with axe and Toby laughed, harsh, self-deprecating but *victoriously giddy*.

"I knew it- *I knew there was something wrong with you Tommy! That bastard did something to you-*"



***"Don't call him a bastard!"***

There's no Crimson to keep the fragile truce going. No impending danger looming over them, the end of the world wasn't there.

It was just them, their emotions, and *years* worth of repressed emotions and thoughts on both sides.

Tubbo and Tommy met face to face. Sword to axe.

Tubbo had spent *years* trying to get his best friend back.

Tommy in the meanwhile, had spent the same amount of years, trying to stay away.

It was a long time coming, in retrospect.

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by cat](#)

more toby fanart >:3

[by yeoubi-i](#)

TALL FOOLISH YEAH! look at tubbo on his shoulder :DD

[by razuhakigoesshaw](#)

COOL THEO AND TOBY DESIGNS :DDD

[by rena-draws](#)

warning: has copious amounts of blood. BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD TOBY FUCK  
YEAHHHHH

[by rena-draws](#)

future big q with toby and an eyepatch :DD

[by kiara-w](#)

this was too cute so i had to mention it. ficlet about blob dream taking care of theo  
:DDD

[by rena-draws](#)

more of future quackity with an eyepatch :D

[by AintCerys](#)

AintCerys is back with another meme! man, i really ruined some of you for Loyalty III  
enchancements huh X)

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

IT'S THE TOBY VS TECHNO SCENE FROM CHAPTER 14

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

[by tallmonochromedmotherfucker](#)

little theo drawn at the side along with toby and hehe, swapped ranboo

[by galaghriel](#)

JUST FOUND THIS RECENTLY THANK YOU GALAGHRIEL :DDD IT'S TOBY  
AND THEO

i have no idea what the 'blue' from ghostbur is. i know it's blue dye and all in minecraft reality but like, what's the canon for it again? was it every explained? i can't remember if it was, hell, i don't even know how to explain it. but i wanted some ghostbur and tommy interactions and to hint a few things here and there. also friend, can't forget friend. friend is very much alive here and here he is! with ghostbur and tommy along with henry :D

i have no idea when henry appeared on the dream smp canon so here, he just appeared when l'manberg started to settle down after the independence war with dream.

SORRY FOR THE VERY LATE BUT LONG AWAITED UPDATE

writer's block grabbed me by the throat and had me pinned down for the count  
i'm not entirely satisfied with this chapter, but i didn't want to miss another update with Rewind.

either way, WE'RE HERE!

THE CLIMAX OF THE STORY PEOPLE

TOBY AND THEO ARE FINALLY FIGHTING EACH OTHER AND SOME  
THINGS HAVE BEEN MADE CLEAR

how's it going to end?

we're so close! Rewind's second arc is almost done!

the next update isn't going to come so soon, i do want to update Stream Labs LIVE next, and maybe Wishes and Family. also i want to make sure the next chapter lives up to the hype also i just, want it to be up to my personal standards

but yeah, next chapter? it's gonna be an emotional catastrophe :)

really hope you enjoyed this chapter! it's not what i wanted but it's what i'll give for the sake of next chapter and the update! till next time ;)

# A Messy Reunion

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*Thwip*

"Oh Ender, this is going to be very messy isn't it? Oh Tubbo..."

He traces the ink with a heavy heart, "Please end okay, *please*. They- they've been through so much..."

He can only dread the few pages that were left within the book.

*Thwip*

---

He shouldn't have gone.

He should have *stayed* in the SMP. With George, and Dream, he and Sapnap- they shouldn't have left. They should have stayed, or delayed the trip for a bit longer, or Theo should have made plans, back up plans, *anything* that could have been done to prevent this.

Foolish could have waited just a bit more.

He was so utterly *useless*. *Useless can't keep promises, can't protect your owner, friend, friends. George is dead and Dream was in danger because you left.*

***Dream was in danger.***

His friend-owner was in danger of *dying* while the actual friend he had promised to protect had *died*.

There's dread and rage boiling in his stomach, bubbling underneath a calm veneer that was so unbelievably fragile that the slightest touch would shatter it instantly. The static in his head was practically *shrieking* in indignation and fury, his promise to protect George- his duty to protect Dream-

He deserved whatever punishment that Dream saw fit for him, *after* he dealt with **Toby**.

He had gone *too far*.

After seeing the death message, Theo's back to running full speed. Trying to find out where his *friend-owner* was, almost breaking his communicator with how tight he'd been gripping it, checking it near-religiously and hoping to fuck he wouldn't see another death message.

By some miracle, there isn't another one and by mercy's luck, he finds Dream.

He nearly stumbles and falls on his face when he sees Dream, crumpled on the ground. Maybe it was because of the memories of his own Dream, his original friend-owner that had laid so still against the tree trunk or maybe it was because of the way the static both shrilled in joy and anger at the very sight of the man. Dream was *alive*, but he was *hurt*.

Curled up on the ground on his side with items strewn all over the ground, George's items and the very sight has him *seething*. Dream was clutching his arm and breathing heavily, a badly bleeding cut on the side of his neck and for a bad moment, Theo sees the ghostly image of a scarlet vine emerging from the cut, of a row of scarlet leaves growing from the cut and a flower blooming the side of Dream's face right at the socket-

A panicked scream tears its way from his voice as he desperately scrambles to Dream's side, "*DREAM!*"

He smells metal in the air, the sky darkens ominously and the temperature drops- there's snow all around them-

*No.*

There's no snow. The sky above is bright and the weather was fine and *Dream was alive*.

Hurt but alive.

"T-Theo-" Dream hisses through gritted teeth, his eyes closed tightly in clear pain as he held his badly broken arm. Ender's fuck, it looked really bad, the amount of blood on Dream's green sleeve meant that bone had pierced through skin. "Arm- side- broke-" He breathes out, clearly holding back noises of pain and agony. Theo was quick to get he clenched his jaw before quickly getting to work.

He carefully makes Dream drink a regeneration potion, slowly, while trying to deal with his broken arm- the regeneration would help his bones and muscles, not to mention it ease Dream's pain. He manages to make a makeshift sling from the leftover cloth he had on him and had Dream drink another potion, giving him a golden apple as well just to be sure.

Dream on the other hand, felt like shit the entire process. The potions were certainly helping though, no doubt about that. But even with that, his arm would have to be in a sling for a while- potions were miracle workers in certain moments but they weren't all-cures and instant. It usually took time for bad injuries, broken arms and cracked ribs included, to heal properly.

Not to mention constantly using healing potions would do more harm than good, it was better to use them at the start of healing or during emergencies. But at least it could help stop Dream's neck from bleeding like that and heal the cut, all Theo had to do was make sure it was covered and that was that.

The green-eyed man gripped the potions bottle he was drinking, emptying it with a sigh of relief as the pain quickly died down with the second potion quickly helping the regeneration potion that he'd first taken, there was a golden apple on his lap but he would eat it only when

the pain returned. Dream took in a deep breath, wincing at the spike of pain he felt at his side for the action. It was then he finally noticed that he was alone.

"Theo? *Theo*?" His eyes widened as he realized what happened. Dream had been so distracted with the second potion and his own pain to notice Theo slip away from him, Dream already had a feeling of where Theo was heading and he cursed.

*Fuck.*

This wasn't going to end well.

---

Theo finds him, some time later. Toby can't tell how much time exactly, the sun's move from where it was and Toby is just standing still, breathing heavily with a swarm of voices in his head that both quieten and become louder at random intervals.

He had stormed off to scream and shout, at no one, at himself, at Chat- and yet, he ended up standing still right in the middle of the forest. Quiet and nearly mute sans for his breaths even though in his head, he was a mess. The bloodlust is still swirling in his vain, a call to violence that he hasn't answered yet as his emotions and thoughts clashed not only with each other but with Chat.

He'd been right at the cusp of a rage, the flames fanned to their peak and his anger at its height- it was a downright miracle he didn't end up killing Dream. Something he was both regretting and not regretting to do- one of the many conflicts in his head.

*HE SHOULD HAVE KILLED DREAM! NO HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THEO SAID?! HE KILLED GEORGE MIGHT AS WELL FINISH THE FUCKING JOB! BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD!! GEORGE DIDN'T DESERVE THAT! HE GOT IN THE WAY NO ONE GETS IN OUR WAY! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD BLEED FOR THE BLOOD KING! E! KILL HIM KILL HIM KILL HIM KILL HIM! FUCKING STOP IT AND CALM DOWN!*

Only, it was very difficult to calm down from a rage. *Especially* when it had been at its peak, not to mention, Toby's own inner emotions and state wasn't as calm and composed as he usually was.

He wanted to scream.

He wanted to cry.

He wanted to hit something.

He wanted to *kill* someone.

He wanted to...

He wanted...

***"Tubbo."***

Tommy.

The grip on his sword tightened, and for a moment the voices became mute at *his* singular voice. Tubbo's lips quirked up, the sight of the ground he'd been staring at is getting blurry, like rain on glass, or rather tears were glazing over his eyes, affecting his vision. "To-" He doesn't even get to say the other's name. Toby blinks, his face feels wet and he *moves*.

Reflex kicks in as an *axe* swings his way and he's easily dodging it, Tom-*Theo* was back. And he was angry. His mask was broken, glued together but still the sight of the porcelain object covering Theo's face makes his stomach churn and his blood boil once again. Tub-*Toby* deflects the next swing, the harsh sound of metal clashing with metal makes him think of all the other times they've fought and the thread of his sanity thins even more.

"You **killed** George-"

He did kill George didn't he? Innocent George *-he was there from the beginning, with Sapnap and **Dream** in the Final Control Room, his hands were stained just like the rest of them from the enderdamned war. It was **his** stupid house that made him exile Tommy, the damage hadn't been irreparable but Dream wanted **retribution**-* was dead by his hand, couldn't step away and go *fucking sleep* this one damn time. His inventory must still be strewn all over the place from where he died.

**CLANGSHhhwwwIING**

The sound of their blades slide against each other in deflection. The slight sparks flying off the metal- it does nothing but *fuel* the battle at hand. His emotions, his thoughts, the voices in his head.

**BEAT HIS ASS TUBBO!! STOP IT DON'T FIGHT! BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD!  
OH ENDER THIS ISN'T GOOD. KILL HIM!! STOP! BEAT HIM DOWN AND SHOW  
HIM WHO'S BOSS TOBY!!**

"You **hurt** Dream-"

Dream. Dream. **Dream. Dream.**

It's *always* Dream.

He left the man alive *what more could he want?*

No, it wasn't his fault, the damn *enchantment*-

Toby should have killed Dream, *he should have killed Dream **he should have he should have KILLED DREAM***

But he didn't.

What was wrong with him?

*A lot of things. Who's that? Nothing! You didn't do it right. Who's what? Should've killed him. No! FOCUS ON THE DAMN FIGHT AND WIN!*

His head was full and *aching*-

He wanted-

What did he want?

Tommy.

Theo?

Dream dead.

Not dead?

Blood.

*Violence.*

Theo.

*"What the fuck is wrong with you?!"*

Toby *laughed*, harsh, self-deprecating but there was a feeling of victory in his chest- desperate fucking victory that clashed with the craving of violence that he still felt.

*"I knew it- I knew there was something wrong with you Tommy! That bastard did something to you-" Tommy would have never blown up L'manberg on his own, Tommy would never have left, never stayed with Dream unless something **made** him do it- and someone did. Dream. Dream, **it's always fucking hi-***

**THWACK**

Toby let out a pained shout, the blunt side of the axe colliding with his face and forcing him away just as Theo snarled at him, loud and clear.

***"Don't call him a bastard!"***

The warrior blinked rapidly, he spat out a mixed glob of saliva and blood to the side, along with part of a tooth he thinks. The blunt attack forcing his mind to focus a bit more, to form a coherent thought lest he end up taking another hit- He hissed through his teeth as he dodges another attempt at his face, this time with the sharp end of the axe. *"And don't you fucking call me that name!"* Theo turns to him, the most emotional and threatening he's heard of the man in a long while. *"If you wanted Tommy then go back to fucking L'Manberg! Spend time with **him** instead of **me**- Spend time in your precious fucking country right before I blow it to **bits**!"*

Toby pales and Theo's words come back in his head easily.

*"If anything happens to George. I'm blowing up L'Manberg."*

Gritting his teeth, Toby takes hold of the anger, the violence, the bloodlust and grips it tight-like he should have from the very enderdamned beginning and he glares at Theo, gripping his sword so tightly his rough, callous palms *burned*. "Shut- you wouldn't-"

The cracked porcelain mask mocked him, shining underneath the sun. *"Watch me."*

---

"Dream? *Dream holy shit!*" Sapnap shouts as soon as he sees his best friend, hunched over and leaning against the tree. Immediately, he broke away from the group towards him, "Oh my Ender- *what the fuck happened to you?* To George? The message- Dream what happened?!" He questioned, fretting over the state he was in.

It had been like waking up to a nightmare, the moment he had stepped through the portal, heard his communicator ping and read the death message. Only, it wasn't a nightmare. It was reality.

George had died.

*George had died because of Toby.*

No wonder Theo had gone off the moment Techno had acted weird.

The hybrid had quickly explained that something happened with Toby and that the man was experiencing a high amount of bloodlust, enough to cause big problems.

'Big problems' he had said, a damn fucking *understatement*.

Sapnap could only take comfort in the fact that George had all of his lives meaning he would respawn back at the Stronghold or wherever he last slept- after a dangerous but ultimately careful life, the three of them had managed to keep all three of their lives. Oh they've had near fatal accidents, but by either a miracle, hard work or even sheer dumb luck, they had avoided actually dying and kept all three of their lives

"Sapnap." Dream breathed, smiling slightly and feeling relieved at the sight of him but he bit his lip and winced when Sapnap stared at his broken arm. His side still felt a bit sore and tender but he'd eaten the golden apple that Theo had left behind so the pain was still manageable at least. "You're back. Theo- he's gone to find Toby, we gotta stop him before they end up killing each other!"

And that's something he *knows* might actually happen.

The enchantment on Theo might actually push Theo to finally kill Toby now that Toby hurt him *and* killed George, which was something Dream was very much upset about yeah but he didn't exactly want Theo *killing Toby*... Didn't he?

*He hurt George, he has to pay.*

He was angry at us, it doesn't change what happened and he does have consequences but we can't let Theo kill him. It'll make things worse.



*Of course not.* He didn't want Toby dead- he definitely had to pay for killing George but, having *Theo* kill Toby? It just-

"Where are they?!" Dream blinked and looked behind Sapnap, seeing Tubbo, Foolish and Techno standing not too far from them. He winced at the sight of Tubbo, remembering the utter *rage* and *fury* that were in those eyes of his- no, Tubbo wasn't Toby. Not in that way. He was a teenager but by Ender was it strange to see Tubbo when not even an hour earlier, Toby was so close to killing him.

His neck itched underneath the bandage that Theo had put over the shallow cut before he left.

Tubbo was grimacing but he looked concerned, probably over Theo and Toby but it was nice to see that he was kind of concerned over Dream with how he glanced over his neck and his arm in the makeshift sling. "Where's Theo? A-And Toby?"

"He just ran away from the portal, where'd he go?" Foolish, Dream was pretty sure this guy was Foolish from what Theo had told him, asked.

Before Dream could actually answer either of them, Techno let out a loud groan, his face strained and slightly sweaty as he pressed against his forehead. "I think- I have an idea where they are..." He grunted, his eyes half-lidded and his nostrils flaring.

Good, because Dream had no idea where the hell Theo and Toby went.

"Tell us what happened on the way, c'mon Dream!" Sapnap urged, slinging Dream's good arm over his shoulder and helping Dream move away from the tree.

Dream just hoped they would make it in time before a new death message would appear in their communicators.

---

He doesn't understand it.

***SHWING***

He doesn't fucking understand it.

***CLASH CLANG SHWING***

Why?

"Please Tommy- I *know* about the enchantment now!" ***SHHCRKRRK*** "Nghr- We just need to get it off you- *We need Phil!* He can help, he's-" ***CLANG*** "-gotta know something!"

Stop it.

"Tommy-"

Shut up.

## **SHWING**

"Listen to me-"

Please.

"We can *help* you *come*. *Home!*" Theo tumbles back from the rough and strong push that Toby does against him and his axe, he's bruised, he's bloody- they both are- but he lands on his feet.

Something inside him snaps and he throws down his axe, the blade digging into the grassy dirt. "Home? *HOME?! WHAT FUCKING HOME?!*" He screams, startling Toby as he continues on, screaming his lungs out with the static fluctuating in his head.

"You keep going on *and on and on and on about helping me and getting me home- WHAT FUCKING HOME ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! The home that I was exiled from?! Twice?! The home that I blew up with Dream?! The home that you built in the enderfucking Nether with the others?! With Phil? Fundy? Everyone?! WHEN WILL YOU LEARN YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE THAT I'M NOT GOING HOME! NOT YOUR HOME! NOT MY HOME! BUT DREAM'S HOME! WHEREVER DREAM GOES, I GO, THAT'S MY HOME! AND WHO ARE YOU EVEN CALLING OUT TO HUH?! TOMMY? TOMMY FUCKING INNIT?! TOMMY INNIT IS IN FUCKING L'MANBERG, THE TOMMY INNIT THAT **YOU** WANT IS THERE IN THAT ENDER FORSAKEN COUNTRY WITH WILBUR AND GHOSTBUR AND FUCKING- YOU DON'T NEED ME HOME AND I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP!"*

Toby's shocked face twists into something, Theo's too mad to tell what it is and he's heaving for air. "Dream is *not* your home." Toby spits back, hard and cold but *untrue* but he falters slightly, "What- What do you *mean who* am I calling out to? *You! You dumb fucking idiot, I'm calling out to YOU- You're Tommy Innit-*"

"I *am* but I'm not the Tommy you **want**." Theo hisses, just as hard and cold *and* true this time. "I'll **never** be the Tommy you want- that Tommy Innit *DIED YEARS AGO Tubbo*. He died on top of a pillar, *alone*." Tubbo flinches back and mercilessly, Tommy continued. "No, *not even then!* He died when *his brother died*, he died when his home exiled him, **he died when he killed that very same home for a third and final FUCKING TIME!**" There's a strange calmness in his head, the static is letting him vent, he's only telling the truth after all and it didn't pertain Dream.

Still, the static is heavy in his head and he just wants to collapse.

Tubbo dropped his sword but his bloody fists clenched tightly, "*I know that!*"

"*Oh do you now?!*"

Tubbo's face is sheer anguish, pain and guilt, there's still bloodlust in his eyes but it's drowning underneath his raw emotions. "*I DO!* I've known it for a while!" He admitted shamefully, a hand reaching to grab at his chest, clutching his shirt. "I- *Yes* I've wanted you back, the you before the exile, and that was- *selfish* of me. And fucking impossible *I know*

*that and I'm sorry. I- just- fuck, I can make up all the excuses I want, guilt, regret, fucking anything but what I can't make up is the fact I still want you back. The you now, the you that I see before me. The asshole that blew up my country with that bastard Dream-*"

"Don't call him a bastard." Tommy snarled with the static, throwing himself at Tubbo once more, using his fists instead of his axe this time.

"Ender DAMMIT TOMMY! JUST FUCKING LISTEN TO ME!" Tubbo roared, it's a struggle but he manages to catch both of Tommy's wrists and suddenly they're at a standstill. So close to each other, yet so far away. Tubbo glared at the cracked porcelain mask, wishing hard that it wasn't there but he instead continues on.

Tubbo looks straight into Tommy's eyes through the mask, "*Listen. To me. Toms. Let me help you. You- I'm sorry for all the bullshit that's happened, it's a worthless verbal apology I know but let me help you. That enchantment has to go. Come back, please.*"

Tommy starts to shake, he can't tell if it's either because of the pain from the blue and the static or the *look* in Tubbo's eyes. No bloodlust, no violence. Just genuine desperation, want and oh so familiar kindness.

Tommy sucks in a deep breath and-

***THWACK***

"*FUCK!*" Tubbo curses, his forehead bleeding with a small shard of porcelain embedded into his skin, he can't help but loosen his hold from the attack of the headbutt and that costs him Tommy's restriction. The blond pries himself free and steps back, his own forehead bleeding as well and the glued porcelain mask was once again broken. Whatever Tubbo said dies in his throat as Tommy *finally* takes off the mask. His face, his *scarred* face, is twisted in pain, anger and sorrow.

"*Never.*"

He was never going back.

He didn't *deserve* to go back- *and it was not his place to go back.*

*He was staying with Dream.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by hiding-in-the-vault](#)

theo just chilling in his room :D love the hang in there kitty poster <3

[by rabble-dabble](#)

rabble making a nice poem comic for theo and toby :D hoping for a happy ending

[by rabble-dabble](#)

doodles by rabble :D

[by rabble-dabble](#)

it was supposed to be a nice fluff comic :)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

chapter 64 theo vs toby :)

[by abyssmal-skies](#)

theo and toby :D

[by lord-of-doodles](#)

remember that one comic by lord-of-doodles about chapter 17? *there's more to it* :D

[by shock-tastic](#)

AWESOME TOBY ART! blood for the blood god :)

[by kiara-w](#)

okay so this isn't a fanart BUT it's a VERY GOOD ficlet of raccooninnit theo and tommy go read it, it's fluffy fluffy pain :)

i *really* hope i lived up to the height. honestly i'm not really sure since this chapter is a mess, which was kind of the point? the whole situation is a very big emotional mess and toby is not doing okay and theo is not doing okay and- neither of them are doing okay.

the coherency of the two were dropkicked out of the window the moment shit happened okay?

also i feel like i *used the italics and bold way too much* in this chapter... but if i didn't use them they felt wrong? does anyone else know about that? no? just me? okay :( but YIKES

that's ONE WAY to vent and confess your raw emotions and thoughts.

and yeah we're not done!

honestly i needed to cut the chapter there or else i would've missed my ALREADY LATE UPDATE SCHEDULE. so yeah, next part? they're still going at it baby.

but BOY that was something

we're in the endgame now :)

see you next update

# Long Awaited Conclusion

## Chapter Notes

finally :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

"Never."

It's not fair.

*kill him. STOP HIM! i swear there's someone watching us. BEAT HIM DOWN! TECHNO HELP!! oh ender this is bad. ender fuck this is so dramatic. BEAT HIS ASS TOBY! shush! AAAA I HATE THIS! THE HOT PEOPLE FROM THE FUTURE SHOULDN'T BEFIGHTING! DAMMIT SHUT UP ABOUT THAT! a. what the fuck are we doing. BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD!*

It really isn't fair.

"I am *never* going back." The blond seethes, his eyes were sharp and blue. Not the sky-blue that Tubbo knows, loves and wants. But grey-blue, manic, jagged and *broken*. Angry and empty, the same eyes he's rarely seen the past few years. Tommy says *never* like he was fully prepared and planned to live a life without Tubbo, without *anything* but *Dream* (again and again the man is *everything he hates*) like he hasn't already.

None of this was fair.

Tommy's face, bare and *scarred -hedidthathegaveTommythatscar-* and painted with harsh, aggrieving, determination and unwavering loyalty that makes Tubbo sick to his stomach.

"The only time I'd go back is with an inventory *filled with fucking TNT*."

Tubbo's breath hitched, *no-*

*kill him stop him DON'T LET HIM BLOW UP L'MANBERG fuck this is so bad HELP BOOM BOOM SKY HIGH HAHA*

"Shut up."

Tommy's eyes narrow but for once, Tubbo isn't looking at him. "What?"

*what indeed? BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! TOBY STOP HIM! techno hurry things don't seem good*

Something in Tubbo's chest unravels, a heavy burden in his head somewhere underneath the screams, whispers and voices *breaks* and Tubbo *snarls*. "*I said SHUT UP! YOU! EVERYONE! EVERYTHING! PLEASE JUST SHUT UP!*" Who is he shouting at? Chat? Tommy? Both? "*shut up, shut up SHUT UP SHUT UP!*" He screams, a warbling cry tearing from his throat before throwing himself at Tommy.

The bewildered and cautious look on Tommy's face darkens but Tubbo's shout had caught him off guard and that's enough to get Tubbo pinning the scarred and bruised man on the ground. Tommy struggled relentlessly underneath him, trying to escape but Tubbo's bulkier and heavier weight keeps him down.

*Plip*

It wasn't the only thing however.

Tommy's struggles froze the moment he saw the tears before he felt them land on his face.

Tubbo loomed over him, face filled with angry grief and exhausted furious sorrow. "*Years, I mourned you for fucking YEARS!*" The hands that were on Tommy's shoulders, pinning him down, tightened almost painfully. "*I planned your funeral. I made you a GRAVE, I grieved and I treasured every single piece of you I had left wishing desperately that things had gone differently- that I fought back, that I visited, that I didn't send you away to your demise and doom. I had NIGHTMARES of your death over and over again, I DRANK in YOUR NAME and threw myself into my work because L'manberg was OUR country that WE MADE together with fucking WILBUR! L'MANBERG WAS **OUR DAMN COUNTRY TOMMY!** AND YOU AND DREAM KILLED IT! ONE OF THE ONLY LIVING THINGS I HAD LEFT OF BOTH YOU AND WILBUR, ESPECIALLY YOU TOMMY FUCKING INNIT! AND THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING- DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE AFTERMATH OF YOUR BOMBS?! HOW MANY PEOPLE DIED THEN? FAMILIES WERE LOST, **CHILDREN DIED OR WERE MADE ORPHANS, TOMMY-** and now you want to do it again?!"*

The screams, he could hear them again. Not of Chat, but his people. The cries of children, teenagers, parents and more. The weeping of thousands who lost their home- *would* lose their home *twice* as the Crimson gave them no mercy, no time for grief as they fled from the crater that was once their beautiful, broken city. Broken as it had been, it was still their *home*, the home they had rebuilt from the ground up from its second death only to die a final time.

For as much as Tubbo loved Tommy, he could *not* let that happen again.

He's sacrificed and done *so much* for L'Manberg, for the *people*- friends and families that were under *his* protection and guidance.

He stepped down from Presidency and took a path of *blood* and *violence* for them.

"*I'm the one who chased after you so damn persistently. I'm the one who hates Dream so fucking much it burns. I'm the one who wants to help you and want you home and away from that masked fucker- I killed George, L'Manberg did nothing, has nothing to do between us right now- those children are innocent.*" Tommy stared at him as Tubbo grabbed one of

Tommy's bruised and bloodied hands, pressing the hand against his throat, ignoring the shouts and screams in his head to stare down the man who was once his best friend. "So if you're going to blow something or kill someone- *just fucking kill me and get it over with.*"

*WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOO DON'T CRY HOT FUTURE TUBBO PLEASE DON'T DO THIS WARRIORS ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO DIE TOBY WHAT THE FUCK PATHETIC*

In any other situation, Tubbo would have smiled and laughed at the look on Tommy's face because *he* did that. *He* made Tommy *emote*- he made Tommy *feel* something and actually show it! Usually he'd prefer a positive emotion, but right now, all he could do was stare into Tommy's stunned eyes as he let go of Tommy's hand. It stayed, holding his throat, frozen. Even when Tubbo did the same, grabbing Tommy's throat but kept his grip lax.

"I'm tired Toms." Tubbo whispered, "Of everything. Chasing you, hating Dream, hating and loving you at the same time and wanting you to *come back* because you *fucking need help* you ender damned fucking *bastard*. And despite *everything*, I still care and love your dumb fucking face! *I miss you. Your smile, your face, our friendship- everything. There was never a day in my life that I didn't miss you or not think about you- I care for you and your happiness and no matter what happens, even if you kill me over and over again, even if the apocalypse started right now, I will never stop trying to get you back. I love you Tommy and I'll never let that go.*"

Tommy's fingers finally tightened around Tubbo's neck, it's not painful. Actually Tubbo could feel it trembling against his throat before Tommy finally let go.

*"I don't deserve any of this bullshit, this- this love, this friendship- I don't. I don't want it, don't deserve it."* Tommy rasped, weak and defeated.

Tired.

Tubbo's fingers slipped off of Tommy's neck.

*"No. You really don't. But fuck you, that's not your choice to make."*

The forest once heard the sound of angered shouting and fists colliding, but now all it could hear were quiet sobbing from two very tired and hurt boys.

---

They find Theo and Toby somewhere deep in the woods, not that far from L'Manberg territory but far and vague enough that not many people would have gone to look for them there in the first place.

They found both Theo and Toby just laying down on the ground. The two time travelers were entirely scuffed, bruised and bleeding. Their clothes were torn and dirty and it seemed that Theo had at some point either lost or took off his mask since it was laying in the grass at the side. It wasn't the only thing that had been thrown aside it seems as they were all quick to spot the glowing enchanted netherite weapons that were lodged or thrown to the side on the ground.

It was dead quiet when they arrived, both men laying terrifyingly still on the ground- Techno had been legitimately worried as his Chat had seemed to lose contact of Toby, his emotions calming to the point that Chat could no longer talk to him and therefore lost him. Last the hybrid had heard (or at least pieced together from the chaotic cacophony) Toby and Theo had each other's hands on their throats.

"*THEO! TOBY!*" Tubbo called out worriedly.

Not even a twitch. Were they both unconscious?

Quickly, they went towards their side, concerned on how they were just laying there, unresponsive. Toby and Theo were laying with their limbs spread out on the ground, Toby right beside Theo with his hand loosely holding on to Theo's wrist.

They weren't unconscious, but they were both looking up to the sky with blank, wearied faces. They looked so tired, old even despite not even being thirty yet.

"Uh, Toby right? Bigger, um, bigger older Tubbo, Toby? Uhh, Theo? Are you two alright? W-What happened?" Foolish asked quietly, looking uncomfortable but very concerned over the two of them. "Do you- Do you need healing pots? A totem? You both look-"

"Like shit." Techno finished neutrally with a slightly grim expression but he was relieved to see both of them alive. They were hurt and there was something heavy between them but they were *alive*.

"... Welcome back..." Toby mumbled, giving him and Tubbo a weak smile that immediately faltered when he saw Dream behind Sapnap. The green-eyed man winced while Sapnap instinctively raised an arm to keep Dream behind him. To their surprise however, Toby merely closed his eyes and looked away. But his grip on Theo's wrist twitched, tightening but going loose once more when Theo grunted and sat up. The scarred warrior opened his eyes and watched balefully as the Theo finally tugged his wrist free from his hold. "... Who're you?"

Tubbo awkwardly looked between the two beaten men and the newly freed ex-god of totems. "That's um, that's Foolish, big man. He's the guy that we're gonna get the totems of undying from." He didn't know what else to say about the situation, he doubted that anyone did. They had come fully expecting a fight, a deadly brawl of emotions and feelings, -Tubbo's hunch on how part of adulthood was being so emotionally incompetent two people had to fucking duke it out was growing unfortunately larger- only to find that they had missed it and that things were less dire as they thought it would be.

Or that was just how it seemed to be since neither Theo or Toby were at each other's throats, or just Theo at Toby's throat, nor were there any more deaths involved.

"Really? Him?" Toby sat up, giving Foolish a look of scrutiny while Theo got to his feet. "How?"

Foolish flashed him a cheery grin, "I make them! Totems. I make totems, well I want to try and make other things but I can make totems. Just give me some emeralds and gold and



viola! Totem of Undying. But I can only make like, one or two totems a day, I used to be able to make a *ton* more but I'm mortal now so I can't do that. Oh! I've uh, I've got the chest filled with totems already made though, as per the agreement you made with Theo and stuff? Here, it's all in my enderchest- I have an enderchest now, that's so cool, I've never had one before-" The enderchest was laid out and Foolish started pulling the totems out of it.

Theo walked over to Sapnap and Dream, head bowed, eyes hidden from his messy bangs as he situated himself by Dream's side. Dream looked very hesitant but he reached a hand out to Theo, glancing at Toby who was firmly watching Foolish pull totem after totem out of the ender chest. "Are... Are you okay?" He asked him quietly, unsure on what exactly to do. The blond stayed quiet, giving a stiff shrug then nod.

Sapnap blinked twice before shaking his head, "No, wait, *wait*- what the *fuck* happened while we weren't here?!" He pointed at Toby, aghast and more than a little bit angry, "You *killed* George! You hurt Dream! You-" The man yelped when he felt a harsh jab to his side. By *Dream*. "*Dream!*"

"*Sapnap!*" Dream hissed back, "It's- well, it's not fine obviously but-" He glanced at Theo who was still looking down at the ground, avoiding everyone's, even Dream's, eyes.

Sapnap was about to argue back remembered right there on Theo's promise, on how if anything happened to him or George or Dream, L'Manberg was on the line. Which was exactly the *opposite* of what they had wanted. "*I-*"

"I formally apologize for killing George."

Heads whirled to look at Toby who was staring down at the totems.

"*Heh?*" Techno voiced aloud, putting into sound the incredulous bewilderment they felt that moment.

"I'm sorry. For killing George. I was- very angry. Not in the right state of mind due to... pertinent news." He doesn't look at Dream but the man winced again. Yeah, maybe telling him then and there with only George for back up was a bad idea. "Either way, I'm sorry. It's all I can afford to say or do, even if it's not worth a damn. But I'm really sorry, he didn't deserve to die then."

"Tell that to his fucking face." Theo finally said, but he still wasn't looking at anyone and his voice was oddly empty, soft.

Tired.

Toby solemnly nodded, "I will."

And like that, the agreement between the SMP and L'Manberg is finished as L'Manberg is given its promised totems along with its freedom and independence from the SMP.

Nobody else dies.

---

*"TUBBO!"*

Tubbo is only given time to blink before a blond blur tackles him to the ground, groaning in pain from the collision but brightens up considerably when he sees the reason why he's now on the ground. "Tommy!" He exclaimed, returning the impromptu hug tightly. An ache he never knew was there in his chest, or perhaps he always knew thanks to Theo and Toby, settles and lessens as the two teenagers laughed for a nice and brief moment.

The moment is over as Ghostbur floats above them, looking at Techno and Toby, his eyes roamed over his injuries. 'We saw the death message. What happened?' He asked quietly as Tommy got off of Tubbo and helped his best friend up. 'Why did you kill George?'

Tommy's joyful face dropped and he looked at Tubbo, "Yeah man, what the fuck happened? You're back which means bitchy other me is back too with Sapnap- wait! Didn't he, I- *Theo* say something about blowing L'manberg if something happened to George?! Oh fuck! We gotta stop him! We gotta-" His panic was interrupted by Toby, a blank, almost defeated but ultimately exhausted look on his face.

"He won't blow up L'Manberg."

*"What?!"*

"Are you sure about that?" Philza asked, a pensive look on his face that he shared with Wilbur and Fundy.

Toby closed his eyes, sighing deeply. "... Yeah, I'm sure."

'Why? What happened? You didn't answer my question. Why did you kill George? I had a plan involving him, you killing him isn't part of it.' Ghostbur told him flatly with pursed lip and crossed arms. He ignored the warning look he got from the others, he stared at Toby with narrowed eyes. 'What. Happened.'

Techno and Tubbo shared a complicated look while Toby gave Ghostbur a half-lidded look. "You're not going to like what you'll hear."

They really didn't.

---

"You sure this is it?" Quackity questioned warily, eyeing the portal with a frown. "If it's not it, then there's not much we can do until next time. I mean, with how things are, things are getting pretty tight and I'm not sure if we can keep searching anymore."

Punz gave him a dry look, "It's the last portal we've found in the area. The others were definitely duds and lead to nowhere but death, don't worry, we got rid of those as soon as possible. We searched far and wide and this is the only portal left that we haven't checked yet. If this doesn't lead to Dream and Tommy's base, then we're shit out of luck." Quackity's face twisted at the mention of the two before smoothing out to a neutral grimace.

"Alright... let's do this."

Punz and another person went through the portal first, just to check if it was safe or not. When it was confirmed safe, Punz came back and signaled the others to come through.

Quackity tensed as he and the others touched down on stone bricks. They were in a room made of it with a single long hallway in front of them being their only obvious pathway. Before everything, Quackity and the other members of their group would have recklessly stepped into the hallway with no caution but the apocalypse tempered their behaviors. Made them far more cautious than they originally were.

It worked in their favor most of the time, this time included as Punz found and disabled a sizeable amount of traps within the hallway.

There were some perks with the apocalypse, you make unsuspected alliances in ways you wouldn't imagine.

Punz had once been a paid-mercenary before the apocalypse, but now, he worked for them. For Quackity, Niki, Haven, just *them*. At first it was only out of necessity, hell, Punz had been a *prisoner* before he started working for them. Paying for the crimes that he did when he worked with Tommy and Dream to destroy L'Manberg right before the start of hell. But as the years passed, they and many people realized that going against each other would just doom them further and faster when their common enemy was a parasitic and demonic egg from Ender knows where.

It was why they tolerated the truce with Dream after all. It helped when Punz realized that siding with Dream probably wasn't his best idea- plus, Dream never got to pay him in the end after Punz got captured, never even made an effort to free Punz or help. When Dream offered him to switch sides, Punz said no.

Punz still cared about money and items of course, but between that and his life, he cared more for living thanks. And Dream had crossed him, not paying him and not helping- he may not hate Dream as much as the others but even if he was alive to this day, he wouldn't willingly work for Dream and by extension, Tommy, unless it was necessary.

Dream was dead now.

And Tommy was gone.

Which led to the present.

Finding their base.

It was something they'd been trying to do for a very long time, a couple of years. Ever since they were stable enough and had the time to do so, trying to find where Dream and Tommy retreated to would've been game changing. Maybe if they had found it sooner, they would have been able to get Tommy back or just gain the upper hand on Dream.

Unfortunately it took until now to even find the right portal.

"What the *fuck*." Quackity whispered, standing at the doorway of a... cell?

There was a permanent scent of blood in the air within that cell. Like it's been there long enough that it just stayed there even after it was cleaned thoroughly. On the walls, the floor- there were *scratch marks* and *cracks*. Human scratch marks. Like someone clawed at the floor hard and repeatedly enough to leave dents, it might also explain the scent of blood. Clawing at stone with human fingers and nails... And the cracks seemed to have been made by fists- but not strong enough to completely destroy the stone. Not like how Tubbo and Techno could before they...

The floor was worn, paced over and over and over and over- there was no bed. Nothing else to sleep on but a stone cot.

It didn't take long for Quackity to piece together whose cell this was. Who else lived with Dream? Could ever stay with the fucking asshole?

*Tommy.*

*Tommy* had stayed in this cell.

*Tommy* made the scratch marks on the walls and floor. *Tommy* worn the floor from pacing, slept on the stone slab and punched the walls.

*"DREAM LET ME OUT PLEASE!" Tommy cried and screamed out in the early days when the static was new, when the blue was fresh and he dared to rebel against his friend, mentor, owner. The static in his head **screeching** and the blue on his neck bringing so much pain pain **pain pain**. "I'M SORRY! PLEASE- DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!" He lashed out any way he could. The one place he loved in the Stronghold was the lava room. The one place he hated in the Stronghold was the cell.*

Quackity could only tighten his fist and curse the fact that Dream had died so easily. He could only hope the dead man was where he was fucking deserved to be.

*"Quackity! Come see this!"* The man breathed out a calming breath, giving the cell one last glance before he jogged over to where he heard Punz.

Punz stood right before the doorway of something... important.

*Very* important.

Staring at the unfinished structure before him, his lips curled into a wide grin.

For once in a long while, Quackity let himself feel *hope* and *victory*.

"Get to Philza and Fundy, tell them they're moving to a new base."

[by galaghiel](#)

theo swinging at toby :DDD

[by rena-draws](#)

nope, sorry rena, this didn't exactly happen :)

[by NotOnlySnazzyButJazzy](#)

THEO :D

[by rabble-dabble](#)

THEO

[by rabble-dabble](#)

THEO AGAIN

[by rabble-dabble](#)

EVEN MORE THEO

[by behemo-levia](#)

we getting so much theo here :0

[by rena-draws](#)

eeheheh buff tobi and tubbo

[by rena-draws](#)

RACooninnit

[by rena-draws](#)

HUEHEUHE TUBUCOLOSIS UNDERSCORE

[by legyt](#)

heuheeu CHAPTER 65 ENDING

:)

sorry for the long wait! this was harder to write than i anticipated and things built up. i also got sick so i couldn't write. honestly i think i might be going through a burnout which i'm not really surprised.

but yeah! the two traumatized men have talked to each other! things are... very rocky and uncertain, but it's a step and a start. a very long journey awaits them both, and it's going to take a long while before they're back to being the clingy duo that we all know and love! well, they'll never be like that again but a SEMBLANCE to it at least.

honestly this chapter has beaten in my head for the longest time and i'm not entirely satisfied with it, but with the threat of burn out and the beginning of may on the horizon, i just got this chapter out the best i could. at the very least though, we're moving the story along closer to its end!

but for now i'll take a short break, i think i might be burning out so i'll be having the week off for a while. see you next time.

# What The Future Holds

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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"Quackity, you're so fucking lucky that you found this. If you hadn't and was just forcing Fundy and I to another location for no good reason, I would've torn you apart."

Quackity grinned crookedly at him, preening from how breathless and amazed Philza sounded as he stared at the broken structure that stood before them above a small pool of lava. A broken portal frame to be more exact.

It was missing only one piece, and that exact piece was in Philza's inventory, ready to be placed and used.

"All this time, Dream had *this* here. All this time. We could've used it, *used him* to power the portal more efficiently- hell, we probably wouldn't have needed to make the portal itself! Not in the way that we did! But this-" Philza ran his fingers on the rough, alien texture at the top of the frame, looking into the empty slots that were supposed to hold Eyes of Ender. "Ender, I wished we knew about this sooner... But we didn't want to risk Dream finding the power source of our portal and snatching it and the frame away from us." Dream had no idea about missing piece before hand, they had hidden it right underneath the portal, embedded in the platform but still connected to the portal.

They never revealed its location to Dream or Tommy whenever the two visited to drop resources or check in with the portal's progress.

They just knew that if given the chance, Dream would have snatched it and one of their only chances of survival left.

Even after Dream died, they kept the existence of the frame piece on the down low from Tommy. Not that he would visit regularly anymore after the masked bastard finally died, which hurt Phil to a great extent. However, as much as he loved Tommy, he had a grandson to look after. The only living family member that cared back for him, the son of his own precious on who's ghost had disappeared years ago.

"We might not even need a full stack of pearls for this thing," Philza said mostly to himself, ideas coming to mind as he stopped at the gap of the portal frame.

Quackity quirked a brow, "What do you mean Phil? I would've thought you would've needed more of the stuff because we got like, what, nine? Nine pieces of the thing. The pieces." He motioned to the structure itself. He paled though as he thought about it, ender, that'd be a *nightmare* to provide resources for. Their supplies on ender pearls really took a hit when the endermen population suddenly declined in the last year. They'd been rare in the Overworld, common enough in the Warped Forests but now, they've become rare to see much less hunt.

"You'd think so, but no. We'd probably just need nine, maybe ten or twelve just to be safe and have extras, but we'd just need nine to complete the slots. *Supposedly*, the power of the Ender Eyes would just circulate in the structure, moving from one piece to another in a continuous loop, like a repeating redstone circuit. The reason we needed so much pearls for the one piece we have is because the power of the eyes can't be contained in the pearl once it's slotted into place- that's what we think anyway. But looking at this now with that in mind, I'm fairly certain that we only need ten to twelve Eyes of Ender." Philza replied with a bright grin, feeling like it's been so long since he's last smiled.

The scarred man brightened, "I can definitely get you that. You already have plenty of pearls, just leave the rest to me." Quackity promised, a persistent feeling of hope in his chest.

Hope was very dangerous nowadays. It was crucial yeah, but mishandling that hope would lead to crippling disappointment and despair.

Something that they couldn't afford, now now. Not ever.

Quackity left Phil in the portal room, letting the older blond plan on what to do and how he and Fundy were going to deal with the new, bigger power source to their portal- and a potential second portal that lead to the mythical and legendary End Realm. A realm like the Nether but much more dangerous. If all else failed, they had another Realm to flee towards should anything bad happened.

Even though the thought of escaping into another dangerous realm just to avoid and survive from the Crimson left a sour taste in Quackity's mouth, time and options were dwindling. He couldn't be too picky on what was going to happen in the future. Time travel, more difficult to achieve, seemed like a better solution than to flee to a second dangerous realm- at least they would have known what would happen if they went back. Change things, be back in a lush and relatively safe Overworld again...

Shaking his head, the man walked through the halls of the Stronghold. A look of disdain on his face when he sees things that remind him too much of Dream, begrudgingly though, he had to admit. Dream knew how to fortify a place. Outside the stone brick walls of the Stronghold were layers upon layers of obsidian, lava, more obsidian, icy cold water and even more obsidian. Well, they didn't exactly know about the other layers exactly but knowing Dream, he had been prepared- plus, he and Tommy had stayed in the Stronghold for years. The place had to be fortified as fuck to survive the parasitic apocalypse that was the Egg and the Crimson.

They had a minor base in the Nether (Also found by Punz) but the Stronghold was obviously their main one.

It was also a great perk that there were an abundant amount of resources left, along with a small farm for both crops and animals.

As Quackity walked, he saw a door to the side open, his curiosity peaked and he checked it out.

He found Fundy sat down on a red bed in the room, holding a red hoodie, shoulders slumped and ears pointed down as he stared at the clothe in his hand. His only hand holding on to the red hoodie tightly. "Fundy."

The fox hybrid jolted in place, looking up to see Quackity leaning against the door, looking at him with a neutral but sad look. "Oh hey Big Q- What uh, what's up?"

He didn't get a reply, the man simply walking into the room to look around.

The room was covered in a thin layer of dust, just like the rest of the Stronghold.

There was an armor stand near a book case, a set of enchanted diamond armor displayed on it. Good enchantments. The book case had a few items and piles of books on each shelf that were organized neatly. Hugging the wall there were numerous chests, inside it were other resources and items also organized. There was a desk and chair by the bed, the desk had a few books, some blank papers, pen, pencil, ink well, quill- the room was neat set aside the dust.

It didn't suit Tommy's style, not as far as they could remember.

It's been a long time, but they remember Tommy's old dirt hut. How the inside was disheveled- it was neat enough sure but the items were all strewn about in that place.

Seeing Tommy's room, his *actual* room and not that fucking *cell*, like this was...

It wasn't what they were expecting at least.

"At least Tommy kept up with sewing, he's even embroidered stuff." Quackity glanced at Fundy who pointed at the few pieces of cloth that hung on the walls. He hated the smiling white mask embroidered on a green flag but the one with the cow surrounded by flowers was nice. He walked over, taking down the smiling embroider piece and threw it aside to be disposed of later. "Heh, I was *just* about to do that." Fundy chuckled. It didn't last long and the hybrid was back to looking down at the hoodie.

"Do... you think they're both okay?"

Quackity smiled. It didn't reach his eyes as he shuffled over to sit beside him. "Well, those two are tough motherfuckers. They can handle time travel- you and Phil did say there's a high chance they made it right?" He questioned, nudging Fundy who smiled weakly at him.

"Well- yeah. The prototype portal was incredibly stable that day. So there is a high chance they made it and are in the past but... Phil and I still haven't figured out just *when* they arrived and what happened to them. It'd be easier if we had the original blocks but..." Fundy trailed off, a haunted, pale look on his face as he reached over to grab his ar- grab his stump. Pain painted over his face. "... I don't know. I'm sorry I just- I'm worried, y'know?"

He sighed, hesitating for a moment before putting a comforting hand on Fundy's shoulder, "Me too Fundy. Me too. But we can't spend all our time worrying about them, the best we can do now is, try to get that portal working to see if they made it or not. Or at the very least,



create one last hope for all of us here. Worry all you want Fundy but we're still in this bullshit together. Whatever happened to them both- they can handle it. Tubbo can handle it, can handle Tommy and whatever- *whenever* the fuck they arrive somewhere." Hopefully, it was before the Crimson's major spread.

Maybe even before Dream took Tommy.

All they could do was hope and think for the best.

Fundy's slumped shoulders raised, just a bit and he gave Quackity a small thankful smile. It wasn't much, it probably wasn't what he wanted to hear or even wanted to say in this room. In his uncle's room. But it still helped a bit and Fundy set aside the hoodie, a great idea lighting off in his head. "Thanks Quackity... hey, wanna go find Dream's room and trash it?"

Quackity looked stunned for a moment before he burst out laughing.

"Hell yeah I do! Let's go!"

---

"You didn't have to come with us y'know."

Foolish glanced at him, a thoughtful hum coming from his throat as he thought on Theo's words. He stayed silent while Theo continued on, "If you wanted more buildings and shit, you could've gone with Tubbo and the others to L'Manberg. You're free now Foolish, you can go anywhere you want. None of us would've stopped you."

"Well, I know that. I mean, I'd still have to live relatively close by to supply with totems and all that but- the reason I went with you was because I was concerned. About you, you *are* the one who set me free from the temple after all Theo. I figured I'd at least check on you before I go check out L'Manberg, the SMP and everything else." Foolish reasoned, smiling happily at the silent blond.

Ever since they came to the Stronghold, Theo had been unnervingly silent. Even to Dream, which was definitely saying something. Then again, Dream hadn't really tried to ask anything out of Theo just yet or even try to talk to him. Feeling awkward and out of touch, he had no idea what to do with Theo, what to say around him or even where to start. He had been dreaming of Theo's Dream's memories and now he knew more than he should have, how does one tell someone else something like that? Hell, he was thankful for Bad's scolding's- Bad had come running with George on the way back, the both of them worried out of their minds at what happened and astonished at the end when they finally arrived. They were late, but aside from the mutual beatdown between Toby and Theo, nothing else seemed to have happened.

Of course that didn't stop Bad from lecturing George and Dream for their idea and how confronting Toby alone and telling him almost everything at once. Just what were they thinking?

Still, everyone was just glad that it was all over and that no one else had to die...

George had even gotten a verbal apology from Toby before they left, which made the man feel vaguely uncomfortable and he's yet to accept the apology but that was fine so long as Theo wasn't bombing a country for his sake.

Theo wasn't destroying L'Manberg thankfully.

The blond haired man from the future snorted, leaning against the stone brick wall of his room. "Have you decided on where you want to stay?"

The ex-god shrugged, "I still haven't decided yet. I think I'm going to wait until I figure myself out, see what I want, learn. All that cool stuff." He looked thoughtful then hesitant, "If... I said I wanted to stay in L'Manberg. Would you be angry?"

Theo's brows furrowed, he opened his mouth then closed it before shaking his head. "I'd prefer if you stayed closer to the SMP but you're a free man Foolish. Do what you want to do." He said after a moment of silence.

Foolish perked and smiled, happy with the answer his first friend provided him. Though it wasn't likely he would stay with L'Manberg but at least he had the option if he wanted to. Theo was right.

He was a free man now.

He could do almost anything he wanted to do.

The thrill still hasn't dwindled at all and Foolish felt very excited for his own future.

Despite that excitement though, he still felt concerned as he glanced over to Theo once more. Seeing the way the beaten blond was just staring absentmindedly at the wall of his room. A blank, dazed look on his face. He seemed lost in his thoughts, his fingers twitched and more than once, one of his hands would come to his face to trace the scar that adorned it and then slip down to his neck, rubbing the side before reaching on his back with a frown.

He sees it.

The slight glow on the back of his friend's neck.

A bright blue that only he could see on the regular. Normal people couldn't see it, not unless it reacted to something- reacted to Theo. But Foolish has been able to see it the whole time. Even after his godliness had been thrown away. The blue on the back of Theo's neck was ever prominent, ever glowing, ever bright.

It was the brightest with that Dream fellow around. A man who wore a mask similar to Theo's only it was smiling. He didn't really know how to feel about Dream, only hearing two conflicting sides about him as well as other things but he knows that Dream was deeply connected to Theo.

Dream was on the other side of the enchantment. The one in control. The keeper. The *owner*.

Foolish was a newly freed man but his friend was still in his own prison.

He may not know everything that was going on but he had spent the last couple of weeks with Technoblade, Sapnap, Tubbo and Theo.

He had a gist of what was going on.

For as much as he acted, optimistic and carefree, he was not stupid nor that naïve.

He was there when Theo broke down, deep underground in that pit. He was there for the reveal of the enchantment tattoo. He was there for the explanation around a campfire for a man he didn't know and a story that told a lot of things.

Foolish was a free man and he wanted to help his imprisoned friend.

Though he wasn't well versed in enchantments, he'd do what he can.

He also promised Tubbo to help Theo on other matters as well.

With a smile, Foolish nudged Theo, a plan formulating in his head.

---

Somehow. Someway.

L'Manberg is still standing.

Schlatt quite honestly thought that shit was going to go down the moment he saw George's death message.

He had heard what Theo had promised from Quackity, who heard it from Wilbur, who explained the situation when they prodded about it in a frenzy.

Suddenly Schlatt had another thing to worry about aside from the possible death by buff future man for either trying to run away from being President or fucking up as President.

He had honestly been ready to start evacuating people when he saw the message, called in Quackity to start making quick plans and had waited for what seemed to be the inevitable.

But by the grace of the sky, void, gods or whatever fucking else divinity that probably was out there- there was no sudden declaration of war. No scent of gunpowder or ash, no hissing activation of explosives and certainly no deaths by explosions.

Only a beat up Toby coming home.

Oh there was a very near incident of *Ghostbur*, the spectral loose canon that refused to move on, going nuts but thankfully that was dealt with.

Schlatt had no idea how Tommy reigned the ghost in but he was definitely willing to give the teen a fucking medal and some diamonds as thanks for not letting the ghost start anything. Toby killing George was adrenaline inducing enough thanks and there was only so much excitement Schlatt could take before his heart decides that enough was enough and stop

beating. He wasn't keen to die just yet thanks, and dying by heart failure was something he was trying to actively avoid now that he was fully sober.

All thanks to Toby.

Fuck was the man bad for his health.

For a lot of reasons.

Schlatt hasn't forgotten Toby's promise and threat against him at the start of his term.

But fuck it, despite that, Schlatt had found himself taking a new, better path for himself. Which he never thought to be possible after his business bombed thanks to some slimy sons of bitches that backstabbed him, his descent into alcoholism started shortly afterwards. But look at him now, president of a fucking country and sober for what, a continuous amount of months now? Not a drop of alcohol in his system.

Didn't mean he didn't still crave for some of that liquid courage down his throat and into his gullet from time to time.

Like now.

Because currently, he's stuck in a meeting with one bruised and bandaged Toby, another similarly bruised and patched up Theo, Wilbur fucking Soot, the insane ghost of Wilbur fucking Soot, Dream and finally a person who was apparently once a god but is now a semi-naïve mortal man that could make Totems of Undying. Toby was giving Ghostbur a warning look. Ghostbur was glaring entirely at Dream. Dream was ignoring Ghostbur and looking at Schlatt, or at least he thinks so since both Dream and Theo had their masks on but chances are were that Dream was just staring at him. Theo was also presumably looking at Schlatt. Wilbur had his head in his hands while Foolish was just sitting there with an innocent looking smile on his face.

By Ender, he needs a fucking drink because the tension in the room was nauseatingly thick, Schlatt was sure if he tried to breathe deeply he'd fucking choke on it. Thankfully Foolish was there to kind of make things into balance with that happy-go-lucky look and attitude he had going on. An optimistic ex-god who was looking forward to live a life outside a temple.

It was a fragile kind of balance, since his optimism can only contend with the tension to an extent. Still, it was something which was better than nothing and Schlatt could only hold on to his own wits and hope for the best.

And also hope that his office would be in one shape by the end of the meeting.

He didn't want to replace the new rug he got for his office after Ghostbur decided to ruin his last rug a week ago.

Just a week before that, he had to get the wall fixed.

Just because he had more money from not spending it on booze doesn't mean he wanted to spend it fixing his fucking office thank you very much.

Schlatt's eyes flicked and he inhaled sharply, donning on a perfunctory smile.

Time to get things done and over with.

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## Chapter End Notes

[by rabble-dabble](#)

lil sketch of theo and toby just lying down :)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

hold on folks, we got a lot of fanart by rabble here :DDDD

[by rabble-dabble](#)

okay so this isn't technically a fanart but its a fanfic piece that inspired me to do chapter 66! it's about toby and theo ofc :)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

and we're back to fanart :D

[by rabble-dabble](#)

more theo and toby :D quiet healing

[by dragonno1412](#)

sketch of toby pinning theo down

[by dragonno1412](#)

FINISHED piece of the sketch before :DD

by okaythen

this is new! sketch of punz and quackity :D

[by okaythen](#)

FINISHED piece of the sketch of punz and quackity :D

[by galaghiel](#)

YEAH GALAGHIEL'S BACK WITH FANART :D

[by cr4isprocrastinating](#)

theoinnit, that is all

[by rena-draws](#)

RENA WITH THEO AND TOBY! COLORED AND COMPLETED :DD

[by rena-draws](#)

toby being clingy

[by miatartistry](#)

THEO AND TOBY POG! i always love the designs that people come up for them :D

[by kinanyann](#)

heuehe a lot people really like the last chapter huh? especially with toby crying :)

[by thechaoticgeek](#)

YOOO more chapter 66 stuff but they've also got a speedpaint vid! check it out :D

YEAHHHH

we're back on the Rewind train of updates!

my original plan of trying to end it in june flopped but there's still july! hopefully it does end before or at the beginning of august. or at the very least, in the middle of it.

we're near the end game everyone.  
buckle up :)

# Moving Along

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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*It was dark.*

"Ranboo."

*So dark.*

*Where was he?*

"Hey, Ranboo."

*Where was...*

"Ranboo! Hey!"

He blinked, a strange feeling of vertigo briefly overtaking his senses before it disappears, leaving only a sense of confusion. "Huh? H-Huh? Wh- *Oh*, oh- sorry Tubbo. I-I wasn't paying attention." Ranboo said with a half-hearted smile, wincing at the look he got from the man before him.

"You're lucky you can even *afford* to not pay attention right now bossman, that we've set up camp for now in the snowy hills. Otherwise, you'd be sorely regretful for being so airheaded." Tubbo replied, only semi-joking since it was really true.

Ranboo really was lucky that he wasn't out there, not paying attention. Being hyper-attentive and aware of one's surroundings lead to a higher chance of survival.

The half-enderman sighed, watching the way his breath mingled in the air before disappearing. The snow fell gently from the grey skies. Sunny days were getting rarer and rarer, the blue skies were gradually turning pink, even in the safe yet cold biomes all over the Overworld. Something that clearly wasn't a good thing, it forewarned a future that they feared. Where ice and snow could no longer be a safe haven to be in within the Overworld.

Adjusting his fur coat, Ranboo looked around their current campsite. A temporary base set up in a short amount of time- they had come for some peace, the infected taiga just lay thousands of blocks away, bordering the snowy hills where they rested.

He makes a headcount, counting each and every one of them, trying to see if they were injured in any sort of way. They haven't lost anyone. That was good. No one was injured or infected. That was also good.

Ranboo scribbled into his worn, old notebook. He was running out of pages, he needed to either add more or just get a new notebook... Adding pages seemed like a good idea, but his

notebook was so old and worn, plus, he wasn't even sure he could add anymore new pages without it seeming excessive- just look how thick it was already. He hummed, thumbing the page and waiting for the ink to dry while Tubbo... was glowering at Dream. Like always.

The masked man sat at the far opposite side of the camp.

He's joined them once again on this trip.

No one was willing to stay near him in camp.

No one except...

Tommy.

Tommy was there with Dream, sitting alongside him, he was tending to his campfire and cooking some meat while Dream had his back against Tommy's shoulder, leaning against him in a relaxed way. But Ranboo and Tubbo could get the feeling that he was being smug because that was just how Dream was.

"Asshole." Tubbo spat, watching the two masked men at the far end of the camp. He shifts in place and Ranboo grabs his arm, just in case he wants to get up. The last thing they needed, was another in-group fight between him, Dream and, or Tommy. Ranboo didn't want Tubbo to lose another totem from that. Not when they were in the middle of a resource hunt.

Tubbo gave him a muted, angry look, infuriated but stays seated. He forcefully shrugs off Ranboo's hand and moodily pokes at the fire. "Don't give him the satisfaction Tubbo. It'll just make him wanna provoke you more." Ranboo murmured to him.

"Trust me, I don't want to. I *really* don't want to, but it's hard not to when he's- he's-" Tubbo hisses through his teeth as he sees Dream shift and puts one arm around Tommy's shoulder, leaning over to Tommy, probably whispering about something. His other arm, oddly enough, was toying with a dark green marble.

Ranboo frowned, something didn't seem right.

"He's done something. He's- he had to, Tommy *hated* Dream. He hated him, ever since the bastard stole his discs. This isn't Tommy, Dream did something to him." His friend growled, sure in his words and Ranboo doesn't doubt it as he remembered exile, or part of it at least. The rest he gets from his old notes and he's pieced together that yeah, Tommy didn't like Dream then. So why was he at Dream's beck and call now?

Ranboo had to wonder at what happened. Why Tommy was so subservient to the man he hated the most?

It was fascinating to think of.

Ranboo shook his head. Fascinating? No, no, that wasn't...

"What's wasn't?" Ranboo blinks, finding himself standing and holding his enchanted netherite sword in hand. "Ranboo? You okay man? You look distracted, which is something you really



shouldn't be if you're going off on a mission." Tubbo told him with a frown, arms crossed and looking hesitant as they stood in their shared Nether home.

"Wha- wasn't I- I don't-" Ranboo's brows furrowed as he tried to remember what he'd just been doing. Wasn't he... in the snow? In a snow biome?

The familiar temperature of the house contradicts the coldness of snow and he doesn't know how he thought he'd been in snow just now. His head swirls in confusion but quickly, he shakes his head and replies to Tubbo. "I'm fine. Just- just thinking. I won't be as distracted on the mission, I promise." He told him, giving him a smile of reassurance.

Tubbo doesn't reply, frowning as he fidgeted with a dark green marble.

It was oddly familiar.

Didn't Dream have that with him? When did Tubbo get it?

"Where-" Ranboo breathed but was suddenly breathless and *running*.

Running, running, danger, *danger-*

The scent of rot, blood and *ash* permeated the air.

Red surrounded him, it chased after him.

The infected mobs snarled and hissed behind him as he ran, he panted heavily as he sprinted through the scarlet forest. Avoiding the dangerous flora that tried to stop him, trip him up.

***You will not escape us! This is our world now, become part of it or die!***

Disgusting. The fact that this parasitic abomination had taken over the Overworld was truly disgusting.

It was horrifying, Ranboo corrected himself. Or did he correct himself? He can't tell, too terrified out of his mind to think more as he tried to flee, escape, *survive*.

He trips

*Vwhoop*

and

he

*f*

*a*

*l*

*l*

*s*

.

Right into my hands :)

*It's dark.*

*He can't see.*

*He can't feel.*

*He can't-*

Let's try something...

*Wait... What was that?*

*Something round is in his hand.*

*He tries to look at it.*

*A dark green marble.*

*"W-What- When did I- "*

Here we go...

*"Dream-I'm sorry so sorry please please don't leave don't please-"*

Ranboo gasps, suddenly finding himself standing in a blurry, but terrifyingly dark and twisted cell. A familiar blond writhing on the floor, whispering, sobbing, *pleading* as he crawled towards him, shakily clutching his ankles. 'Tommy', he wants to say aloud, but he can't.

Everything is blurry, and although the sight is horrifying, it seems a bit distant.

He can't control his body.

He can't control the hand that threads through Tommy's hair.

"There, there Toms. It's okay." Ranboo coos, a smile on his face but there's horror in his eyes as he wants to *scream*. He can't. Instead, he continues, "I'm here. Your friend is right here Tommy, I'm not leaving. Not unless you do something bad again. You'll be good, right Tommy?"

Heh.

Ranboo watches with nauseating disgust and shock as Tommy nods with his head bowed, whispering- there's something blue, glowing on his back.

Very interesting- very fun! I want to-

*Ranboo finally screams as the darkness is back and Tommy is gone.*

Damn. Not yet, huh?

---

"I wish you would wake up." Ranboo whispered to the older hybrid, feeling very uncomfortable at seeing the unconscious man twitch and whimper on the bed. "Whatever you're dreaming, whatever you're seeing- I wish it could stop." He had no idea what the man is going through, what nightmares were conjured behind closed but moving eyelids.

A perpetual nightmare, Bad had said previously.

Ranboo dearly wished that the nightmare could stop, that the man could wake up because.

Unfortunately, he doesn't. Not now.

He lays dormant on the hospital bed, twitching, whimpering but asleep.

Ranboo winced as he sees a tear sizzle down his face and carefully reaches over to wipe it away with his sleeve, knowing how painful it could be.

Afterwards, he leaves, murmuring that he'd come back soon. Whenever he could.

The unconscious man doesn't reply and everything moves forward.

---

Theo stared at the structure before him, feeling conflicted as he stood just blocks away from it. The static in his head wasn't helping- it wasn't aggressive persay, but the way it shifted in the confines of his mind really wasn't helping his confliction whatsoever.

The structure he was feeling conflicted over was of course a simple, wooden bench.

Just a simple oak-made bench that oversaw a cliffside that could see the best of the best sunsets- or so Theo vaguely remembers from his youth.

It's the first time he's seen it in a *very* long time.

And not too far away from the bench was a simple jukebox.

The very sight of both the bench and the jukebox summons mixed emotions to the forefront of himself. Emotions that he tries to suppresses, but the sheer sight of one of his favorite places on earth right before him in pristine perfect condition. No crimson, no danger, just a simple bench by the cliff with a jukebox-

It makes his breath hitch and his body ache with nostalgia. Old, old nostalgia.

Hesitantly, he takes one step.

Two.

Three.

He's right behind the bench, he's so close.

Theo slowly reaches out and he touches the bench's back. Feels the hard, wooden edge of the bench and a quiet sigh escapes him.

"It's nice to be back huh?"

Theo doesn't answer Toby as he stands there with him. The man had followed him, like a creep almost, but Theo ignored him for the sole purpose of... he doesn't even know. He just ignored Toby as he wandered his way to the area.

He doesn't even know if he came here purposefully or not.

"It's really nice, really really nice." Toby hums, stepping around the bench to sit down on it.

Theo would never admit he'd been started by the simple action, nor at the fact he hadn't even thought of doing that. Sitting on the bench-

Toby looks at him, a look of patience, understanding, as if they hadn't been filled with desperation, anger, despair and regret just days ago in the forest where they screamed at each other. It's still there, muted, repressed. There's desperation in his eyes but he's hidden it mostly under a facade of patience and understanding. He softly pats the other side of the bench, offering, not demanding. He's just sitting there, hoping for Theo to sit down with him, he's not asking out loud and Theo's not sure that if he rejects it, Toby will actually mind now.

It's frustrating and startling, to see Tubbo in Toby again.

But at the same time, he's always been there hasn't he? Just blinded by his emotions, by his prejudice and his thoughts.

Theo grips the back of the bench briefly before he lets go.

He takes one step.

Two steps.

Three.

He sits down near the edge of the bench, away from Toby.

Toby beams, he notices the distance but he says nor does anything. He stays where is is, even though he obviously wanted to sit closer. But miracle of miracles, the man stays where he is and just sits there. He even looks away, looking over the horizon with that stupid smile of his.

Theo would've been impressed if he wasn't preoccupied with the alien feeling of sitting down on the familiar but simple, oak bench.

It feels...

It's not overwhelming, but not underwhelming.

It was just... whelming.

Sitting there, with the man he... sitting there with Tubbo again.

They sit there in a silence for a few minutes. Neither comfortable nor uncomfortable.

Of course, it doesn't last. Soon, Toby sits up and sets down an enderchest. Immediately Theo tenses, wondering what Toby would do, "Tommy, I..." Toby starts, hesitant as he grips the top of the chest.

Instead of continuing, Toby opened the ethereal chest and rifled through it, grabbing two items and presenting both to Theo who stares at them both.

A single disc and an enchanted compass.

Mellohi and 'Your Tubbo'.

"Here, I think it's time... to give these back to you." Toby muttered quietly, there's a pained look on his face but he seemed insistent to give them to him. "I kept these, after you- after I thought you died the first time around... And even after you... came back, I always made sure. These two were safe, in my enderchest. Nothing would happen to them." He said with a small, sad smile as he rubbed his thumb along the worn edge of Mellohi. "Back then, when you told me to give you Mellohi back, I didn't want to because I knew you'd give it to Dream. I thought you'd keep asking, but you didn't. It was like you didn't care about your discs anymore and that... I'm sorry, for saying they didn't matter."

*'The discs don't matter Tommy!'*

"I'm sorry for exiling you."

*'Dream... please escort Tommy out of L'Manberg.'*

"Do what you will with them, I- I should've at least returned Mellohi to you in the first place."

Theo glances at Toby who gave him a weak smile before looking down at the disc and compass. Hesitantly, he reached over, taking both in hand.

Toby's heart thumped in his throat as Theo stood up, expecting the blond to just walk away. A bit of his heart would chip if that happened, but it was fine. One step at a time. At least Theo wasn't saying anything, which was arguably better or worse but...

Despite his expectations though, Toby was surprised as Theo went to open his the enderchest, taking out a familiar green disc.

Theo turned towards the jukebox before carefully slotting in Mellohi, placing Cat on top of the jukebox and returning to his seat. Though he was sitting at the very edge, he just sat there as music started to play, toying with the compass in hand.

Toby stared at him in disbelief, opening his mouth to- "Shut the fuck up. I haven't listened to Mellohi in a long ass time." Theo grunted, shoulders hunching slightly as he looked away.

Toby's mouth clicked close as Mellohi played in their background, a smile growing on his face.

It's nothing like his dreams, nor his imagination.

They sat on the bench, as far as can be from each other, listening to an old melody.

Tomorrow would be a different day, either of them could be at each other's throats again for whatever reason, avoiding each other for another reason, or just awkwardly trying to move along their lives.

But today, right now, they sat together on the same bench that haunted both their minds for a long time.

And they couldn't be happier, no matter what Theo might say otherwise.

---

"You're telling me, you've had *this* in your fucking possession, *the whole enderdamned time?!"* Dream exclaimed incredulously, staring at the portal piece that was on the table behind Philza.

The older blond looking half-amused and half-wary as he watched him, "Yeah. Found this a long, *long* time ago." He replied, making sure to keep himself between the piece and Dream. Dream was about to say something else but shut his mouth as Philza gave him a critical look.

Bad glanced between them and sighed to himself, perhaps he should've waited a bit longer to call Dream over? Things were still tense between both their groups, what with the fact that Dream was connected to Theo who was still branded with that damned enchantment.

The reaction for said enchantment was... not good, to put things simply.

Dream was practically walking on egg shells around certain people, Ghostbur, Wilbur, Toby- at least the others were *somewhat* understanding on the fact that Dream had not and *was not* going to spiral into a whirlpool of megalomania, power hunger, etc. etc. or whatever else was going on with Theo and Toby's Dream.

Dream was going to be and *is* better than that Dream.

Still there was the big problem that was Theo's Loyalty enchantment.

As long as that continued to exist and bind both Dream and Theo together, the fragile peace they had would stay fragile and would definitely be easy to break.

Anyway, with that in mind, Bad proposed on having Philza and the others help- the more the merrier and easier to find a solution right?

But when Bad came to visit Philza, he managed to see the portal piece that Philza was researching with his currently absent grandson, Fundy had to go out for a few things, and was instantly sidetracked.

Leading to now.

"You have the other pieces?" It was Philza's turn to exclaim incredulously, "You've got to be kidding me."

Bad shook his head, "Nope. He has them, they're in his Stronghold base."

"Bad!" Dream shot him a look, something that Bad returned with his own.

"What? Dream, Philza has the single piece you need to finish that portal you have in that room. We already need his help with the Loyalty enchantment, might as well tell him where you live so that things can move along smoothly! Besides, it looks like he needs some help of his own- as far as I can tell, he might actually need the rest of these things that you have to help uh," Bad skimmed over the notes that were on a nearby table, "do something with that portal that Theo and Toby came through? Huh, I almost forgot they came through their own portal. Wow, just look at the runes over these things."

Dream was very hesitant, grumbling to himself, "*Fine...*"

"What's this about the enchantment?" Philza asked sharply, glaring at Dream who held his hands up in surrender.

And just like that, they would all be working together for the same shared goals.

To remove Theo's enchantment and recreate the portal that and he and Toby came through.

Unknowing of what the future may hold.

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by rabble-dabble](#)

little meme thing with toby and theo- you can see the murder in toby's eyes :D

[by rabble-dabble](#)

what if, i gave the sbi a perfect happy ending? what if...

[by rena-draws](#)

chapter 66 drawings by rena herself!! :DDD

[by abyssmal-skies](#)

PHEONIX THEO POG

[by abyssmal-skies](#)

THEO AND TOBY POG

[by korokopot](#)

this is entirely random but i love it

[by korokopot](#)

i see some people are still not over chapter 66 :)

[by amphibiouscretin](#)

we got more theo and toby content :D

SO CLOSE

admittedly i've timeskipped a bit between theo and toby, not that much, just a couple of days- jumpstart the healing- it's going slowly but surely

we've only got a handful of chapters left guys :)

i don't know if i'm doing this right but i just want to move things along, towards the end that is so close

sorry if it seems a bit rushed, i'm trying my best to give Rewind the ending it deserves and that ending, will have toby and theo slowly becoming friends again. mark my words :D

in any case, hope you enjoyed the chapter! next one's hopefully be soon and before the end of the month!



# Discovery

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

"Dream... Who do you think I am, without you?"

It's such a bizarre question to ask him, Theo knows. It's one of the things that he's been afraid to ask ever since that damned pig slotted it into his brain without his consent.

It haunted his dreams alongside so many other things, and it's a frivolous fucking phrase but it's *there* and one of the most vivid things he's had to fear for once in a long while.

A new side to the nightmares that would come in his head, make him feel worse than he already was.

Dream stands there in silence, both he and the usual traffic in his head were silent and Theo took that as incentive to continue. "I don't-" He takes in a deep breath, "I don't know... Who I am, with you... Things are... better now, right? You have- You have George, and Sapnap, and Bad, a-and you're my friend. Right? You're always, my friend. That won't change, I swear and this isn't me, trying to break away- I'd never, ever, I wouldn't-" Deep breathes. Calm nerves.

"I just want to know... Who I am, without you. What will happen to me, if, if you- *when* you strip the blue- *the enchantment* off... Will I still be your friend?"

Would he want to?

He's *loyal* to Dream, he is, he swears. But he can barely tell the fragile thin lines between his own loyalty, and the blue that drowns and keeps him solid. So used to it to the point that the very *thought* of that blue disappearing, the enchantment gone- it frightens him unlike any other.

He's forgotten what life was without it.

Theo was not Tommy Innit.

Not anymore.

But who was he then?

The simple answer of '*himself*' didn't, and wouldn't seem to cut it.

It wasn't satisfying, it wasn't something he could physically hold on to and bear.

Or maybe it's because he didn't like *himself*. Didn't like the man he became, the man who gave up in the end, the man who willingly bombed his old home before the enchantment, the

man who felt comfortable with said enchantment after years of servitude and friendship. He didn't want to let go, he didn't want to be on his own. It's all he's known for years now, and he doesn't know how to be anyone or anything else.

Theo hated himself, and the thought of *being* himself, without Dream...

He blinks as he feels hands land on his shoulders and Dream has his complete attention again, the man smiles and Theo relaxes as Dream pulls him into a hug. "Of course I'll still be your friend and what kind of question is that? Who are you without me? Theo..."

Something changes. The back of his head starts to *burn*.

"You are *nothing* without me."

Comforting hands wrapped around him turn constrictive, leaving him gasping for air as blue starts to flood, starts to *drown* him with Dream anchoring him down like an anchor. Preventing him from floating up towards the surface.

"You think I'm just going to let you leave me? You can't Tommy. I will never let you go. Getting rid of the enchantment? Hah! No. Never. And you really think you can be *anything* without *me* Tommy? I'm hurt- *you're Loyal to me Tommy. ONLY me and nobody else.*" Dream whispers to him with that same smile, as a flower bud grows from one of his eyes. It's a dark, dark green, unlike the red he's used to.

*Loyal loyal loyal loyal*

Tommy screams, bubbles of air escaping his mouth as Dream keeps him down in the blue, blue sea. The static ringing horribly in his ears.

*Loyal Loyal Loyal LOYAL*

"*You. Are. MINE.*"

The flower blooms, poison dripping up from the dark green flower and into the sea of blue and black.

---

Theo's chest rattled, breaths coming in quick and unsteady. His whole body covered in a thin layer of sweat while the phantom pain lingered in his head and at the back of his neck but his mind was conflictingly still. At least the static was. He latches on to the stillness, trying to pull himself together.

It was just a dream.

A dream about Dream.

The thought would've been humorous if he wasn't so embroiled over the pain and panic of said dream about Dream.

It was partially a memory actually, he *had* asked Dream his question. Asked him on what he was without the tattoo, the loyalty, what they were without it- would they still be friends? ~~Would he still be his owner?~~ Just what was he without it?

And unlike his dream, Dream had answered his last question short, simple, unsure, and awkward. "Yourself?"

He didn't like that answer.

He pretended otherwise, smiling and going on his day but it stayed and festered in his head.

Theo should be satisfied with that answer, should be *happy*.

And yet...

It didn't seem right.

The answer, Dream, his question-

*"Who are you without your owner child?"*

"I don't know." Theo bites into thin air, fingers laced tightly in his hair, *"I don't know."*

*Nothing* one part of him whispers, whether or not it was with or without the static's influence, or Dream's- his *first* Dream? *His* Dream? - Theo genuinely doesn't know.

Maybe he doesn't want to know.

Maybe he just wants to stay as he is-

*But that's selfish.* Theo knows, because Dream -*second* Dream. *His* new Dream - doesn't want Theo to stay as he is. Nor does anyone else, Toby especially.

He knows they're right, that the tattoo is detrimental to Dream's well being. To *both* their wellbeings, but just *accepting that* is...

Is hard.

He's had the enchantment for years now. It's the one constant he's had now that his- his old Dream was gone. Hell, it was one of, if not *the* reminder of that Dream. A legacy and mark even. And though the static and blue had hurt him-

*LOYAL LOYAL USELESS NOTHING WITHOUT HIM HOW DARE YOU LOOK AT YOU PATHETIC YOU NEED HIM*

*Tommy screamed, clutching his head and rolling on the ground as Dream watched him outside of the cell with clear disappointment and half-hidden amusement. The pain that came from his neck, covering the back of his head and back- it was unbearable.*

*YOU ARE LOYAL TO DREAM ONLY TO HIM USELESS LOYAL STAY LOYAL*

So much in the past, it was... a rock in his head. Something he could always use to steady himself on.

Without it...

And Dream! Dream was *good* to him. He *was*! There were moments where Dream hurt him-

*"C'mon Tommy." Tommy winced, trying to get on his feet only for Dream to knock him back down. "Is that all you got? I taught you better than this. You're better than this Tommy. It's bad enough you fucked up and earned punishment Toms, but this? Maybe I should put you back in the cell, leave you there for an hour more-"*

*"NONONO- no! Dream- I'm- I'm getting up- I can- I-" He pleaded and stammered, forcing his exhausted and aching limbs to move. He was tired, and even though Dream dragged him directly from the cell ~~he hated it so much it HURT to be left in there~~ and straight to the training room, he could still spar. He had to, he could do it! Dream was right, he always was, he could do it. He was getting up. He could be better, Dream taught him to be better!*

But it was always for both their benefits, for the sake of both of them- for Tommy, for Dream.

Right?

Dream had gotten better in the end, hadn't he? After the damned Egg got him, *infected* him- he'd gotten... relatively better.

*"I'm sorry Tommy." Dream murmured to him, cold, infected and dying. Red overtaking every other color, staining Dream's green hoodie, coloring the white snow- "Good luck." He smiled weakly, eye fluttering close as the flower bloomed beautifully in his other eye socket. Tommy gripped Dream's hoodie, pain coming from his neck as his friend, mentor, **owner** died. Leaving him alone in the tundra.*

*But did it justify or make up for everything Dream did to you? A tiny, growing part inside him questions. A remnant of his original self? The part of him that was always against Dream, the part he'd thought had long died after Dream branded him and made him his. The hurt he's caused you, Tubbo, everyone else? Does it?*

Yes. His loyalty whispers.

No! Another part of his mind refutes.

*"Shut up." Theo snaps- his head was already in turmoil over everything as it was. He couldn't afford arguing over himself and he'd rather not deal with the static and pain right then and there.*

The blond man took in one final deep breath, hunched over and tired.

Things had become so much more complicated than he'd originally planned.

...

A thought enters his head and an unnatural impulse takes over. Theo's stomach churns at the thought of what he'd about to do but at the same time, he felt strangely resolved to do it nonetheless.

Hauling himself out of bed, he notes on what time it was. It was still late at night and everyone else was probably still asleep.

Theo gets dressed, puts on his armor and he goes to leave the Stronghold.

Hesitating only for a while, he leaves behind a simple note and quietly leaves through the Nether portal and heads over to a set of coordinates that were etched into his mind.

A set of coordinates that have haunted his dreams countless of times before.

It takes only a couple of hours for him to reach it, building the platform then the portal.

He hesitates again, but steps through and he arrives...

In a place that would've been his exile.

Logstedshire.

---

"I hate this place."

Philza pauses, his nimble, redstone and lapis stained fingers clenching each tool in hand tightly and frozen in place. In order not to mess up their already delicate work, Philza sets down the enchanted netherite carver pick and hammer. Groaning softly as he finally moved his neck, hearing it creak slightly as he turned to look at his grandson. The fox hybrid was sat down on the floor, toying with an pearl and seemingly taking a break from reading one of the many, many books they had pilfered from the Stronghold's library. "Wha'wus tha' Fundy?" He asks, a bit groggily.

Okay, he might be in need of a break himself. His neck had a crick, his hands were feeling concerningly numb and his whole body felt tired. Shaking his head, he repeated his question a bit clearer to his grandson.

Fundy gave him a frustrated and helpless look, "I just- Phil, this entire place, it's just- it's *wrong*. I mean, I know it used to be this, old, amazing ruin thing Stronghold right? But now, it's Dream's stupid base and *everywhere* we go, there's something of Dream's and it just reminds me of all the stupid bullshit he's put us through! Put *Tommy* through." He said, whispering Tommy's name and making Phil wince and grimace.

They both saw the *cell*.

Philza has only been furious a handful of times, and he's sure that some of those times were now solely caused by Dream himself.

Unfortunately the bastard was dead and Philza had no one to vent his anger on, and blaming a dead man wasn't very productive nor satisfying.

"I know we had to move from our original base to this one for the portal and all but... I hate this. I hate this so much." Fundy huffed, glaring at an open book, seeing the little notes written on loose paper that was folded or stuck to the pages. The sight of Dream's handwriting made him angry, but there was little he could do aside from taking those notes and throwing them away. However some notes, unfortunately, were good and Fundy had to reluctantly keep them.

For as much as a bastard Dream was, he was smart too.

Which made Fundy hate him all the more because he used to *admire* him back in the day, when he was younger.

Philza sighed, running his fingers through his bedraggled and greasy hair. He grimaced, taking note to shower and rest before he skootched over to his grandson. Patting his shoulder and nudging him gently, "I know mate, I know. I don't like this either, but unfortunately Dream made the Stronghold his home. His base. He and Tommy both... The best we can do now is just focus on the portal, the sooner we get it done, the sooner we can leave this shithole." And maybe find Tommy and Tubbo again, he doesn't say.

Doesn't have to, Fundy was thinking the same.

"Didn't you and Quackity wreck his room before?" Philza questioned in reply, remembering the loud, destructive noises he had heard muffled through the walls back when they first came to the Stronghold.

Fundy finally cracked a smile at that, remembering fondly with a chuckle at how he and Quackity went absolutely *ham* in Dream's room. Predictably it had been one of the biggest and most luxurious rooms in the Stronghold, compared to Tommy's at least. "Yeah. And that was fun! Big Q and I went fucking crazy in there Phil! Like you wouldn't believe!" He and Phil shared a laugh at that, Phil listening as his grandson recounted the destruction he and Quackity did to Dream's room.

However, in lieu of that destruction, they had both found many hidden things within the room. Some extra supplies, a couple of hidden books and what seemed to be a set of old tools, tattoo tools Quackity had said after a moment of observations. They hadn't been touched for years, tucked away in one of the hidden chests they had found in the room alongside a couple of books. Extremely old looking books that had Dream's now signature notes attached between the pages.

Fundy had snatched those books, curious as to what they were. Disappointingly, it didn't seem like they were Dream's journals as far as Fundy knew, he had lightly skimmed it. Not exactly reading it at the moment and saving it to read for later.

Later, being now.

With his grandfather going off to shower before going to sleep, Fundy rifled through the pile of books he had around him. Grumbling to himself as he maneuvered his one arm around, using his body to stop a stack of books from toppling over with an annoyed grunt- he really hated having one arm.

Damn the Crimson for taking his other arm.

"But I guess it was worth it for that portal frame." He muttered to himself before glancing at the now, complete 'End Portal' that stood before him. "Really worth it."

The End Portal was completed, and theoretically, they could enter The End.

A realm where the Endermen dwelled, a far more dangerous place compared to the Overworld and especially the Nether.

The End was... a semi-mythical place for them. It was said to exist by endermen hybrids, or at least, a few of the already uncommon hybrids.

Ranboo himself didn't know whether or not it existed exactly or if he even came from The End in the first place, what with his memory problems but he's heard from a few other hybrids and some loose-lipped endermen themselves that it existed.

But information about The End was still very scarce, and Fundy dearly wished that Ranboo was still around so he could ask more.

The next time he visited them, Fundy was going to have to ask Quackity if there were any endermen hybrids with them that knew about The End and what could possibly lie beyond the portal...

Then again, The End, wasn't exactly their main target to get to with that portal.

It was more like, a last resort at this point.

If their time portal didn't work again, then at least they could try to use their power source as another portal to a possibly more dangerous realm to get to and terraform like they did in the Nether.

Whether or not that realm would be easy or would be hard or even *possible* to terraform at all would be addressed hopefully never.

It was hard enough to terraform the Nether to what it was now, but with dwindling resources and their Overworld almost completely taken over by the Crimson...

It seemed like time travel was really their best option.

Their time portal had been meticulously connected to the end portal. They were in the process of creating a couple of extra blocks to accommodate the end portal frame's 3x3 frame. Annoying, but understandable. If they didn't balance out both portals then things would get really ugly. Their power problems had certainly lessened to a degree and it made things a little bit easier. Just a little bit.

They'd need it though, time was running out, and who knows how long the Stronghold would be standing. Though extremely protected and in another extreme ice spike biome, it was only a matter of time before the Crimson came.

Shaking his head, Fundy looked away from the portal and instead looked at the books he had discovered hidden within Dream's room. "Skin... Skin en-enchantments?" He translated from the cover of the worn, blue book. "Skin enchantments? What're skin enchantments?" He asked himself before tucking the book on his lap and opening the cover.

The next few minutes, Fundy reads in silence, muttering a few words aloud and his interest entirely taken.

That is, until he reads what Dream left on certain pages of the book. Every note, hastily scribbled addition, every little thing that pointed to something very sinister. Folded pieces of paper wedged between them were hastily unfolded as Fundy's heart pounded faster.

scripture necessary for enchantment - translation needed

Normal lapis doesn't seem enough, easily grinded off on tools. I don't know about skin but I'd rather not risk that... I should try and mix together something else with the lapis as a base.

Tie in curse of binding? curse might be too difficult unfortunately

Practice makes perfect. Pumpkin and melons are good to practice on, tedious but worth it.

loyal only to me <- add into scripture.

Tommy's training is doing well, better now that he's here but with training him it's going to take a bit longer to finish this :(

side effects to loyalty enchantment = unbearable mental pain on command (careful not to make him insane. useless if he can't think straight all the time)

Practice was definitely worth it, the design looks nice enough and suitable.

mix own blood with lapis to bind properly (possible? book on souls imply connections using blood)

Fundy dropped the book, nausea and horror on his face as he scrambles back away from it, trying to get on his feet. "Phil! *Phil!* *PHIL!*" He screams, shooting out of the room to try and find his grandfather.

success.

I DID IT

i didn't exactly want to do it so soon, I wanted to test it on some animals beforehand and get rid of the Badlands but Tommy left me no choice. ~~hes mine he cannot leave me~~

A fully modified Loyalty III Enchantment etched into his skin

I tested the effects on Tommy as soon as he woke up, the mental pain effect I hoped and created worked wonderfully.

His sense of Loyalty is now entirely mine, and so is he.

Tommy Innit is mine now and forever.

I own him :)

---



The moment he touches down in the Overworld again, a chill runs up Theo's spine.

It wasn't caused by the icy, night air that sent bad memories of cold, lonely nights to mind.

Theo nearly turns right around and back into the portal, back towards the comfortable heat of the Nether, preferring *that* over the cold night of the place he was once exiled to.

However, Theo doesn't and instead he braces himself with gritted teeth.

He wasn't *weak*.

He wouldn't flee from a place that would never be a place of exile. Not in this world at least.

Still, as Theo stepped further away from the portal. All he can see are the ghostly visages of things that weren't there at all.

A small house, built for a ghost who disappeared halfway through his exile. A tent with many holes that did little to shelter him from nature when he slept. A scarecrow he created in a pathetic attempt for artificial companionship and love that only reminded him on how alone and pathetic he was. A grave to a man who visited him briefly but died shortly afterwards. A structure semi-permanent, built for a goddess that he hallucinated. Decorations on a beach for a party that wasn't successful and just proved things he didn't want to believe.

Theo takes a step back, closing his eyes and shaking his head. "*Shit*. No. *No*. It- none of that is there. *It's not there*. It hasn't happened ye- It hasn't happened *here*."

His eyes open again, and this time, he sees craters all over the ground. Signs of his first major betrayal to his friend, owner and a pillar that stretched up from the ground to the sky, reaching beyond the clouds.

"Fuck- *fuck!*"

Theo pressed his hands against his mask, covering his eyes and breathing in sharply.

*It wasn't there.*

None of it was there.

None of it happened.

~~*Not yet.*~~

Not *ever*.

"Oi, you okay there man?"

Jumping in place, Theo immediately took out his axe **Day Terror**, aiming it at the unknown man that somehow stood behind him without Theo knowing how the hell he got there. Only, he faltered as he heard a strange but familiar curse and *sees* the man in front of him with his hands in the air.

Messy black hair. A striped, smiling mask covering the upper half of his face. A green poncho with a red and white undershirt and brown pants.

*"HEY ALLÍ THOMASY!!" A man exclaimed with a wide grin on his face, waving furiously as he approached. "How you doin' man?"*

*Concerned, brown eyes looking at him. "Look man, you don't look okay. Come on, let me get you some more food huh?"*

*"She's my main deity Tomas. I come here every once 'n a while to give prayer 'n shit y'know? She provides good stuff, chaotic goddess that she is. Wanna pray with me? Won't hurt nobody."*

*Masks colliding, the two men faced off each other. "What you say perra? Tomas, you sure he's a good dude?"*

*A grave, unmarked and small. "I don't know why you're making him a grave Tommy. He died right after trying to leave you... But if that's what you want then alright." Dream says, standing to the side.*

"MD?"

MD tilted his head, frowning in confusion. "Yea? Who the hell're you? Have we met before?"

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by rena-draws](#)

EX CLINGY DUP TAIL WIGGLING! it's adorable, i assure you and it's almost making me regret making both clingy dup pairs human in this. almost.

[by rena-draws](#)

AN AMAZING WHAT-IF COMIC IF BIGGER Q (AKA FUTURE QUACKITY) COMING APPEARING OUT OF NOWHERE! warning though! some implied stuff is in there. and jschlatt.

one step closer to the end!

sorry for the long wait!

i find that the closer to the end we get, the harder it is for me to do these chapters because a) these chapters are somehow not cooperating with me and b) i might not want to end rewind after all.

BUT

i HAVE to end it.

trust me.

anyway!

MEXICAN DREAM IS HERE!

i've also decided to shuffle and add to a few things for theo's exile. it's been a long while

since i watched or read about the canon exile and what exactly happened, so it's not really much like canon but i'm doing my best here.  
but yes, after all this time, i finally know what to do with mexican dream and drista :)  
also, yes, we finally have mexican dream here :D

# A New Dawn

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

*"The fuck is this shit? Was this here the whole time?" Tommy asked incredulously, eyeing the small shrine underneath the ground. MD laughed, stowing away his shovel and nodding, stepping into the small crevice.*

*"Yep! My Mamacita and I moved and buried the shrine waay back when, just in case some son of a bitch came and tried to destroy it or something." The man replied as he knelt down on his knees before the strange alter that had been hidden nearby for so long. It was very surprising to see it for himself. "See, this here is the shrine for a Chaos Goddess. Her name's Drista, she's cool as shit." MD said as he used a flint and steel to light the small, old candles.*

*An old, horned and porcelain mask was placed atop the obsidian alter, between the candles. Its eyes, a piercing green that frightened Tommy with dread until he noticed it was just because of the candle's light reflecting off of tiny emeralds embedded into the mask around the eye area. Which seemed a bit stupid to Tommy, how else can someone see through that kind of mask?*

*"She's my main deity Tomas. I come here every once 'n a while to give prayer 'n shit y'know? She provides good stuff, chaotic goddess that she is. Wanna pray with me? Won't hurt nobody."*

*Tommy eyed the small space, a rush of memories flooding his head- "Uh, no thanks. I-I'm good. I don't- I don't like tight, small spaces." He admits weakly, unable to bring himself into the small hole. The phantom pain of a sword, a pair of fists, unmovable walls closed in around him and weighing him down and finally the distant hiss of tnt haunted him as he stepped away from the hole.*

*"You sure? I could make the place bigger for you amigo, ain't no problem for me."*

*Tommy shook his head, "Nah MD, pray to your goddess- it's important to respect and pray to women." He said with a slow, wise nod that had MD cackling.*

*"Damn right it is!"*

*The blond patiently and quietly waited for MD to stop praying and get out of the hole, respectful to MD's practices. That and he was tired, he needed to rest a bit.*

*'A bit' turns out to be hours as the blond drifted off, waking with a blanket that was definitely not his wrapped around his shoulders with a fire being started in front of him. MD refuses to get his blanket back, insisting Tommy keep it as the weather would soon turn cold and he'd need all the warmth he'd get, he easily get another blanket for himself before winter came.*

*He never does, but he doesn't have to worry about it anymore.*

*The dead have no worry for things such as weather.*

---

Sitting on a log, ignoring the chilly night air, Theo and MD ruminated in silence as the fire between them crackled as Theo hunched over to poke the fire and coax the flames to grow. Despite the both of them wearing masks, they both knew they were giving each other glances whenever they could. It was so easy to do with masks and not be seen, but right at that moment? It was blaringly obvious to the both of them.

"So..." MD says, finally breaking the silence, "That is... one shitty as fuck life you've been living Tommy." He paused at the way Theo shifted and quickly amended, "Sorry, *Theo*."

Theo grunts, feeling more than a bit complicated at hearing MD call him *Tommy* after all these years- for him. MD on the other hand, had just met him. "You don't believe me." He said neutrally, wondering why he thought spilling out his life story to the man he had met *years* ago but never met *him* in turn was a good idea. It clearly wasn't. But tonight was a night of impulse for Theo.

Leaving the Stronghold with nothing but a note and without telling anyone where he went- the note said nothing, just that he'd be back- and heading to the place where he'd been exiled in his future were decisions made on impulse and Theo had no idea why the fuck he'd come here.

Insight? Nostalgia? A symbolic reason maybe?

Fuck if Theo knew, it just came to mind and he took it in stride.

He was feeling the regret crashing unto him right now though, sitting across the man who wasn't his friend. Not yet, maybe not ever again.

MD's head cocked, the man leaning forward just so he could lean against his own hand. "I mean- it sounds fucking crazy man. Me dying, a parasite egg, me being dead, a dead end future, me performing a flamenco into the afterlife to see my sweet, sweet Mamacita again, time travel- oh, and a ravager-ton pile of trauma and sad shit happening all in the middle of everything. Plus, according to you, I died." He said casually, it didn't match what he said but Theo took that as confirmation that the Mexican man didn't believe him. Why should he?

"Craziness aside, I believe you."

The stick in Theo's hand snaps as he looks at MD in surprised, the man had a shit-eating grin on his face. "What."

MD shrugs, "I believe you dude, you're a man from the future where I died. That's one shitty fucking future I say."

"There is no possible way you actually believe me."

"But I do."

"You have no idea who I am."

"No, you told me who you are- you're Theo, my amigo!"

"Everything I said could've been a lie just to get you to lower your guard."

"Guard lowered, but it's not a lie ain't it?"

Theo stared at the man before him. "... I can't even tell if you're being serious or not." Did he really believe Theo?

He didn't, he couldn't- from an outside perspective, what Theo had said was utterly fucking insane and impossible.

Foolish at least, was semi-naive and didn't really care about it all as long as he had his freedom and he was an *ex-god* but this was *MD*.

The half-masked man grinned widely, his fingers gunning at Theo, "Ey! You're my friend right? 'Course I'm serious! Time travel's fucking whack bro, but like, it's the type of whack I can get used to I guess." He motioned over to a familiar direction, with a benign smile. "I have to when my goddess is a chaotic little shit, no? Gotta flow with whatever bullshit chaos is thrown my way and this time, it's time travel and you! Can't say I'm disappointed! Been a while since I had such interesting company!" He laughed boisterously.

Theo stared at MD, knowing something was off and recalled what MD said earlier on. "... You're on your own. You've come to pray to Drista alone..." Which meant Mamacita, whatever her actual name was, was gone and dead. Theo hadn't realized it had already happened. MD never did tell him *when* the love of his life died, just that it had happened years ago.

For once, MD's smile cracks and he falters. "Hehe... yeah... It's back to the bachelor's life for me!" He laughed weakly, looking away and rubbing his neck. Theo has to wonder if she had died recently from how the grief seemed to hang around MD's shoulder like a heavy coat. He doesn't ask though, doesn't say anything else.

"Speaking of praying to Drista, I should probably do that! Hey Theo, is that why you're here too? Did my future death convince you to pray to the chaos goddess herself?" MD questioned, changing the subject.

Drista...

*Tommy groggily opened his eyes, squinting as it seemed like someone was standing over him. Blocking the sun from shining on his face, but from the ground, it looked like the random person was glowing- a halo-like visage, blurry and unreal, spun around in lights around the back of their head.*

*Tommy froze as his eyes met with green. Green gems embedded into a horned mask, the familiar mischievous smile carved into porcelain was framed by choppy, light brown hair.*

*"Hey." The figure, a girl seemingly younger than himself, greeted, waving a gloved hand in his face. It takes only a bit for Tommy to realize that the girl wasn't standing over him.*

*She was floating over him.*

Theo shook his head, "No. I didn't- I didn't come to pray." He has only prayed to her a few times, after MD died during exile and never again afterwards. Not after-

*The blond stumbled through a ruined landscape, craters all over the ground and the scent of gunpowder lingering in the air. He ambles around like a corpse and doesn't even cry out when he falls into a pit. A familiar place that has his dull eyes shining with tears as he sees the broken alter buried underneath debris and the shattered pieces of porcelain all over the ground. He does not utter a sound, as he shakily climbs out of the pit and looks around the craters.*

*He only croaks when he sees the small, unmarked grave missing, most likely destroyed along with everything else.*

*"I'm sorry." He whispers hoarsely.*

*He makes his decision and starts gathering blocks. He builds. Up and up and up and up.*

*He thinks he hears a voice, familiar, feminine and faint. He disregards it and builds up. Higher and higher and higher until he runs out of blocks to build with.*

*Tommy stands on a towering pillar, and there is no one to call him down, no one to catch him.*

*He looks down from his tower, his communicator pings, startling him just as he sees him- someone to call him down, someone to catch him.*

### ***Dream.***

Not after Dream saved him from his first attempt of his life.

"Then why did you come here for?" MD asks, only to gasp. "Was it for me? *Augh! Theo my man! I didn't know I left such an impression on you! You're not my type but I'm flattered!*" He trilled and cackled much to Theo's flustered bemusement and protest.

"*No! Fucking- no MD just no!*" He growled in frustration as MD continued to cackle and tease him.

Maybe coming to Logstedshire was a huge fucking mistake after all.

---

"Dream did fucking *what?*" Quackity hissed, nails digging into the table as Philza and Fundy sat before him. Both men were tense, though Philza's expression was shadowed and dark as he sat beside his grandson. "*We should've killed him, we should've killed him while we had the chance. That son of a bitch deserved worse than just dying to infection.*" The man snarled, fury and grief painted across his scarred face.

Across from him, Fundy spoke hesitantly. "As much as we all would've liked that- Dream dying would affect Tommy." Fundy paused, paling as he corrected himself with a breath of horror. "Dream dying *did* affect Tommy- he got so much more distant. He never stuck around for long and- and... One time, I caught him banging his head against a wall." He admitted quietly, remembering the moment. Tommy had dropped the supplies in their first lab, Tubbo had been asleep then and Fundy had to go retrieve it only to stumble upon Tommy hunching against the wall face first, then his head threw back and forward, hitting the wall harshly- Tommy had fled when he finally noticed Fundy after the hybrid had exclaimed his concerns.

Tommy had been acting so weird after Dream died, the fact that Dream *died* had distracted them all, not to mention Tommy's unexpected refusal to come back. It made *sense* now.

"If Dream actually bound himself to Tommy like this-" He continued in a rushed ramble, "If Dream, Dream *bound* Tommy like he did in his notes then- then without him, the *anchor*-the *owner*, Tommy... Oh *fuck*..." Fundy looked sick and worried while Quackity and Philza's anger just grew.

After finding out, Fundy and Phil read through every single note Dream left behind in the books that was connected to the Loyalty enchantment. They *needed* to know what Dream did to Tommy. Needed to know if that was why Tommy was so distant, so obedient- *so loyal, so subservient* towards Dream.

It... revealed and explained *so much* but painted a far more horrifying picture than they had realized- Tubbo had insisted that Dream had somehow brainwashed Tommy.

Well, he wasn't exactly *wrong* but... Fundy really wished it was *just* brainwashing that they were dealing with.

At least with *that*, they might've been able to breakthrough to Tommy with something at some point but that?

*The Loyalty III Enchantment?*

That was just *vile*.

Quackity took in a deep breath, covering his mouth, gripping his jaw and using the pain to keep his mind focused. "... Would the enchantment still be working in the past? *What's going to happen to Tommy* if he encounters *past Dream*?"

The fox hybrid gave him a disturbed but thoughtful look. "He'd... Possibly *bond* with that Dream. A new anchor. A new owner." He answered quietly, trying not to flinch back at how *angry* both his grandfather and friend looked.

"Tubbo'll kill Dream." Quackity said, lips set in a firm, angry line. "He promised. He won't let that son of a fuck get away with shit, won't let that bitch anywhere *near* Tomas."

Fundy straightened, looking regretful but alarmed, "If he kills Dream that means Tommy will be unanchored again and we have no idea how bad that'll be! I can only presume he managed the first time for, *some* reason- probably for the sake of time travel or something but having it



happen a *second time*? I don't think he'd be able to handle it! Q, you have *no idea* how *intricate* and *complicated* Dream made the enchantment to be! As much as I hate it, but if Tubbo kills Dream, Tommy will go *berserk* or maybe even *worse*!"

The scarred man slammed his palms on the table, "*So what, are we supposed to just let that motherfucker be and let him take Tommy away again?! Take BOTH Tommy's back then?! WHAT THEN?!*"

"**ENOUGH!**" Both men flinched back at the harsh, sudden shout that Philza made to interrupt them both. The man looked pissed, calm but *pissed*. "You're both forgetting one crucial detail here boys. We're not in the past with Tubbo and Tommy, we're *here, now*, in this end-awful fucking present with a *parasite* trying to take over all the realms. It took over the Overworld and it's trying to take over the Nether. Don't get me wrong, I'm fucking *pissed* right now but now? We can't focus on *this*." He motioned in the air, "We can deal with that *when* we get into the past. And *then* we can deal with- with Tommy's *situation*. Alright?" He stressed, determined and strict but his eyes betrayed a look of anger and anguish that made both Fundy and Quackity nod in silence.

Phil was right.

They couldn't do a thing right now about the Loyalty Enchantment Tommy had. Not while they were separated by literal *years* apart.

Fundy wished that they had found out sooner though. Found out *way* sooner, things would have been *so much different*-

But now wasn't the time for would have beens and what ifs, he, Philza and Quackity were busy. Quackity admitted that they were trying to cut off from the Overworld almost completely now. It was just too dangerous to be connected to the infected realm. The tundras, even the most extreme ones, were being swarmed with infected mobs and people. Currently, Fundy and Philza's Nether Portal would be the only portal that would remain active until further notice and even then, they would make sure to the portal in the Overworld was inactive just in case.

The Stronghold was strongly fortified, but it wouldn't last forever. It was only a matter of time before they would be found out or the Crimson spread deep and thorough enough to try and break the layers of the Stronghold and try to take over. Fundy and Philza were in danger of that, but they couldn't afford to leave. The time portal could not work in the Nether, they *needed* to be in the Overworld for it to work, so they were running on a strained time limit.

Not to mention The End Portal that they had- they knew it also wouldn't work in the Nether. When they had tried to power the portal piece that they previous had, it would always putter and flicker even with an Eye in its slot. It couldn't power anything properly like that. So moving the End Portal into the Nether would not only be time consuming from how long it would take to take each and every piece, but also pointless.

Time travel or escape to The End was their only hope for true salvation.

Fundy would still study the book though, if- no, *when* they succeeded. Tubbo would need help getting that tattoo off and Fundy wanted to help.

He just hoped both men were still alive and well in the past for him to help.

---

Theo is someone that he has no idea how to handle.

So he does what he's best at; going with the flow and let things happen.

Even though he had chaos goddess as his patron and deity of prayer, MD (he's starting to like that little nickname, might go by it for a while even if the full thing was a bit weird) wasn't exactly the main instigator of chaos. Not like how his darling Mamacita was- now *she*, she was a true follower of Drista, prayed from when she was small. Not like him, who only prayed to Drista after they met and got together.

MD hadn't ever been religious before that, not since his childhood and his mama ushered him to church to pray to gods he did not care about.

Drista was a goddess that he cared about. Chaos was her domain, something that MD was used to yes but it was his precious Mamacita that kept him close to Drista. Kept him praying to her even after his lover died. He always involves his Mamacita's name in his prayers, keeping her actual name close to his heart and to the goddess just like he knew she would've preferred.

Theo is a somewhat new type of chaos that he encounters and honestly? The man needed help.

Probably not religious help, he was not one to preach to others- only inform and teach if they wanted, it was their decision to join afterwards.

He talks with Theo as the night passes, nothing too personal. At least, nothing else besides his own future death.

Theo points out to where he would've, emphasis on *would've* here, buried the masked mexican.

MD eyes the spot and Theo promises that MD would never be buried there in this timeline.

How wild is that, timelines, time travel, world-ending apocalypses via *parasitic egg*.

It's enough to make MD curse heavily, in his head of course. He'd rather deal with that another time- it wouldn't matter anyway, Theo confirms that they've taken care of the egg and that it wouldn't spread this time.

That's one thing that's good at least.

The rest?

The implied trauma and more that was clearly left unsaid?

The sad backstory as to why Theo was where he was now and why grief, guilt and confusion clouded the man and weighed him down like a boulder in the ocean?

Not good.

But MD does not push, does not ask, does not pry.

Not yet.

They just met after all, and though MD humorously finds himself already attached in some way to this strange, masked blond man. ~~He is masked yet he prays to no god, it reminds him of his youth-hah.~~ MD does not ask anything particularly personal of Theo.

As the sun begins to rise, the night sky receding and new colors start to paint the glorious canvas of the sky. MD tells him when Theo asks if he wants to know anything else. "There's a shit ton I want to know *amigo*, but you don't have to tell me right now dude. Especially whatever's behind that mask of yours, the shitty thoughts that fill your head, whatever the fuck happened to you in that fucked up future- you can tell me whenever you're ready for me to ask. I'm gonna live longer than the other me. Been careful before, I'll be extra careful now." He tapped the single heart on his wrist, winking at the amused yet quietly thankful blond.

"If you want any company feel free to come back any time Theo, I think I'll be stickin' 'round here. Maybe finally move the shrine above ground. Gets tirin' y'know? Digging down, covering it back up." He has plenty of reasons to stay now. Perhaps his life as a nomad will have to temporarily put on hold.

They stand, going over to a hill to properly watch the sun rise, a new dawn to a new day.

Theo stands by his side, his shoulders a little higher, lighter than before. It's not much, but he hears the sincerity when Theo turns to him and says, "Thanks Manny. It was nice talking to you."

Manny grinned, giving him a light punch to the shoulder. "Hey! You do know my name! Thought my shitty future self decided not to tell you or some shit, but I will admit. MD is a cool ass name. Think I'll stick with that too for a bit." He laughed, enjoying the fresh morning air.

Theo doesn't stick around for breakfast, saying he had to go back. Had to get back to that asshole called 'Dream' and shit.

MD waves him goodbye as he steps through the portal.

"Good man, I can sorta see why you wanted me to meet him." He mused to himself, waiting.

*'He's changed. Man used to be such a good kid! His spark's been all fucked ever since that FUCKER took him away!'* MD turned, seeing the ghostly figure of himself floating behind him. The ghost was frowning, arms crossed, soon the frown turned into a smile of relief. *'But*

*I'm glad he's... relatively okay. He's totally not completely okay, not after everything. Shit man, he went through some stuff.'*

"I believe you *hermano*, can practically see it around him." MD huffed, raking his fingers through hair as he considered the type of chaos he was in right now.

Being visited by the ghost of your dead future self of apparently another timeline was... fucking chaotic.

Having that ghost insist going to the shrine of their chaos goddess and stay there for like a week waiting for another person from the future to show up was also very weird, even by his standards. But he really gets as to why dead him insisted on it. "Why'd you stay all hidden by the way? Thought you'd possess me and talk to him or some shit, or just, show up."

Ghost MD visibly drooped, rubbing his arm. *'I wanted to man. I did but... Guy's already stressed enough with ONE ghost around. Didn't react too kindly to that guy... Plus, I don't belong in this timeline anyway, I didn't go through a portal like Wilbur did. Already edging it right now, staying here. I can hear my Mamacita calling me back already.'* He sighed forlornly and fondly, chuckling at the jealous scowl MD has. He floats over, patting his younger self's shoulder. *'Hey, don't be like that man. Live it up like you promised her- fuck knows she'll be angry as shit if you come to her so early like I did. Groveled on my knees for WEEKS just to get her to talk to me again.'*

MD took in a deep breath, his head dropping and nodding as he exhaled. Ghost MD had a point, unfortunately. "Yeah, yeah..."

"Manny."

Both MDs straightened, turning simultaneously towards the figure that floated in the air before them. "Aye." They chorused, MD dropping to his knees while Ghost MD floated to the ground to do the same.

*"It's time. We can't stay any longer. Not right now. Let's go."*

*'Right.'* Ghost MD murmured, both he and his alive, younger self got back on their feet. *'Well, time's up I guess. Might visit again, who knows- but take care of Tommy a'ight? Both of them.'*

MD chuckled, bringing up his fist and bumping it against Ghost MD's. "Of course dude, of course. Tell Mamacita I love her."

*'HAH! Obviously!'*

The ghost cackled as he gradually faded, but the floating figure lingered. Green gems embedded into a horned mask, the familiar mischievous smile carved into porcelain was framed by choppy, light brown hair. "Manny." She addressed him.

"Yes, my goddess?"

"Be careful, and tell Tommy I said hi." She vanished just as she appeared, abruptly and without a trace.

MD let out a slow breath before bursting into laughter.

Meeting the ghost of your future self from another timeline was one type of chaos.

Meeting a man from *said* other timeline was a similar but also different type of chaos.

Meeting the *chaos goddess herself*? Entirely different. Holy fucking shit. MD needed a drink.

"Go with the flow." MD choked, trying to repress the hysterical laughter in his throat. "Man... The fuck is even my life right now?"

At least he knows that his Mamacita was waiting for him, and that the goddess he prayed to was... reliable and *real*.

Fuck.

Yeah he needs a drink.

L'Manberg sold alcohol right? It had to have it, right?

Eh, he'll find out. He needed some supplies anyway if he wanted to make a place here.

---

## Chapter End Notes

[by musaissleeping](#)

doodles! including: the boys chasing after the mini egg, dream and theo AND THEO WITH THE CAT EARS

[by kiara-w](#)

aww, this is GOOD :) it's chapter 68 theo and toby on the bench

[by dragonno1412](#)

WARNING! TORTURE AND MINOR BLOOD BUT HOLY SHIT IS THIS GOOD!  
it's theo in his cell :)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

eheheheh theo and toby comic with theo severely sleep deprived hehehehe

[by cr4isprocrastinating](#)

theoinnit because yes :)

[bliss\\_my\\_beloved](#)

we really need more toby stuff :D

[vix\\_spam\\_](#)

TOBY AND THEO ON THE BEENCH

[by pashhhtet](#)

THEO SKETCHES :D

okay obviously there wasn't a shrine in canon, but just don't mind it. it works out here for all of us :)

yes md's actual name in this is manny. yes i killed off mamacita (mostly bc i only vaguely remember her and idk where else to put her). yes drista is a chaos goddess. yes that is the ghost of theo's md AND mamacita. yes md will be back eventually :)

just another step closer to finishing rewind.

EDIT: my pride as a writer is cracked now. i completely skimmed over an OBVIOUS misspelling. thank you to the two comments that pointed it out and laughing at me. dw i laughed too but holy shit.

# Come To An End

## Chapter Notes

by rabble-dabble

BEST COMIC SO FAR 10/10 GO READ IT IF YOU WANT TOBY AND THEO  
FUNNY FLUFF

[by rabble-dabble](#)

they :)

[by abyssmal-skies](#)

DRISTA POG!

[by chemical-bunz](#)

MEXICAN DREAM MY BELOVED

by vindixator

TWO md's and one little chaos goddess :)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

rabble coming in with SO MUCH fanart for rewind, we got theo and md!

[by mellohi-fi](#)

now THIS

this is...

*fucking incredible*

mellohi-fi has made TWO SONGS about REWIND

what even the fuck man

i love it

Loyalty Blues is my favorite out of the two :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

"Jeez, he... does not look good." The fox hybrid noted dryly, ears pinned back as he sees the unnaturally tall man on the bed. "How long has he been here?"

Ranboo shrugged, nervously toying with the allium flower in his hands. "A few weeks now? It's- It's very weird, I know."

Fundy snorted, rubbing his face and giving the hybrid teen a wry smile, "It is. Gosh... You gonna be as tall as him when you grow up? That seems unfair." He joked, trying to lighten up the tension in the room.

It works a bit as Ranboo laughed, still sounding nervous but appreciating the joke. "Maybe. Who knows, I might get even *taller* y-y'know?" He stutters as the unconscious man lets out a small sound. His lightened mood immediately dropping once more as he nervously shuffled closer, looking concerned as he sees the way the older hybrid's face scrunched- they really did look so very alike. Only his face wasn't as scarred. The burnt tear tracks looked painful

and he could practically feel the phantom pain of them on his own face. "He... keeps doing that. I'm- I want him to wake up. But so far, nothing we've really tried has worked and I..." He sees it, the tiny beads of water that gather at the corner of the man's eyes- there's slight smoke as the skin burned underneath the liquid but Ranboo was quick to wipe them away.

He keens, usually he'd feel embarrassed for making such a noise but he's too alarmed and distressed by the man's silent crying to feel that way right now. Not even Fundy's presence makes him feel any different.

Fundy himself seemed to feel the same, startled by Ranboo but mostly he was focused on the coma patient. "Ender- not even *that* can wake him up?" He whispered to himself, astonished but uneasy.

Usually pain was a good stimulant to cause someone to wake up. Usually.

That was one deep and troublingly weird coma this guy was under.

"He'll- He'll wake up. Someday." Fundy reassured Ranboo who looked close to tears himself, "Don't- uh, just, keep caring for him alright? Pretty sure he'll be very grateful *when* he wakes up."

Ranboo could only bite his lip and nod, trying to cheer himself up at that as he looked down to the unconscious hybrid laying on the bed.

"C'mon Ranboo, let's- let's go visit Phil! He'd want some company yeah?" Fundy suggested, grinning a strained grin as instant regret swirled in his eyes from that very suggestion.

The teen paused, "Are you sure-" He starts to ask but the fox interrupted him, waving it off.

"Yes I'm sure! I... It's about time I- *we* visit him anyway."

"Oh, o-okay."

The two hybrids left, leaving the coma patient alone.

Oblivious to when said patient restlessness ceased just minutes after they left, and the way his eyes slowly opened and his mouth quirked into a smile.

---

Moving the portal that they had dismantled and studied thoroughly from one place to another took time.

The portal was delicate and even with Silk Touch, they didn't want to risk **ANYTHING** happening to the portal pieces- not to mention the *hard as fuck* to mine portal piece that his grandfather had kept for a long while. He wasn't kidding that it took *forever* to break. Literal *hours*, even with three people mining it at the same time.

And here Fundy thought that mining underneath the forced magical fatigue of an Elder Guardian was bad- he could only imagine the utter *nightmare* it would've been had *that* effect been casted while they were mining the portal piece.



At first, the thought of entering or going *anywhere* with *Dream* of all people had filled Fundy with fear and extreme hesitance. With good reason; the L'Manburg War and well... The future in general. Toby had told them all the nitty gritty details of the future, the apocalypse and that included Dream's actions which swiftly got rid of any admiration Fundy had of the man left.

He felt guilty for that but at least he was so very over it now and was onboard the train of 'Going Against Dream' all the way! Like Toby, his Dad, his... Ghost Dad (still so weird and uncomfortable) and everyone else. Piece of cake, nothing to it.

So hearing that Toby was *not* going to kill Dream dead *and* they were going to team up with him was...

Fundy was not going to lie, he was both confused and upset because wasn't that exactly the opposite of why Toby had come back? Aside from getting rid of the demonic apocalypse-causing Egg of course.

Unfortunately there wasn't much of a choice, even *if* Toby killed Dream... The enchantment on Theo (and wasn't *that* a shock to learn about. Fundy had been so angry, but not as angry as *both* of his fathers had been) would've reacted negatively to Dream's death. By Theo's own admission, killing Dream would send him into a hysterical shock and gradually turn him insane.

They'd all been horrified to learn that Theo had been toeing the line of sanity during the time after *his* Dream's death. Toby especially.

At least there was now a solid reason as to why Ghostbur couldn't kill Dream now, much to his spectral father's extreme ire. Despite his want for vengeance, thankfully, his want for Theo's wellbeing won over. Barely. Fundy could tell, as soon as the enchantment was gone, Ghostbur would try to kill Dream hands down. Before things had taken a drastic turn, Fundy would've said Toby would've joined him but with how things looked like, Toby was trying his best to reconcile with Theo and doing that involved ignoring Dream and treating him as courteously as he could.

He would never be friends with Dream, but for the sake of Theo. For both him and Tommy, he was willing to ignore the masked man and his actions.

He guessed it helped that Dream had the other pieces to the weird portal block that his grandfather had. Another reason as to why Dream wasn't going to die any time soon.

Dream and his friends were going to help them with the portal, while they, Fundy and his family, were going to help *them* with the enchantment.

Though Bad had found a way to get rid of the enchantment, the fact of the matter was that Theo still had to willingly give up on it. Which... would be hard, given a lot of things, Fundy had immediately suspected. That aside, there were still things about the enchantment they needed help on. A better way to get rid of it, a way to make sure Theo would end up alright with as *little* (preferably *no*) repercussions or side effects at all.

Either way, Dream was here to stay and *help*.

Fundy... would go with it, if only because his base was a *fucking Stronghold what the fuck*.

"Oh *sweet Endering fuck*." Fundy breathed, seeing the unfinished portal in it's entirety. Dream had led them to his Stronghold after going through a series of hidden portals and small little bases all over the Nether and Overworld. Something that had really surprised Fundy and the others- on the SMP lands, Dream *did* live in like, an underground base instead of a house but this? The whole, secret network and the *Stronghold*?

That was a bit much.

And admittedly a bit cool.

Not that any of them would admit it out loud.

"We're going to have to expand the room a bit." Philza said, eyeing the portal room they were in- the unfinished portal was impressive of course. He *was* awed. But the portal room would definitely need to be expanded if they wanted to fit the time portal they were planning on building.

Dream tilted his head, "How much is 'a bit'?" He questioned warily. He'd been reluctant to let anyone else through his portal and go to *his* base but really, he didn't have a choice. He might have to make a new secret base for himself... Except, he'll probably tell George, Sapnap and probably Theo about it in the end. Too used to them being around to want a space of his own. *Maybe* Bad, but he definitely didn't want people who had a *good reason* to *kill him* to know where he could go.

"Hmm, a couple of blocks on all sides including the ceiling? Actually, we might want to make the ceiling more taller yeah. And get rid of the lava, too hazardous to leave it like that if we're going to merge the portals." Fundy said, shaking off the awe to plan on what they were going to do.

Strangely enough, Theo made a strangled noise that instantly got everyone's attention. "Get rid-" He started only to cut himself off, going silent when he saw that everyone was looking at *him*. He coughed, "I'll- I'll take care of that. Leave the lava to me." Dream, George and Sapnap started to snicker and Fundy watched bewildered as Theo went and punched Sapnap in the arm since he was closest. He spies Toby in the corner of his eye, standing back but keeping a vigilant eye on everyone. He's frowning but he's not exactly saying or doing anything.

"Don't worry Theo, we'll make a new room for the lava." Dream promised much to everyone else's confusion, Theo didn't seem to react (damn mask was in the way) but he was quick to scoop up every lava source in the room. From the boiling pool underneath the unfinished portal to the small pockets of lava at the side of the room.

Toby gave Dream a wary, searching look but he watched as he and Phil walked over to the space where the missing portal piece belonged, Fundy and Theo shuffling after them and watching closely.

"Here we go." The old man murmured, holding the block in his hands.

*Tck.*

It clicks in place and physically, nothing changed.

Except Fundy's fur bristled, the hybrid shaking for only a moment as he felt *something* change.

Something in the air, shifted in place the moment the portal became one.

He's not the only one to sense the change, Dream bursts out laughing. "*All this time, it's finally complete!*" He exclaimed, practically bouncing at his feet. The action has Toby tensing instinctively, something Theo immediately noticed and tensed in turn- thankfully, nothing becomes of it and he turns to Philza. "Alright, what's next?"

Fundy clears his through, sifting through his inventory for the books and notes he, his grandfather and Toby had compiled over the time they'd spent researching the blocks and gathering what they could about them.

They were in it for the long haul and hopefully, they'd succeed in what they wanted to do.

---

Being brought to a newly born country by a ghost from the future was something he never would've expected to happen *at all*, but that's what happened and now Ranboo was part of something big. Kind of.

He was still a little lost on a lot of things but he's gotten the gist of it.

The future turned out bad and now people *from* that future came back to change it, which Ranboo was kinda hesitate to think further about on how if *they* were changing the past then their future would never exist and *they* would never exist and- how exactly *that* works. He hesitates to think about it and he doesn't. He forgets about it easily enough but sometimes if he's reminded about the whole, 'changing past' thing, he'll get a headache in remembering and trying to figure out on how that stuff worked until he shoves it all aside and decides not to think more on it.

Hey, he was an amnesiac hybrid enderman teenager. He didn't get it time travel stuff and would prefer not to get it, he was fine with not knowing the exact terms and stuff.

At least things would turn out for the better right?

Right?

Right.

Despite the sudden upheaval of his life, he moves into L'Manburg easily enough. He has a nice little house of his own that was close to Tubbo's house, it wasn't as nicely built as some of the other houses but it was enough for Ranboo.

Speaking of Tubbo, he's a nice boy. He and Tommy both. They were fun to hang around, chaotic but he found himself connecting to them easily enough. He got to know Tommy first

better over the time Tubbo was gone on that trip with, uh, future Tommy? Theo? Tubbo was gone and Tommy locked on to him since they were close enough in age and Tommy had wanted to heckle and annoy the new guy-

Ranboo was forced to do some scams but they were harmless and all in good fun.

Even if they almost accidentally burnt down a house. *Almost*. Things were fine, they put out the fire and fixed what was damaged- it was all fine!

Thank ender.

Tommy was a good friend. Ranboo even wrote it down, not wanting to forget in case he did. He never knows with this stuff, writing things down was important and it was always good to write things down just in case.

Ghostbur would agree, even if he didn't write things down as much anymore now that he was... stabilizing?

Now, don't get Ranboo wrong. He considered Ghostbur as a good friend of his- they had met underneath strange circumstances sure, but the trip to L'Manburg had been alright. Fun even, but now that they were here, Ghostbur had changed a bit. Sure he could remember things more easily but he got scarily angry at times too. Usually over Theo. And Schlatt, the country's sober president. The ghost really was terrifying once he was furious, but he meant well. He was just worried about Theo and was holding onto some strong, emotional grudges against a guy that hasn't even done anything yet. (Aside from apparently killing Tommy that one time during the war, which, did lower Ranboo's hesitance about Dream but still! He... was fairly innocent enough. But Ranboo would be careful around him now, for Tommy's sake.)

Anyway, when Tubbo came back with stories and news, of course he noticed the new friendship between Tommy and Ranboo. Instead of being jealous though, he grabbed on to them both and never let go. Meaning Ranboo was now dragged into things by *both* Tommy and Tubbo. The two teenagers becoming close friends of his as he spent his time in the country.

Ranboo liked L'Manberg. The people were nice, he had nice friends, a nice house.

He felt like he could really belong here.

"Hi Ranboo!"

Ranboo blinked as a brown haired man with silver eyes came up to him while he was gathering wood, he was wearing a bright purple jacket with neon blue, teal, red and yellow patches here and there as well as a bright green swirl stitched to the front. It was certainly eyecatching. However, he blinked again in confusion as the man gave him a nervous but rather friendly smile. "Um, hello?" Does he know Ranboo? Did Ranboo forget about him? With how bright the other's jacket was, he thinks he might've remembered *that* at least.

"I know we don't talk a lot but I have a favor to ask you Ranboo." He said, fiddling with the goggles around his neck with one hand. The other stuffed into the pocket of his jacket. "Can you take me to uh, the guy that looks like you? The one in the coma? It's important I promise, I think I can help him."

The hybrid gave him a bewildered look. "Uh, what?" Was he... Did he forget something very important? What man in a coma? What man that looked like him? "I'm sorry, what are you talking about? Who uh, who are you exactly?"

The stranger's face showed confused before it twisted into horror, "Did I- No, I was *sure* I *made sure* I was in the right time but," suddenly he was flipping through a worn purple book. It made Ranboo perk, he liked books but the frantic way the stranger was going through it made him worry. "This isn't- *Ranboo*, are- are *Toby and Theo here*? Future Tubbo and Tommy." He suddenly questioned, looking at him with wide, pleading eyes.

Ranboo flinched back at the sudden eye contact, but nervously fiddled with his sleeves. "I- uh, uh, yes? They are? I mean, they're- they're currently with Dream and Phil I think- Fundy and Techno too, maybe Ghostbur's with them? I don't know, they're- they're checking out a thing. I forgot to ask exactly what." He anxiously replied.

His face contorted into more confusion and then to *even more* horror. "Oh no. *Oh no*- Please tell me it's not- *fuck*- Ranboo, are you *sure* you don't know a man that looks like you in a coma? You haven't been visiting him in the hospital?" He clarified, holding on to his book tightly.

Getting his own book out, Ranboo sifted through the pages and nodded. Giving him a frown, "Yeah I'm- I'm pretty sure. I would've definitely remembered or written something like that... What-" Before he could even ask anything else, the brown-haired man cursed and sprinted away. Running off into the distance and leaving behind a very confused enderman hybrid. "Oh-kay, bye?"

Confused, Ranboo absentmindedly scribbled what happened into his book.

That was... one way to meet Karl Jacobs.

He learns about him from Tubbo later, but when he went to ask Karl about it himself. The man looked utterly confused and spooked about it.

Was Karl as amnesiac as him?

---

"He's not there, *he's not there*- How is he not there?! It *clearly* stated- no, it wasn't clear all this time but *I thought*-"

Quick breaths, slowing down to deep breaths.

The sound of pages being turned rapidly, flipped and flipped until he realizes something.

*Oh.*

"This... can't be good."

---

He's with Tubbo when he gets the news from Quackity.

Quackity messaged Ranboo: RANBOO COME QUICK

Quackity messaged Ranboo: THE GUYS AWAKE COME HERE

Quackity messaged Ranboo: HES ASKING FOR YOU AND TUBBO COME ON

Immediately afterwards, he and Tubbo headed to where Quackity was. Ranboo filled with relief and apprehension as he finally met, face to face with the adult hybrid that looked almost exactly like him. The past few weeks, he'd been repeatedly visiting him, taking care of him when he could because- because...

Because they were the same, and maybe, Ranboo could finally figure out where he came from.

He had theories about the man.

But none of them were right.

The half-toned hybrid adult stood tall, a bit more taller than Ranboo was- and that was already saying something. He was buffer, covered in more scars and he looked at Ranboo and Tubbo with such relief while Quackity stood besides him, looking disturbed as he scratched the scar on his face. Poor Quackity, at least he retained most of his eyesight from that whole debacle.

"Wow Tubbo, it's weird to see you so short and thin." The man joked, smiling fondly at Tubbo who gave him a wary glance. "Hm, I forgot I used to constantly wear a suit- I look good. Man, this is so weird to see." He hummed, eyes raking over Ranboo who fidgeted in place.

The younger hybrid looked lost, "I'm- what? Uh- I'm sorry, but-"

"Who are you?" Tubbo interrupted him, his young but scarred face (Ranboo never knew where he got those) stoic but his eyes were red rimmed and baggy, tired really, he's been so stressed, so tired. Ranboo grimaced at the fact but he stayed silent, he wanted to *know* as well. Know who this was and why he was there and what was happening-

His reply was a wry smile, "I'm him." A finger points at Ranboo, "I'm *you* from the future. I'm Ranboo."

"That's *bullshit*." Quackity snapped, impatient and disbelieving.

"It's *not*, I promise you it's not- look, we don't have much time. I *need* to know what date it is. How-" The man swallows, looking anxious but serious, and suddenly the resemblance makes *so much sense*. Ranboo feels... Kind of disappointed, but mostly shocked as the man- himself? From the future? Looks at them with serious eyes. "*How long has it been since Tommy was exiled?*"

Silence.

Tubbo flinches back, his suspicious look dropping into one of *grief*. Ranboo's fists curl and he bites his lip. Quackity swears, gripping an enchanted axe tightly in his hands.

Future him glances at all of them and he pales. "Oh, i-it's that time? That's- That's not good. You all think he's dead and he's with Dream. Ohh, that is *very not good*."

*Think?*

They look at him with wide eyes and Future Ranboo started to pace along the room, trying to think of a way to save Tommy from Dream's clutches. Unaware of how his own green eye shifted slightly in shade before settling back to normal.

Meanwhile...

A masked man makes his way to the tundra. Following after the faded trails of someone he wanted *back*.

And a blond teenager laughs as he dodged the swipes from his irate brother. Trauma lingering in his head but pushed back by the warmth and safety the cottage provided.

---

*I cannot let this be.*

*I'm sorry, but I need help.*

---

## Chapter End Notes

it comes.  
you are not ready :)

no literally. i do not think any of you are ready for the end.  
because this is it  
the END OF REWIND!

after MUCH thought. (too much trust me) i have come to a decision; this is it. THE  
END OF REWIND.  
from december 2020 to september of 2021. here we are.  
71 fucking chapters  
LET'S GOOOOOOOOOO ITS THE EEEEND OKAY BYE BYE SEE YOU NEXT  
MONTH

but on a more serious note, yes, this is the end of Rewind. the last chapter. no it's not a  
joke and yes this is how i'm ending it. why? because i am burnt out AND i have plans.

sequel plans. (you read that right, there WILL be a sequel)

but also other plans. for my other stories. you see, i have been planning for rewind's progress for a LONG TIME and i already knew that i was going to make a sequel to Rewind. you really think i was going to end all of it just like that? NOPE. this is just the end of Rewind, the first story of... i don't know how many there will be but this isn't the last you've seen theo or toby!

i'm sorry if it's abrupt, i've been misleading a lot of you guys (all kinda, i told one person about my plans) but i NEEDED to finish this. this is the first time i've finishing ANYTHING AND yeah it was getting too long for me to continue one BIG ASS STORY right here and now. so, the sequel; **Remix** shall be coming out HOPEFULLY IN NOVEMBER OR DECEMBER 2021 OR MAYBE EVEN IN JANUARY OR FEBUARY 2022 (hoping dsmg is still a thing for that but i dont care fuck it im tired and slightly hysterical right now)

i first off, want a BREAK from writing big stories. i am burnt out, i realize. i've been running on fumes to write big stories that span past 15+ chapters (look at the 70+ chapters. LOOK AT IT) with big plots that i've been trying to keep track of. so for now, i'll be writing one shots, and ending Book Covers (Judge Me I Dare You) sometimes this month as well but stories such as Stream Labs and Wishes and Family will be put on slight hold UNTIL October. From then on, I can FINALLY FOCUS ON WISHES AND STREAM LABS without worrying about Rewind.

Replay though, is going to be FUN. there's a LOT of stuff that i wanted to write in Rewind, but because of how big Rewind already is and how long it's been, i had to pluck those out and shove them to the future sequel planning stuff. more lore, more questions, more answers, more angst, more fluff, more drama- MORE EVERYTHING shall be in Remix.

sorry to those unsatisfied with the ending but this is my decision. i could've waited a bit more, could've written a bit more but i feel like if i did, i would've ended up hating this story instead. so to prevent that, we're ending it and looking forward to Remix i'll come back to Rewind to edit the chapters, maybe tweak a few things here and there, etc. etc. for the future sequel and to make it easier on myself.

Rewind is officially over! but that doesn't mean the story itself has completely finished :)

theo, toby and everyone else shall return!

Remix is gonna be difficult i can already tell BUT i am SO looking forward to it because i've been planning it SINCE THE BEGINNING! kind of. i knew Rewind was going to have a sequel but i didn't think it'd take THIS long to get to it. BUT HERE WE ARE!

THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR COMING WITH ME ON THIS SURPRISING FUCKING RIDE THAT WAS REWIND. i am so grateful that it's come to this point, *you have no idea*. like seriously, thank you for the support and i sincerely hope you all stick around for my other stories OR come back for the sequel :D



without any of you here, there was no chance i would've made it here. thank you so much <3

and that my dear readers, has been Rewind. it's been amazing and i thank you all.

stay tuned for Remix :)

edit: to the confused readers. future ranboo was never in theo and toby's past l'manberg. he's now in a completely different past l'manberg. a more canon-like past l'manberg. timeline. thing.

there's three timelines in the story now. apocalypse timeline (original future). theo and toby's timeline (no pogtopia) and now future ranboo's timeline (canon-like)

## End Notes

1/13/2022 1:30 AM: Sequel is now out! [Remix](#) is now here!

Works inspired by this one

[Rewind fanart](#) by [shixiboiangsty](#)

[Powrót w Czasie | Rewind | TŁUMACZENIE PL](#) by [orphan\\_account](#)

[Time is an illusion](#) by [Bonfirefly](#)

[Wrong Place for Redemption](#) by [CreativeMerki](#)

[Ask But Don't Answer](#) by [rabble\\_dabble\\_writes](#)

[The Types To Keep An Oath](#) by [Rarely\\_Writes](#)

[The Inevitability of Change](#) by [crybabysapphic](#)

[Tempus Fugit \(Incomplete\)](#) by [orphan\\_account](#)

[You Are](#) by [rabble\\_dabble\\_writes](#)

[Metanoia](#) by [watch\\_as\\_i\\_stoop\\_another\\_level\\_of\\_low \(alwaysthewrong\\_lane\)](#)

[Restricted Work] by [Dial\\_Idea\\_Hotline\\_411](#)

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